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CAPTAIN RALPH.

A SEQUEL TO

BEATRICE HALLAM.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE,

AUTHOR OF

"SURRY OF EAGLES NEST," "MOHUN," "HILT TO HILT," ETC., ETC.

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CAPTAIN RALPH.

CHAPTER I.

HOW CAPTAIN WATERS THREATENED LANKY WITH THE BASTINADO IF HE SIGHED.

SINCE the events we have related, more than a year has passed.

March, 1765, has come.

We cannot pause here to narrate those important political events, which marked the period between the winter of 1763 and the spring of 1765: but in the course of our history, the results of those events will unfold themselves and rise to view, as the coral reef long growing beneath the ocean and unseen, raises at last its dangerous wall above the waves—events which made more noise than breakers: upon which lordlier ships were shattered, than ever strewed the fatal coasts of Madagascar.

In place of regaling the reader with an historical disquisition, we shall proceed to relate the adventures which befell the personages of our narrative, after the violent denouement in which, as in a huge vortex, so many of the dramatis personæ were swallowed up.

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March has come again into the world, as that merry month promises to come in all future times:—with wind, and rainy gusts, and chill moonshiny nights, and flowers peeping from the sod looking for April, and their close-friend the gentle May. The earth smiles again, and begins to forget the snow and ice:—the days are growing warm again, but fires are still far from uncomfortable. So at least thought a military gentleman, who warmed his hands listlessly by a cheerful blaze, on the day at which we have now arrived.

Captain Ralph Waters sits in that room, of the old fisher man's mansion, which listened in the winter of '63, to the narrative of his adventures. The room is very little changed—the Captain scarcely more. He is as handsome and martial-looking as ever—his moustache is as long and as black—his face as open and careless—his sword clatters as gayly, and his spurs jingle as serenely as before. Perhaps it is not exactly correct in us to say, that his face is as careless as ever:—for, though there is no absolute *care* upon the martial countenance, there is a decided expression of ennui.

The worthy soldier stretches out his legs, draws a long breath from the bottom of his stalwart chest—and yawns portentously: he then twirls his moustache, endeavoring to give it the warlike and gallant curl toward the eye, but the moustache rebels, as if it were weary, like its master, and persists in curling in the opposite direction.

The Captain, after several attempts to coerce the rebellious ornament, submits and yawns again.

"The fact is," he says, addressing his hat and cloak which—hanging on a nail,—bear no bad resemblance to an exceedingly thin gentleman, walking on the air,—"the fact is," says the Captain sighing, "I am going to pieces here, like a ship cast upon the shore and falling away, timber after timber. My good spirits are leaving me, parbleu! —I am dying of ennui."

And having made this communication to the hat and cloak, he relapses into silence for a moment.

"I really think that I will set out, and go and find *mon bon père*, and Charley, and Beatrice, in their mountain home. I have not seen them, hilf himmel! since last fall: —they talk about something they call 'Springs,' up there,

and its benefiting Beatrice's cold! All nonsense! I assert that there is nothing in them, for they did me no good, whatsoever!"

And having thus floored his imaginary opponent in debate, and proved that the medicinal baths were folly, the soldier again paused.

"I wonder where that farcical fellow Lanky is," continues the Captain, again attacking his moustache, "he makes me die a-laughing, with his opinions upon love and all that. I fancy, however, that Miss Smith has not been enlightened on her admirer's real sentiments yet."

And the Captain smiles.

"Heigho!" he adds, again yawning, "what the devil is come to me! I am expiring of ennui—I am becoming fat, I really believe—I have no longer any muscles!"

And to test the reality of his fears, the Captain draws his hanger, and makes half a dozen furious lunges at the cloak, which suffers considerably.

"I'm as strong as ever," he adds, with a sigh, "I must go and find somebody to quarrel with, or *ventre du pape!* I shall die."

At the same moment Lanky Lugg enters—clad nearly as we had the pleasure of seeing him on a former occasion, and wiping his face with an exceedingly dirty sleeve. Lanky's feet are perhaps larger than ever, his hands more like reaping hooks, his head more like a pine knot, than ever it has been at any previous time. But there are some changes observable in the gentleman. His stockings are more ornamental than before, his clothes less ragged, his gait more proud and impressive. When he bows his head from north-east to south-west, he presents the appearance of a mandarin figure fillipped by the finger of a child.

As Lanky enters, the Captain makes a terrific lunge at him, the sword's point only stopping within an inch of his breast:—at which horrible circumstance, Lanky starts back in profound terror, and looks at his master with astonished eyes.

The Captain bursts into a laugh.

"Don't be afraid, *mon garçon!*" he says, I am only taking a little exercise."

But the explanation does not satisfy Lanky, who keeps at a safe and respectful distance, scratching his head.

"Lanky," says the Captain, "I am dying of weariness."

Lanky is unimpressed.

"Come, give me a little advice, you rascal! Oh! you are afraid of my toasting iron, are you? Well, here it goes."

And the Captain throws away the sword, which falls with a tremendous clatter upon the table. This reassures his companion, and obedient to his master's sign, he sits down in the chimney corner.

"I am getting tired of life, Lanky," resumes the Captain "existence, parbleu! seems to me not worth having, so to speak. Come, give me your views. What do you think?"

"I never thinks about nothin', Cap'n," says Lanky; "leastways—"

"Never think!"

"I does sometimes—yes, I does," adds Lanky, correcting himself.

"What do you think of? Of Donsy Smith, I'll wager."

Lanky draws himself up like an emperor.

"I ain't seen that young 'ooman lately, Cap'n," he says.

"Have you quarrelled?"

"No, Cap'n."

"How then?"

"Parted."

And Lanky groans.

"Lanky, you are getting into bad spirits," says the Captain, "I shall not permit that, *Diable!* if we are both down, what will become of us?"

Lanky nods his head, with a sigh.

"Don't sigh, you rascal—I will not allow it: no retainer of mine shall sigh on pain of the bastinado."

Lanky apparently does not understand this rhetorical paraphrase.

"Take a slice of bacon, and a mug of beer, and get your spirits again," continues the Captain.

Lanky assents to this, and is soon munching and drinking.

"Now advise me, animal!" says the Captain, "egad! I am perfectly ennuyé," and the soldier yawns.

"S'pose you fall in love, Cap'n," says Lanky, with his mouth full.

The Captain greets this suggestion with a laugh.

"I cannot," he replies.

"You ain't tried."

"Have you?"

"Yes, sur."

"And successfully?"

"Yes, Cap'n."

"Miss Smith, eh?"

"Miss Smith and me, is 'most quit—" says Lanky, wofully.

"But she was the object of your affections?"

Lanky nods, wofully.

"I think then, I shall follow your advice," says his master, "and as you are a man of taste, I will adopt your own sweetheart."

Lanky starts.

"Rather a pretty girl, too," says the Captain, caressing the midnight fringe upon his upper lip.

"Oh, Cap'n!" Lanky observes, overcome with horror.

The soldier bursts into laughter.

"Well, well!" he says, "don't fear: we shall not probably be rivals—but don't be too well assured. Let us now dismiss the subject, and on this fine March morning, lay out some plan for amusement."

Lanky reflects.

"There's the races sir, near Jeamston," he says soon.

"But they're a month or so off. Now in a month I shall die, at the present rate. Something else, *parbleu! mon ami!*"

"S'pose you take a ride, Cap'n I never see a day better for't."

The Captain yawns.

"Well," he says, "I believe I shall follow your advice, go and get the Arab."

Lanky rises obediently.

"No: the roan," says the Captain.

"He's cast a shoe, and that's a fact, Cap'n."

"Diable! then the Arabian—Selim, as the heathen dog I bought him of calls him."

Lanky goes out, and the Captain yawns uninterruptedly until he returns.

"Ready, sir," says Mr. Lugg.

The Captain then buckles on his sword, issues forth and mounts the slim-legged animal, who whinnies at his approach. He throws the bridle on his neck, and trusts to Providence to direct him. Lanky meanwhile resumes his meat and beer, and saws imaginary obstacles with the stereotyped north-east and south-west movement of his visage.

Before following the soldier on his morning ride, let us return for a moment to those personages who no longer light up the rude mansion with their pleasant faces as of old—and whose whereabouts we have heard Captain Waters very briefly allude to in his muttered soliloquy.

We have seen how Hallam and his "Company of Virginia Comedians," had, like birds of passage, disappeared from Virginia, after gathering in those "sweet fields"—to carry out the simile—as much golden grain as could be found therein: and the whispered words of Beatrice, as she sobbed and poured out her tender regrets to Charles Waters, have put the reader in possession of the particulars of that last interview between herself and her pseudo father.

We may understand readily how the young girl's reluctant and half-formed desperate resolution to remain with Hallam, had melted before the tender caresses of the kind old man, her uncle—the more than tender looks and words of him whom she had loved so dearly, and yet given up with a bursting heart, at the call of inexorable duty. Thus she had remained—and soon after the scene upon the river, the company had taken their departure, and were no more seen in those borders—not any more, for ever.

Hallam, Shylock, Shallow, Mr. Effingham—all these had passed from Beatrice's horizon, leaving it bright and calm: and in the fresh sunshine now she saw alone the figures of her kind uncle, and her tender Charles, and jovial honest Captain Ralph, and Townes, and Lanky—all smiling on her, full of love for her. Thus the poor dove, beaten so long by storms, and tossed about from land to land; exposed every where to persecutions, similar to those under which we have seen her labor; thus Beatrice found

her life all at once changed: her heart suddenly filled with light and joy. God had heard the prayers she had uttered, and the harbor was now reached: henceforth she was safe from storms.

Her objections were now all removed, and Charles Waters become her husband: and to him, too, life opened and grew brilliant with an untold splendor: all his sadness passed—his face was bright and joyous—she was beside him, loved so long, denied to him so long, now all his own.

The spring following the autumn and winter, whose events we have related, passed away, and nothing clouded the unalloyed happiness of the household, but a slight cough which Beatrice had caught, she said, far back as her first arrival in Virginia, that day when she fell into the water from the "Nancy."

With the quick apprehension of a lover, Charles Waters magnified this slight indisposition, and determined to go and take up his residence for a time near one of the newly discovered mineral springs, beyond the mountains. Beatrice resisted this proposal at first, and laughed at his apprehensions—and indeed her cough was the least possible, and gave her no pain at all. She saw, however, that if she persisted in her opposition he would be pained, and so she assented; and ere long Charles and herself, and old John Waters, who would not leave her, his new-found daughter and little pet, all went away and took up their sojourn in the far mountain land, leaving the unfortunate Captain Ralph to amuse himself with Lanky in the paternal mansion.

Captain Ralph had upon reflection, determined to remain; having become accustomed to jovial society, he said, those backwoods would kill him—spite of having the *bon père*, Charley, and that "Marguerite des Marguerites"—Beatrice, to narrate his adventures to. Mr. Jack Hamilton and himself had become great friends, and this had for a time diverted the active soldier's ennui; but Hamilton could not fill up all his time; and the Captain was beginning to spend many weary hours, such as we have seen him yawning through, when our story again opened.

About once a month the lazy and leisurely post brought him letters from the far mountains; and carried back huge epistles from the Captain in return. In these epistles the

soldier narrated many things, not even disdaining to detail the progress of Lanky Lugg's love affair, which we shall see something of in the course of our narrative. Beatrice and the rest always laughed heartily at these accounts; and their letters to the soldier were full of mirth, and tenderness, and joy; especially those of the young girl, who experienced a species of wistful sadness, whenever she wrote the name of her dead father, "Ralph Waters."

We shall now leave them, happy, joyous, in their far mountain home, and proceed to the history of other personages of the drama.

CHAPTER II.

AN ADVENTURE.

Let us follow the Captain.

Mounted on his beautiful steed, he set forward, utterly careless whither his steps tended—leaving philosophically to the intelligent animal this portion of the matter. The horse took the road toward the mountains, as if he knew where his master's heart was.

"Very well," said the Captain, "that suits me, Monsieur Selim, perfectly well. If you put forth that speed of yours, you will reach them in a day, or less!—Strange," continued the soldier, "how that girl has won upon me! By heaven, she's an angel—but faith! I can't go so far to-day—I am intensely lazy. What a day to be lazy in, too! It's extravagant."

And the soldier looked admiringly at the trees just putting forth their tender leaves, the grass just beginning to peep up and lie a verdant background, for a thousand flowers; the little streams dancing along joyously in the gay sunlight. He listened, with pleasure, to the small birds which chirruped gayly, and plumed their wings in the fresh bracing wind of March, and went rising and falling on the air billows, predicting summer and warmth. All pleased him. On the day before there had been quite a heavy fall of rain, and all the streams were swollen, and overflowed their banks. The Captain had more than one of these to cross

in his path, but seemed to attach very little importance to them. He allowed the water to splash his boots with great indifference, and rode on carelessly, humming a merry song all about Marshal Soubise and the great Frederic. The soldier's voice was excellent, and he gave the "Tra la! tra la!" with great force and spirit—completely to his own satisfaction, indeed.

He came thus, singing merrily, and looking around him, with the roving and curious eye of the partisan, to one of those hollows in the hills, such as are found frequently in all portions of Virginia. The road which had for a mile or two traversed a species of wooded upland, now descended abruptly into the gorge, and mounted the thickly firred declivity beyond. Through the gorge ran a deep stream, which, swollen by the rain, had overflowed its banks, and now rushed on under swaying pine boughs, with a merry brawl, which sounded far from unpleasantly. The sunshine gilded the rushing stream, the bold hill beyond, the thick firs, and rude masses of rock: and so picturesque was the scene, that Captain Ralph paused a moment, and looked at it admiringly.

His fit of admiration soon subsided, however, and touching his horse lightly, he passed down the steep road, having resumed his song with new spirit. Selim hesitated a moment, as he was about to place his delicate hoof in the water.

"Tra la! tra la!" came from the soldier's lungs lustily, and apparently satisfied that this signified "go on!" the beautiful animal plunged into the water. In an instant his back was covered, and Captain Ralph Waters experienced a disagreeable sensation about the lower part of his person.

"Morbleu! we are in for it!" he cried, drawing up his knees, despairingly.

Selim snorted, and began to swim.

"Right!" cried the soldier; "Go on, comrade! What is a trifling wetting!"

And in defiance of the obstacle, the Captain began again, more lustily than before, to troll his ditty. Selim swam vigorously; dashed the water from his glowing chest, and by the time his master had arrived at the chorus of his song, reached the opposite bank.

He emerged from the water like a statue of glittering ebony, and the soldier, with a careless shake of his clothes, was about to proceed onward, when suddenly his attention was attracted to the opposite declivity, which, as we have said, was singularly steep and rugged.

Down this road there now came, at full speed, a chariot drawn by four spirited horses, who had plainly run away, for the coachman in vain endeavored to check them, by vigorously tightening the reins, and uttering violent cries.

The animals, with their rosetted heads fixed obstinately sidewise, took no notice of these signs, and swept onward at a gallop down the declivity toward the stream, dragging the huge chariot like a mere nutshell, rudely over the stones. At every bound the framework cracked, at every stone the unwieldly vehicle rumbled and groaned.

"Parbleu! here will be a smash!" cried the Captain, as the animals rushed towards him; "in an instant they will be buried in that stream!"

At the same moment, the head of a gentleman emerged from the door, and over his shoulders were seen the affrighted faces of two young girls.

"Women, *morbleu!*" cried the soldier; "to the rescue!"

And as the furious animals rushed headlong toward the stream, he caught, with a powerful hand, the bridle of the leader next to him, and exerting all his strength, made him swerve.

Selim reared and fell upon his haunches, as the hot mouth of the animal struck his neck, and the Captain, clinging like a vice to the rein he had grasped, was drawn half from his saddle. The other leader, checked thus suddenly, reared, and his hoof struck the Captain's arm heavily.

In another instant he would have been hurled, in spite of his great strength and activity, beneath the feet of the animals, when the gentleman whose head he had seen, and the coachman, both came to his assistance, and the coach-horses, still struggling, panting, and furious, were subdued.

The Captain rose erect in his saddle again, and seeing the terrified faces of the ladies at the window of the chariot, took off his hat with his left hand, and made an elegant bow.

"Excuse my rudeness, Mesdemoiselles," he said, "that devil of an animal has nearly broken my right arm, parbleu!"

And the soldier made a wry face, as he tried to move it.

"I owe you a great many thanks, sir," said the gentleman, who had now abandoned the horses to the coachman; "we should have run great risk here—indeed, I may say that you saved our lives."

"Not at all, not all—no thanks," said the Captain; "but faith you would have got a wetting, sir; and I very much fear those charming young ladies would have had their silks and velvets utterly demolished. Upon reflection, I am convinced that so far they owe me thanks."

"Pray let us know then, whom to return them to," said the gentleman, with a courteous smile.

"To Captain Ralph Waters—sometimes called the Chevalier Waters, and the Chevalier La Rivière, by the rascally French, who translate every thing, parbleu!" said the soldier.

"Then, Captain, myself and my daughters are deeply in your debt. My name is Lee, and I insist upon your going with us to my house at Riverhead, to have your bruise dressed."

"My bruise? Oh yes! I had forgotten it: but, excellent sir, I do not attach importance to these trifles. A bruise, more or less? Basta! tis nothing. Still I will gladly go with you, for I am dying of ennui."

"Thanks, sir—now let us see to the means of returning"

The coachman soon reassured Mr. Lee upon this point. The horses were now quiet, he said, and would go along easily. They could not cross Duck creek, as it was too deep, but the horses could be turned, and they could take the cross-road to Riverhead. So the horses were turned, and Mr. Lee, entering the carriage, the huge vehicle rolled up the hill which it had descended so rapidly, and took the direction of Riverhead; Captain Ralph Waters following composedly by the window, and when not exchanging compliments with the ladies, continuing to hum in a low voice his "Tra la! tra la!"

CHAPTER III.

HOW CAPTAIN RALPH INFORMED MISS HENRIETTA LEE THAT WAR WAS THE NATURAL RELATION OF THE SEXES.

An hour's ride brought them to Riverhead, and the chariot rolled around the gravelled circle, and stopped before the large portico.

The old mansion looked much the same as it did on that day, when in company with Mr. Champ Effingham, we first entered its wide hall; and the soft leaves of spring began to rustle around the gables, and throw their delicate and restless shadows on the ancient walls. On that day, when Beatrice, full of grief and mortification, had entered the house, it looked silent and dismal, and the winds of autumn sobbed around it mournfully:—now, times and personages were changed. In place of a sad, weary-looking mansion, there was a pleasant, cheerful one:—in place of a poor wounded heart, a frail trembling form at the door, there entered under that broad portal, a martial merry stranger, with huge moustache, and jingling spurs and sword, and serene brows and lips, save when the brow was elevated by its appreciation of some odd humor, the lips moved by laughter.

Autumn was gone—merry and laughing spring had come.

They entered. Henrietta and Clare retired to make their toilettes for dinner, and Mr. Lee explained briefly how he had been to visit a neighbor, where he had spent the night—was returning—how the horses took fright at some thing: how they had been unable to check their fury, or leap out. He wound up with a second expression of grate ful thanks.

The Captain refused to receive them, and declared that he was delighted to have met with something to arouse his blood. Then Mr. Lee offered him a dressing-room. No, he did not need it: and in the middle of the conversation the young girls made their re-entrance.

Then came thanks again, which the Captain received as before—and Clare, with a delightful look of kind courtesy in her sad little face, held out her hand. The Captain pressed it with martial and chivalric respect to his lips.

He thought that this ceremony would be repeated immediately with the lily hand of Henrietta: but he was mistaken. Henrietta's thanks were returned with much more coolness and stateliness than Clare's; and she made no movement indicating an intention to surrender her hand to the soldier. She was clad as usual, with the utmost elegance and richness, and looked like a queen—except that her mischievously sparkling eyes somewhat belied her royal air.

The Captain submitted to this refusal with great good-humor, and looked admiringly at the brilliant countenance Henrietta gave him back his gaze, and declared afterwards, that she had never met with such an impudent person in all her life before. Perhaps Captain Ralph was conscious of what was passing through the young girl's mind, for he turned away in a moment smiling.

Ten minutes afterwards a servant announced that dinner was ready, and Henrietta hastily grasped her father's arm. The Captain smiled again, as he offered his own to Clare, and said to himself, "Why, she don't like me, parbleu!" And so they entered, and took their places, the Captain making grimaces.

Clare saw the expression of his countenance, and said, suddenly:

"Oh, sir! you gave me the arm which the horse bruised—I am very sorry!"

"Nothing—a mere trifle!" said the Captain, sitting down; "do not give yourself a moment's uneasiness about it, madam. We soldiers are accustomed to these incidents."

"You have seen some service then, sir," said Mr. Lee, as dinner proceeded; "though I might have known that from your appearance simply."

"Yes, yes," said the soldier; "not a little, excellent sir. I was seized with a roving fit when I was a beardless youth, and left home and the bon père—old John Waters, the fisherman down there is my father, and an excellent father, morbleu! See what bad habits I have caught!"

Mr. Lee smiled.

"Is it not shocking, madam," continued the soldier, addressing Henrietta, "that even in the presence of such

charming persons as yourself and mademoiselle, here, I should not be able to drop my little peculiarities ?"

"I suppose it is the result of your profession, sir," returned Henrietta, coldly. She had not forgotten the stare yet.

"Certainly, certainly" said the Captain, "undoubtedly! We poor soldiers cannot be expected to be very polished. We find ourselves whipping out our 'morbleus' and 'egads,' parbleu!—see there, again! Really, it is deplorable!"

And the Captain seemed so much vexed with himself, that Clare could not help smiling.

"Ah, *you* appreciate the soldier's disadvantage, madam," said Captain Ralph, returning Clare's smile.

"Humph!" said Henrietta, to herself—"that means, I suppose, that I am very unreasonable, and do not."

"Madam—your elder sister, I presume—she looks much older—does not appreciate the said disadvantages, I fear," continued the Captain, "and that is, I think, unreasonable."

Henrietta frowned, and seemed to relish very slightly this verification of her thoughts.

"Nothing could be more natural, Captain Waters," she said, somewhat piqued, "than that you should retain some of the ways of camps. It would be unreasonable, as you have said, to look for any thing else in—"

"A rude soldier. Well, I finish your thoughts, and you are right. We had hard times under his gracious Majesty, the great Frederic of Prussia. *Diable!* blows came as thick as hail, and there was little polish except that on steel caps and halberds, madam! Do not, however, understand me as complaining. No, we had a glorious time—fighting like devils, drinking, bivouacking, taking towns, chasing the French; ah! it was a glorious life—believe me, madam, a thing to stir the blood, and make one happy!"

With which words, the Captain raised his arm enthusiastically, and in consequence uttered a distinct and unmistakable

"Diable!"

"Your recollections seem exceedingly vivid, sir," said Henrietta, with a satirical curl of her lip, "take care of your arm!"

"Excellent advice!" cried the Captain, laughing, "admirable!"

"Will you not let me get you something, to dress the bruise, sir?" said Clare, softly, "it is very little to do for you, after exposing yourself to so much danger for us."

"No, no! a thousand thanks, however, my dear Miss Lee," said the soldier, "you really make me regret that I did not break both arms!"

And having uttered this witticism, Captain Waters emptied a huge glass of wine to Clare's health.

"It would be hard for you to suffer such a calamity now after passing through so many wars," said Mr. Lee, with a smile, as the young ladies rose to leave the table.

"Yes, yes," said the Captain, throwing a last smiling glance upon Henrietta, "yes, Mr. Lee—after so many blood-and-thunder battles, cannonading, charges, and assaults on towns and ports, and every thing of that description—you are right: it would be a *bêtise* to have my arm broken by a horse, *parbleu!*"

"You were about to speak of your campaigns just now, when we were drawn off by a discussion, in regard to camp-manners," Mr. Lee said, smiling.

"My campaigns? Ah! I cannot draw the diagram, as well as I can handle my halberd in the ranks, sir."

"You fought at Rosbach?"

"Yes, excellent sir."

"Were you with the Duke of Cumberland?"

"No, Heaven be thanked. Being nonplussed is bad—but by Marshal D'Etrées!"

And the soldier's moustache curled.

"Lissa, perhaps, was another of your battles," said Mr. Lee, who seemed to be curious on the subject of the Seven Years' War:

The Captain nodded.

"Not Glatz, I hope."

"Yes," said the soldier.

"Really you must have seen a great deal of service, Captain Waters," said the old gentleman. "If it is not too much trouble, would you be good enough to explain the position of the forces at Lissa—the numbers of combatants and other matters. The subject interests me deeply, and you were an eye-witness?"

"Yes, my dear sir—yes: Will I explain, say you? Why, certainly."

Mr. Lee bent over, much interested. The Captain poured some drops of wine on the table, and elongated them into the lines of a diagram, with his finger.

"Mark you—our force was only 30,000, that of the enemy close upon 100,000," commenced the Captain; "it was fought on the 5th of December, and this was the position of the battalions: the great Frederic here—there Prince Charles of Lorraine, and General Nadasti. Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Lee, bending over.

"Well, parbleu! now for the battle."

And the soldier began.

We regret that we cannot follow him, in his stirring and excited narrative—a narrative in which men and actions rose visibly before the auditor, colored by the brilliant and vigorous mind of the soldier. The battle of Lissa, in which the great Frederic surpassed Rosbach, has unfortunately nothing at all to do with our history, and we are compelled to omit the Captain's account of it—an account which Mr. Lee listened to with rapt attention.

"That was it, *parbleu!*" cried the soldier. "Frederic never surpassed it in all his wonderful campaigns—the old Satyr! Imagine a wild boar cool and laughing—there is the man, at Lissa. Well, after that last charge—a perfect hell of guns and troopers, rushing on like a lake of fire suddenly let loose, all was said! The enemy were nothing but a parcel of sheep. We took nearly 30,000 prisoners on the field, and 40,000 more, to say nothing of guns and wagons, at Breslau. *Tonnere!* it was a day which a man remembers all his life, and I hear the drums rolling over Breslau now—as I hear plainly the tumult of that great tremendous battle, roaring, crashing, rising and falling;—I almost smell the blood!"

And the soldier's eyes were illuminated with a brilliant and martial fire, which riveted the gaze of his deeply-interested auditor.

"Ah, sir," said Mr. Lee, "I envy you those experiences—you are very fortunate: how grandly you must have felt after that fight."

"For a time—yes, friend. But it was not the most agreeable sort of life. True, we have wild and splendid adventures, passion, excitement, and delight. But there is some

suffering, believe me—yet let us not speak of that. I could relate some of my experiences of that suffering phase—but it is not necessary. Parbleu! I don't regret any thing."

And the two men rose, and betook themselves to the drawing-room.

After an hour's conversation, in which Henrietta preserved the same expression of coldness and pique, the soldier rose to take his leave.

Mr. Lee held out his hand courteously, and said:

"I should esteem it a favor, Captain Waters, if you would occasionally call and see me here. I am an old man, and do not visit much myself: do not stand upon ceremony."

"Ah, mon ami," said the soldier, "you would have some more battles—is it not so?"

"Yes—you have guessed my hobby," replied the old gentleman, smiling: "but I fear you will become weary."

"Not at all. I am fond of going over my adventures, and you know we can always defer the subject, until the fair ladies, here, retire. While they are present, we will discuss the last fashions and *modes de Paris*."

With which the Captain twirls his moustache, and directs an engaging smile toward Henrietta.

"Indeed, sir!" says the queenly young girl, "you must have a very low opinion of our sex."

"How! my dear madam?"

Henrietta feels some resentment, at this easy mode of address, and becomes more indignant than ever, at the Captain's impudence. But she replies:

"The injustice lies in your imagining that we think of nothing but dress, and cannot understand battles."

"Ah, you do *me* injustice, now," says the Captain. "I am so far from thinking your charming sex averse to battles, that I am convinced that war is the normal state of their lives."

"War, sir?"

"To be sure! nothing plainer. Ah, my dear mademoiselle, you cannot deny it! You make war, for ever, on the unfortunate rude sex. Is it not so?"

"I do not, sir."

"Possibly: then you are an exception—I can under

stand that *you* do not care for us—but nevertheless, madam, war is your sex's natural state. See, the artillery of your eyes—how fatal is it! What fatal, death-dealing glances you throw. By heaven, it is worse than gunpowder, and many a tall fellow has succumbed. Well, well, I see I am wearying you. I shall now respectfully bid you farewell."

"I hope your arm does not pain you, sir," says Clare, softly.

"Not now, madam—scarcely at all:—'tis a mere trifle—not like the cut I got at Glatz."

"Remember, Captain, that Glatz is promised me," says Mr. Lee, "and I shall give you but a day or so to rest, after fighting Lissa over for me. When shall we expect you?"

"Morbleu! very soon! I assure you that I am dying of weariness down there—the bon père, Charley, and all, are gone—behold me all alone, a sole cavalier, fault of better."

"Why does he not speak in French at once," said Henrietta to herself, satirically.

"Do you speak French, madam?" asked the Captain.

"No, sir," said Henrietta, more piqued than ever, at having her countenance read so easily, "why do you ask?"

"Faith! I saw you smiling at my unfortunately un-English way of talking."

Henrietta made no reply.

"Nothing is more natural, than that you should have acquired the habit, in the Seven Years' War, Captain," said Mr. Lee, "and I promise you that I will listen to your account of Glatz, if it is given entirely in French."

"Well, sir—prepare yourself very soon. As I said, time hangs on my hands, down yonder. Lanky, he is my servant, amuses me sometimes, but I find much time on my hands."

"Your visit will be a pleasure, and an honor, sir; and permit me, again, to thank you for your service rendered to us to-day."

"Oh, it was nothing, as you know: and now, sir, I must go—as I perceive that Mademoiselle Henriette—have I mistaken your name, madam?—No? Well, I am afraid you tire of me—and I take my leave."

With which words the Captain bowed to Henrietta cav-

alierly, to Clare profoundly, and again shaking hands with the old gentleman, issued forth and mounted his horse.

"A splendid girl!" he said to himself, as he got into the saddle, "what if I seriously thought of marrying? I am sure she would have me—we would suit each other perfectly."

And laughing quietly to himself, the Captain returned homeward, humming his "Tra la! tra la!"

CHAPTER IV.

AN ENCOUNTER ON THE HIGHWAY.

Two days after the scene which we have just related, Henrietta and Clare were sitting in the drawing-room at Riverhead, waiting for their father, who was making his toilette, to accompany them out to dinner. The chariot stood at the door, with its four glossy horses, and liveried coachman and footman.

Henrietta was amusing herself with a new book, at which she laughed from time to time merrily. Clare was sitting quietly engaged upon some small ornamental work, and her sweet tender little face, wore its usual expression of quiet sadness, as with her long dusky lashes resting on her cheek, she pursued her occupation.

At last Henrietta threw down the volume, petulantly.

"I cannot have any peace of my life!" she exclaimed.

Clare raised her head.

"How, sister?" she said.

'For thinking of that rude man's impudence!"

"Who—Captain Waters?"

"Yes."

"Did he offend you?"

"My goodness, Clarry! how unobservant you are! Did you not hear his impertinent speeches to us?"

"No, sister."

"Well, I heard them! and I think he is odious!"

"Odious?"

"Hateful!"

"Oh, you ought not to place too much stress upon his roughness, sister," said Clare, "he has not been bred in courts—he has been fighting, you know."

"Is that any reason why he should insult a lady?"

"Insult you, sister!"

"Yes, Clarry—you know he did. 'Ladies could not understand any thing but fashions,' indeed! He would wait until we had retired, to narrate his heroic achievements!"

Clare smiled faintly.

"I don't think he meant to offend you, or me, sister," she said.

"Well, I choose to be offended, Clarry, whether you do or not! Really! 'The artillery of my eyes—war the natural relation of the sexes!' Was any thing ever more impudent!"

"It was a very harmless jest, I think," replied Clare.

"I think it very impudent."

"Oh, no, sister."

"There you are, Clarry, with your excessive good-nature! You see nothing improper, in the free and easy address of this rude man—who—"

"Who did us a very great service, sister," added Clare, softly.

"Well, suppose he did: any gentleman would have done as much. Do not understand me to say, however, that I think him a gentleman."

"Papa says that he is a very worthy gentleman."

"Humph!" ejaculated Henrietta.

"He says," continued Clare, "that from his own account he must have fought very bravely,—'like a lion,' papa says—"

"Yes—his boasting!"

"No, no—papa says that he never mentioned himself, unless he was questioned."

"Mock modesty!"

Clare smiled again, with the same faint, quiet expression.

"You are determined, I see, to dislike Captain Waters," she said, "and I cannot convince you, that he meant no offence when he was here."

"No, Clarry, you cannot."

"Your prejudices are very strong, sister.'

"Yes, they are, and I confess that I think this gentleman is odious, hateful, impertinent; and I will never see him again."

As she spoke, a loud, hearty voice, was heard to say in the passage, "Parbleu! you need not announce me, friend!" and Captain Ralph entered, smiling and cheerful.

"*Bon jour, mesdames!*" he said, bowing, "or if you do not like French, permit me to inquire about your health in good English."

"Thank you, I am well, sir," said Clare, with a courteous little inclination of her smiling face.

"And Miss Henrietta?" said the Captain, "I am sure, if outward appearances are to be relied on, she is distressingly well, in awfully good spirits."

"I am very well, sir," said Henrietta, coldly.

"Any more adventures, madam?" asked the Captain, with great interest, "no horses running away again, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Then, you have not missed me?"

"No, sir!" said Henrietta, with great emphasis.

The Captain smiled.

"Well, then, you are in my debt somewhat," he said.

"How, pray sir?" asked Henrietta, with cold surprise, and a look which was intended to transfix and render speechless the audacious visitor.

"The plainest thing in the world, morbleu!" said the Captain, "I am a bachelor."

"Sir?"

"I live all alone down there, in my cabin on the river—where the *bon père* used to live, you know."

"No, I do not know, sir."

"Ah, well! that does not alter the fact," said the Captain, with a cheerful smile, "it is the paternal mansion—my father, my dear madam, is that excellent old fisherman, John Waters. But he is now away with Charley—in the mountains; and thus I am alone by myself—as lonely, parbleu! as an unfortunate bear, forced to suck his paws for amusement."

"Well, sir?" said Henrietta, as coldly as ever.

"Well," continued the Captain, smiling, "it naturally

follows that I am in want of company. When I see others surrounded with it, I break the tenth commandment—though not the clause relating to my neighbor's wife. When I left you two days since, my unfortunate mansion seemed more lonely than ever. *Voila tout!* That is why I missed you."

And the Captain curled his moustache toward the eye, with a fascinating smile. It was Henrietta's *lip* that curled.

"I would counsel you to marry then, sir," she said, satirically, "a companion would cheer your loneliness."

"See! now, what a remarkable coincidence of thought!" cried the soldier, laughing. "*Parole d'honneur*, Madam Henrietta, you have hit upon just what occurred to myself!"

"Indeed, sir!"

"Yes, indeed—verily, as the English chaplain of our regiment used to say, with a dreadful drawl, however, through his nose. Yes, indeed—upon my word of honor as a soldier! That has struck me—yes, I want a wife. For you know I cannot be all the time with Jack Hamilton, and those stupid members of the ruder sex."

"Mr. Hamilton is one of my friends, sir," said Henrietta, more and more piqued.

"Ah? Well, he is a good fellow—an excellent fellow! Parbleu! a delightful companion, and we have emptied many a jovial cup together:—a good comrade—*Seigneur Mort-Reynard*, as I call him. Guess, now, his name for me!"

"I have very little turn for guessing, sir."

"Shall I reveal it then?"

"If you fancy, sir."

"Certainly, I fancy. He calls me—the *farceur!*—his name for me is *Don Moustachio!* What a deplorable attempt at a jest."

"It is at least characteristic, sir," said Henrietta, with a satirical smile.

"Why, yes," replied the Captain, "there is some justice in designating me by my moustache.'

And the Captain caressed that ornament affectionately; his white teeth glittering under the ebon fringe like huge pearls.

"A good companion is Hamilton," he added, and I

have many excellent friends of the same description. But after all ma'm'selle, there is nothing like the divine sex."

"Thank you, sir!"

"Oh, you think me insincere!"

"No, sir!"

"You think I flatter you."

"Was any portion of your observation intended for me, sir? Really you are very kind!"

"Any portion for yourself! Why the whole of it was for you."

"A thousand thanks, sir," said Henrietta, with the same satirical expression.

"You deserved it, morbleu!" added the Captain, "and lest I may be considered ungallant by Miss Clare, I will say that she deserved even more."

Clare smiled politely.

"You are very gallant, I think, Captain Waters," she said.

"I gallant!—oh, no! ma'm'selle: I am only a rude soldier. I handle the pike and halberd, sword and pistol, carbine and musket, much better than the implements of peace—smiling words, polite speeches, and all that. Frankness, madam, is my only virtue—but that I claim to have in excess."

"It is a quality I very much admire, Captain Waters," here interposed the voice of Mr. Lee, who had entered behind the soldier; "give you good day, sir."

And the old gentleman shook the soldier cordially by the hand.

"You are going to ride, sir," said the Captain; "I believe another of my shining merits is, that I always happen to arrive *malapropos*."

"No—our ride is of no importance: to-morrow will do as well. You came to dine with us, doubtless, and so I will send the chariot back."

Henrietta could not restrain a little sigh of dissatisfaction: to be disappointed in their ride!—to be obliged to entertain the soldier all day long! It was too vexatious."

The Captain heard the sigh, and catching the expression of the young girl's face, smiled. He had her at his mercy, and for a moment paused maliciously.

At last he said, laughing:

"No, no, sir! I could not think of forcing you to defer your excursion: I perceive that mesdames here are bent upon it."

"We were only going over to Effingham Hall, sir—a matter of no urgency:—merely a friendly call," said Mr. Lee. "You shake your head. Ah, well sir—go with us. What say you?"

"I have not the pleasure of Effingham Hall's acquaint ance," said the Captain, coldly, "though I remember going there one day, to challenge Mr. Effingham Jr."

"A challenge, sir!" said Henrietta.

"Yes, my dear madam. Mr. Effingham, Jr., aforesaid, ran his toasting iron through my brother's shoulder, and as there was a little affair already nearly hatched between them, I thought it my duty to take Charley's place."

"But you did not fight!" exclaimed poor Clare, "you know—"

There she stopped, with her face overshadowed.

"No, Ma'm'selle Claire, *vous avez raison.* No! we did not, and that for one circumstance which would not interest you. The young gentleman went away, doubtless ignorant of the fact that I had called."

Poor Clare's head drooped, as the Captain uttered these words, and she murmured, "Yes, he went the same evening." She alone knew all.

"Therefore," continued the Captain, "I decline going to Effingham Hall: but that does not prevent my riding by the chariot, mesdames, for a mile or two. I am desperately tired of that Lanky's society."

And, smiling, the Captain issued forth with the company.

"Ah, your beautiful horse again," said Mr. Lee, "an Arabian, sir?"

"Yes, I took a fancy to him in Constantinople, and bought him for a handful of piastres. A beautiful horse is the next thing to a beautiful woman!"

"Thanks for the comparison, sir," said Henrietta, disdainfully.

"Is it not just?"

"Sir?"

"Come, is not Selim handsome? Answer, ma'mselle."

"Yes, sir—well?"

"That satisfies me: and faith! I am so well pleased with getting the better of you in the argument, that if you want him, I will present you with Selim."

Henrietta looked at the soldier.

"You would suit each other: he's a charming horse,' said the Captain, laughing.

Henrietta was completely overcome, by these audacious compliments: and could only say, coldly:

"Thank you, sir—I have a riding horse."

"Will you ride on horseback, or with us?" interposed Mr. Lee.

"On horseback, sir—parbleu, on horseback. I am more at home in the saddle—and Selim understands me."

And passing to the carriage door, the Captain gallantly assisted the young girls to enter the huge vehicle, laughing all the while, at the successful generalship which forced Henrietta to give her hand to him.

The chariot then rolled off toward Effingham Hall, and the Captain, mounting Selim, who stood ready, rode toward it, humming his eternal "tra la! tra la!" which he occasionally changed, for the sake of variety, to "Tirra lirra! tirra lirra!"

He rode for some miles by the carriage window, and managed to materially deepen the impression of his impertinence upon Henrietta, by declining to understand her satirical repartees, and applauding them as so many evidences of sprightliness, with which he was delighted. When the chariot arrived at the road which led from the highway to Effingham Hall, the Captain drew up.

"You will not go with us, then?" said Mr. Lee, "I hope you have no quarrel with the squire, sir?"

"None—none: I may even say, I think that we are good friends, since I recollect some very polite speeches he made on our former meeting. But I must go to Williamsburg this morning. I had quite forgotten that this is the day of the arrival of the mountain post."

"Ah, yes—your father—"

"Precisely, my dear sir—father, brother, sister: how could I neglect that, morbleu!"

"Well, sir: then we must hope to see you at Riverhead soon again."

"With pleasure . with pleasure! *Mesdames, bon jour!*

And the Captain bowed elegantly, taking off, and lowering to his saddle-bow, his hat with its dark feather. The carriage rolled on, and Captain Ralph continued his way, alternately humming his song, laughing to himself, and addressing himself to the woods, in a half audible tone.

He had nearly reached the town, when the sound of a horse's hoofs attracted his attention, and raising his head which had been for some time hanging down listlessly, the soldier saw within ten rods of him, a gentleman who was riding toward him, mounted on a splendid sorrel.

Something in the air of the traveller, struck him as strangely familiar; and his keen eye plunged beneath the drooping hat, which, black like the stranger's clothes, covered his brow.

The traveller drew nearer—raised his head quickly: and the two men at the same moment recognized each other.

The new comer was Mr. Champ Effingham.

CHAPTER V.

TWO ENEMIES.

The two men looked at each other for some moments, in perfect silence.

Mr. Effingham was much changed:—his face was thinner, and had more character in it; his costume was more subdued and in much better taste, though it was as rich as ever; and his whole air and carriage was much more calm and collected, than it had ever been before. But still the old weary listless shadow in the eyes remained: and one might have seen on a closer examination, that those eyes were not so brilliant and youthful looking as before—that this man must have lived long in a very short time, and—perforce of cramming passion, so to speak, into his life—grown prematurely old. The eye was clear, it is true—but it was not happy: the lips were as handsome as ever, but two diverging lines betrayed suffering and thought:—the pale brow was not so smooth as

it had been. Mr. Effingham looked like a man who had exhausted all stormy emotions and become calm again:—not so much the calmness of satisfied desires, as the slumber of discordant emotions.

The reader may imagine from these few words of hasty description, that this man, a portion of whose wild career we have attempted to delineate, had lost that conspicuous grace and fire, which formerly drew all eyes toward him:—that he had grown old, as a young man does, by wild courses and extraordinary dissipation:—that Mr. Effingham had no longer any marked characteristic, at least pleasant characteristic. This was only partially true. He was plainly a man of far more character than ever—a finer cavalier, every way stronger, so to speak, than before. The slight stoop in his shoulders, which betrayed the intense thinker, gave to his figure a singular nobleness of outline; his sword was worn with a grace very unlike his old petit maître habit; his broad brow, no longer disfigured with a wig, rose above the thoughtful eyes like a tower: his costume, as we have said, was rich but simple; and to sum up all in one word, Mr. Effingham looked like a man who had suffered and grown harder, and as a consequence of that suffering and new strength, left behind many of his youthful follies:—and so, achieved, if not happiness, at least calmness.

The Captain, with his keen, rapid glance, took in all these details at once, and then, with a haughty inclination of his head, was about to pass on.

Mr. Effingham raised his hand, and with great calmness—though a slight flush rose to his cheek, as he spoke—said:

"Would you be good enough to give me a moment of your time, Captain Waters? I have something to say to you."

The soldier tightened his rein, and waited in silence for his companion to speak.

"This is a meeting which I have long desired, sir," continued Mr. Effingham, stroking the mane of his horse.

The soldier inclined his head coldly, without speaking.

"I can easily understand that my face is not agreeable to you, sir," continued Mr. Effingham, in the same courteous and placid tones which had characterized the first words

addressed to the soldier. "I do not complai of that: I have no right to. It were singular if we met as good friends after the scenes which we have passed through—or, more properly speaking, those between Mr. Charles Waters and myself. I do not expect you to give me your hand—I do not ask that. But I have misunderstood your character, if, after the few words I have to say, your mind and heart remain bitter—if you are still my enemy."

"We are not enemies, sir," said the Captain, coldly; "matters are all ended—accounts closed—we are indifferent to each other."

"Pardon me, sir: but that cannot be. In this world persons who have sustained the singular relationship toward each other which we have, can never afterwards be wholly indifferent."

"You had something to say, I believe, sir?"

"Yes, sir; and I shall proceed to say it, resolutely refusing to adopt the tone toward yourself, which you adopt toward me."

There was so much courtesy and dignity in these words, that Captain Waters felt that his haughty and freezing manner was unreasonable.

"I have no desire to insult you, Mr. Effingham," he said; "we are nothing to each other, and, morbleu! have I not already declared that I do not regard you as an enemy."

"Well, sir, for that I thank you," said Mr. Effingham, as calmly and courteously as before; "and now, sir, let me say what I have desired to utter, in the hearing of your family, for a long time. Let me briefly tell you—for you perhaps do not know all—let me tell you the nature of those events, whose disastrous or nearly disastrous climax you arrived in time, and just in time to witness. I am not fond of the particle 'I,' and beg that you will permit me to adopt another form.

"Well, sir, there lived a year or two ago, near this place where we now meet, a young man of strong passions and violent impulses. He inherited the traits of his family—strong feelings under an indifferent and easy exterior. One day that young man met with a girl—it was in that very forest, sir, which you have just emerged from—a young girl of rare and dazzling beauty, a beauty which still blinds me when I

gaze upon it, though I have passed through much to distract the mind since that luminous face shone on me. Well, sir," continued Mr. Effingham, whose voice for a moment had changed singularly—"Well, sir, it was the old tale: he loved her—devotedly, passionately, madly: so madly that he even now doubts whether it was not a species of madness, that strange, wild infatuation!

"He approached her, and told her rudely and carelessly, as a 'gentleman' so called speaks to an actress, that he loved her. He thought her an ordinary comedienne, such as he had known in London—she was not such: she was a noble girl, as pure as an angel, and as good as she was beautiful. Without a moment's hesitation, she told him that there could be nothing in common between them—that she did not desire him to pay her attentions—that she did not wish him to approach her. Well, he raved and tore his hair, and suffered dreadfully when he heard these words—for he loved her passionately. He left his family and became a member of the company of Comedians, and offered her his hand—not once, but a score of times. She still refused to smile upon him."

Mr. Effingham paused for a moment: again stroked the mane of his horse, and went on calmly.

"One day this young man saw a rival in her presence, and read in her blushes, in the tones of her voice, in her eyes, that this rival was the favored one. That drove him mad, and he felt that thenceforth all was lost to him: spite of his love, spite of his abandoning all for her, spite of his devotion, she was not even indifferent to him he saw. She trembled at his approach—as the dove does when the hawk appears:—she shrunk from him with aversion. You may imagine, sir, that this added to his infatuation a thousandfold: it rose to such a height, his passion and consequent suffering was so dreadful, that one day he placed the muzzle of a pistol to his brain and might have killed himself, had not God ordained that he should live. God interposed, and for a moment, a single moment, he was calm,—for a moment only, however."

Again the young man paused, and the Captain saw his eyes wander. He continued:

"God had ordained further, sir, that his own act should

reveal the secret of the young girl's birth, a strange history! and by so doing he gave his rival a new and stronger hold upon her. He was thenceforward her blood relation—legally and morally bound to protect her.

"You may understand now how that unfortunate man's passions were worked up to the point of desperation. He loved a woman with a species of infatuation; he had given up every thing for her: she was about to be torn from him by a successful rival. Is not that a powerful combination of unfortunate circumstances, sir? Well, this combination was what assailed that man in a weak moment. By one of those accidents which seem to be produced by the direct agency of the Devil, the tools of a mad scheme appeared upon the *tapis*. Two boatmen—desperate characters, and ready for any mischief—came to say that the young man's new sail-boat was waiting in the river—at that moment his design was conceived:—Yet he determined to give the young girl a last opportunity to save herself and him."

Captain Ralph saw a shadow cross his companion's brow, and pitied his suffering: that suffering was very plain.

"He went to her and threw away his bitterness," continued Mr. Effingham, calmly, "his scoffs, his taunts. He opened his poor afflicted heart to her and said, 'I love you—I suffer cruelly—I must always love you—I shall die unless you consent to become my wife!' She felt sincere pity—she was suffering herself—she no longer looked at me coldly. The young man—I do not like these 'I's,' sir—for a moment hoped. Vain hope!—she ended with a passionate refusal:—stung by his taunts she declared that nothing would induce her to wed a man like him—she could not, would not marry him! He tore his bosom with desperate hands—it was not the first time—and rushed from the room.

"In half an hour his scheme was all arranged. The boatmen were directed to be ready:—a venal parson was near, who for a bribe of two hundred guineas promised to wed the parties without asking any questions, at a spot down the river fixed on.

"The forcible abduction of the young girl, was all that remained to be compassed. He raised her while she slept in her chair, bore her to the ground, and carried her off!

'He was pursued—his rival was the pursuer—they came together on the river: the young man's confederates were overcome: he was left alone, foiled, beaten, laughed at. His rival raised his hand to strike—the young man's sword pierced his breast, God be thanked, not wounding him mortally."

The Captain nodded in approbation of this sentiment.

"After that the victim of infatuation—of madness, I may nearly say," Mr. Effingham went on, calmly, "left the country, and went into foreign lands, with blood upon his hands, he thought. He repented bitterly—he spent days and months of that suffering which surpasses all the rest—remorse. At length he found in time and thought some alleviation, and his peace was restored completely—can you believe it, sir?—by a letter saying that his rival had recovered from his wound.

"That is all, sir:—except that the unfortunate man who enacted this tragic drama, has returned to the scene of those unhappy events with a calmer heart, a brain no longer obscured by the mists of passion and pride. That man now says to the brother of his rival—the man he has injured—'I have repented bitterly of all this—I have no pride for you, none that will make me refuse this reparation of words all which I have to offer—I acknowledge my fault—I deplore the suffering which I occasioned.'

"This is what I had to say, Captain Waters," added Mr. Effingham, calmly and courteously, as before, "I have said it, and am content that you shall fold your arms in your cloak, and refuse to touch my hand. My duty is done."

"Refuse your hand?" said the honest soldier, "morbleu! I do nothing of the sort! There is mine! I hated you mortally until this moment: now I assent, and will maintain, that you are a worthy gentleman!"

And Captain Waters forgetting completely all his enmity, shook Mr. Effingham's hand cordially.

"You afford me a pleasure, which I have not experienced often in my life," said Mr. Effingham, with noble simplicity.

"No polite speeches!" said the soldier, "we understand each other. A quarter of an hour ago, I would cheerfully have run you through with my hanger, for your treatment of

Beatrice and Charley:—I thought it was all mock generosity, when they said this very thing you have told me, that you seemed to be laboring under a sort of infatuation. Parbleu! they have both forgiven you long ago: why should not I?"

"I am sure you no longer regard me in the light of an enemy. I have offered you an explanation which—"

"Is perfectly satisfactory and convincing," said the Captain, with his frank, jovial voice.

"Where are they now?" asked Mr. Effingham, with a slight shadow upon his brow.

"Who, Charley and Beatrice?"

"Yes, Captain."

"Up in the mountains."

"I trust they are quite happy."

And his eyes seemed to be fixed upon that past, which had gone from him like a wild dream. He could scarcely realize that those fiery passions had burned in his bosom.

"I hope, Captain Waters, that we shall meet frequently," said Mr. Effingham, at length; "I must leave you now, as I have just arrived in Virginia. Give you good day, sir."

And bowing with the same calm air as before, Mr. Effingham continued his way toward the Hall, while Captain Ralph went in the opposite direction.

CHAPTER VI.

OLD FRIENDS.

The Riverhead chariot rolled lazily up to Effingham Hall, an event which caused the sleepy-looking pointer basking in the sun upon the portico, to rise and wag his tail, in sign of indolent satisfaction, and well-bred welcome.

The Hall has no longer that still, slumberous, melancholy air about it, we have observed upon a former occasion:—indeed, the very reverse is the fact. Effingham Hall has waked up with the spring—and that joyous season, continuing, as in Shakespeare's time to "put a spirit of youth in everything," has touched with its merry and joyous hand the

trees, the grass, the very gables of the old manor-house, and all is bright and cheerful.

The tall old trees, with their tender budding leaves, are rustling in the merry winds of March:—the sunshine lies like a glory on the great portico; and the lawn, growing already green and soft, is dotted with a thousand flowers which raise their bright heads and smile, or cheerily shake the dew diamonds from their gay petals when the breeze agitates them.

From tree to tree dart the early songsters of spring, making the air vocal with their chirping:—and it is very plain that more than one courtship is going on in the tall elm yonder, from which a concert by delighted blue birds' artists, incessantly fills the air. They are no longer "prophesying spring," as our poet says: their prophecy is fulfilled, and they are rejoicing like so many able editors, who have foretold events and seen them come to pass. The oriole carols too, above them all, from his high spray, which, swaying backward, forward, sideways, in the wind—rocks his bright gurgling throat and ruffled feathers gaily. A thousand little swamp sparrows flit about: and bear up twigs from the margin of the sparkling stream: and dart after each other in excess of glee; and almost tumble over each other in the blue mid air, from pure merriment.

Dozens of negroes—ranging from little ebon balls, clad in unmentionable costumes, to the stately white-haired Catos and Dinahs—pass about from out-house to out-house:—horses are led in long rows from the huge stable on the hill, toward the field:—dogs roll and bark and meditate with staring eyes upon the lawn:—and in the midst of all a flock of dignified geese ambulate like great seigneurs with their wives, and startle with their cackle all the stately, serene peacocks, who with brilliant plumage and restless movement of their burnished necks sail slowly onward—bright-crested swans upon an emerald sea.

And pleasanter than all—more excellent to hear and look upon, are the sights and sounds from the Hall itself.

From the open window comes the merry murmur of the harpsichord and a child's voice full of tender grace; adding a splendor to the time—the perfect merriment which nothing ever affords but music. And then the music stops, and there

appears upon the portico the burly figure of our old acquaintance, the squire, who finds his skirts suddenly grasped by laughing hands, and two merry eyes, as azure as the heavens, laugh like the lips.

The squire is in exuberant health, and is clad just as we have seen him before. His broad plain hat, which has lost its loops and is rolled up shovel fashion, covers a face reddened and embrowned by exercise and exposure:—his huge coat brushes against his strong thick silk stockings, which disappear in heavy half-boots:—and his long waistcoat is nearly covered by his frill, soiled now like his wide cuffs and stockings, with the dust of his fields. The squire has just returned from his morning ride over the plantation, and has been listening to Miss Kate Effingham performing upon the harpsichord, and singing one of his favorite airs. She now holds him back by the skirts, begging him to wait for her.

This young lady may possibly still dwell in the reader's recollection. She has scarcely changed at all since we saw her last, and is positively not a bit larger. She is the same bright little creature with sparkling eyes, and rosy cheeks, and crimping laughing lips which are the color of cherries, and reveal when their owner laughs, a row of small teeth, much whiter than pearls, if not so rounded and regular. Kate is dressed almost exactly as we have seen her formerly. Her hair is still unpowdered, and falls in curls upon her neck, around which extends a foam of snowy lace. Her half-frock half-coat, with its embroidered velvet under-vest still abbreviates itself—after the fashion of the time—in close proximity to the knee: and the same scarlet silk stockings, plunge themselves into the identical rosetted, red-heeled shoes. Kate is perhaps merrier than we ever saw her, and when she demands that the squire shall wait for her before proceeding to assist the visitors from the carriage, there is a violent contention between laughter and the faculty of articulation, which results in a rush and jumble of the two, which puts the merriment of the blue birds to such shame that they are silent.

"Good morrow, neighbor," says the squire, assisting Henrietta and Clare to the ground, with the elegance of a perfect courtier; "and you my little mice, how are your small selves?"

With which the squire squeezes Henrietta's hand, until she screams.

"Thanks, sir," says the laughing girl; "I was much better before I saw you!"

And she shakes her hand, upon which the old gentleman's fingers have left distinct white marks.

"You are not fond of having your hands pressed?" laughs the squire.

"No, sir."

"By an old fellow like me, I mean—and I take your reply as given to the whole question. Well, well, I believe you are right. I am rather an ancient cavalier, but the sight of you young folks, all roses, pleases me."

"That is my failing, I believe," says Henrietta, laughing, "but not Clare's."

"No," says the squire, "and I am sorry to see your cheeks so much like lilies, Clare."

Clare smiles.

"You know that is my style, sir," she replies, "I never had a bright color, but I am quite well."

"And as good as ever, I do not doubt," says the squire, as they enter the mansion pleasantly.

"And me, sir—does that apply to me?" says Henrietta, laughing.

"No, madam."

"I am 'as *bad* as ever,' I suppose."

"I hope not!" says the old gentleman, delighted at his witticism.

"Thanks, sir," Henrietta replies, with exquisite demureness, "thanks for an excellent character. And now I am going to leave you and papa to discuss your deeply interesting plantation affairs, and take off my hood."

"By all means. I cannot see your pretty face now:—and Clare is as bad, see! I believe she cannot kiss Kate for her huge coiffure."

And the squire, laughing gayly, leads the way into the library, followed by Mr. Lee—leaving the young ladies in the hands of Miss Alethea, who has just emerged from the kitchen.

Miss Alethea looks more placid and good-humored than when we knew her formerly, though her stateliness has not

in the least changed:—and she comes forward and kisses in Virginia fashion, both the girls. Then they are led away to the sanctum up stairs to remove their wrapping, and make their toilettes for dinner.

Seated in the library, the old gentlemen discuss matters in general, over a decanter of sherry: and dispute with the utmost vehemence, on the most trifling matters, in the good old way. Both are fortified in their opinions as a matter of course, and they deplore each the other's prejudices and unreasonableness. But let no one suppose that these word-quarrels were not the most friendly contentions imaginable. There were no better friends in the world, and they were only pursuing the immemorial habit of Virginians to discuss, contradict, and argue on all occasions.

Some of these contradictions are amusing, and rather vague.

"The fact is, my dear sir," says Mr. Lee, philosophically smoothing down his waistcoat, "the fact is that after all we have said, and after all that can be said on this point, things are—"

'I deny it!" says the squire, vehemently, "they are not!"

"But listen now," continues Mr. Lee, with a persuasive and earnest voice, "you are too quick. I was going to say, and I think you will coincide with me—you ought to, if you do not:—I was going to say that the present state of this country is such that these men will—"

"No! I join issue with you there," interposes the squire, argumentatively, "they will do no such thing, and I am surprised to hear you say it!"

"I have not said it yet!"

"You have."

"What have I said?"

"You said, that considering the present state of Eng land—"

"No: of this country."

"You said England!"

"Positively I did not."

And so the argument goes on, thick set with contradictions and dogmatical assertions.

At last—the worthies having glided gradually from the

rude highway of politics, into the pleasant paths of neighborhood gossip—the conversation grows quite friendly and placid again, and there are no more contradictions:—those weapons being made use of exclusively in polemics. They talk of the races to be held soon at the course between Williamsburg and Jamestown:—of the probable entries:—of the amount of subscription, and the chances of Sir Archy's overcoming Fair Anna or Dare Devil. From this they pass to county court matters, and the demoralizing effect of the absence of game-laws. This leads the squire to descant at length, and in a tone of indignant reprehension, upon the course of the defendant in a certain chancery suit, by the style of "Effingham et al. *vs.* Jonas Jackson, sheriff of York county, and as such, administrator de bonis non, with the will annexed, of John Jones, dec'd." This affords the squire an opportunity to express his opinion of the high court of chancery, which he does at some length, and with refreshing frankness and directness.

So completely absorbed is the worthy gentleman in this interesting subject, that he quite loses sight of a piece of information which he has been on the point of giving his visitor, for some moments. Let us leave him vituperating the whole system of equity, and enter the adjoining apartment—the drawing-room—from which the merry music of the harpsichord is heard. Perhaps we shall be able to find out from others the nature of this intelligence.

Clare sits at the harpsichord playing, and little Kate, perched upon a cricket at her side, is turning over the leaves of the music—while Miss Alethea and Henrietta exchange neighborhood gossip, near the opposite window.

Clare finishes the piece she is playing, and turning her quiet, good-natured face toward Kate, says, smoothing back the child's locks as she speaks:

"Is that the piece you wished me to play, Katy?"

"Oh yes," says Kate, her eyes sparkling, "and now you mustn't play any more—for I have a great piece of news to tell you!"

And the child's eyes fairly dance, as she draws a letter from beneath her girdle.

"A great piece of news?" asks Clare, with a smile, "what is it, pray?"

"Guess!" says Kate, covering the letter with her hand.

"I am afraid I am a poor hand at guessing, dear," replies Clare.

"Can't you think?" persists Kate, with a joyous rush of laughter in her voice:—for if Rubini had tears in his voice, it may be said that Kate had laughter in hers: "can't you think now, cousin Clare—just try, now."

"Well," says Clare, smiling at the brilliant face of the child, "has Will written you a love letter, and asked your hand?"

"No, indeed," Kate replies, pouting like a duchess, "he asks me to marry him twenty times a day."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed: he's a dreadful plague. But come, now cousin Clare, guess again."

"Let me see: you have a letter, that is plain."

"Yes."

"And this letter contains the news?"

"Yes, yes, cousin Clare."

"Good news?"

"Oh yes, indeed!"

"Of what sort?"

"Oh! now that would be telling you, you know. But I'll see if you can guess it then. Somebody's coming!"

And Kate's eyes dance again: while a shadow suddenly passes over the tender face of her companion.

"Somebody coming?" murmurs Clare; "I think I can guess now—"

"I knew you could!"

"Mr. Effingham is coming back?"

"Oh yes! cousin Champ! See, here is his letter from London. Look, what a funny mark upon it:—he says he will be here early in April, and this, you know, is the first week of March."

And Kate clasps her hands.

"Shall I read it?" she says.

Clare shakes her head sadly.

"Then you may yourself, cousin," says Kate, offering the opened letter; "I know cousin Champ wouldn't care for *your* seeing it."

But Clare puts the offered letter aside with her hand.

"Well, if you don't like to read it, you can listen just to this. He says he may be here even sooner than April. Just think! We'll have the dear old fellow back so soon, and he'll have so much to tell me," adds Kate, with a queenly little air; "you know how much we love each other."

Suddenly the letter is removed from Kate's hand, and the voice of a youthful gentleman, who has entered unperceived, says petulantly:

"There you are, praising brother Champ again. It is really vexatious, Kate."

And Mr. Willie Effingham looks mortified and indignant. This young gentleman has scarcely changed more than Kate, and is clad at present in a handsome little pearl-colored cocked hat, rosetted shoes, a coat with a rounded skirt, and a bright scarlet waistcoat. His right hand grasps a riding whip, and on the floor at his feet lies a school-book, which he has dropped to take possession of the letter.

"It is really too bad," says Will, allowing Kate to repossess herself of the letter, without much struggling; "I believe you're in love with brother Champ."

"I am so," says Kate, "and you're jealous, Willie!"

With which words the young lady laughs, to the great annoyance of her cavalier.

"Jealous, am I?" says Will; "that's all the thanks I get for giving up the game of Prisoner's base after school, and coming home to see you. Never mind!"

And Will shakes his head.

"Did you, now?" asks Kate, touched by this piece of devotion.

"Yes, I did."

"Well, let's make up, Willie."

"Then give me a kiss."

"Indeed I wont!" cries Kate; and she struggles to avoid the proffered embrace.

"Heyday!" says the voice of the squire at the door, as that gentleman enters with Mr. Lee; "fighting! Is it possible, Will?"

Will ceases to struggle: but abstains from any explanation

"We were not fighting, papa; but he wanted to kiss me,

and you know it is not proper for young ladies of my age to kiss gentlemen—is it?"

And Kate throws a fatal glance from her brilliant eyes towards Willie, who, seeing the prize snatched from his grasp, utters a sigh.

The squire laughs, and asks the child "What letter that is?"

"Cousin Champ's, you know, papa."

"Yes, yes: I was just telling neighbor Lee," the squire says to Clare, "that Champ was coming back soon."

The hoofstrokes of a horse sound on the gravel walk, but they do not hear them.

"He writes," adds the squire, addressing himself equally to Clare and Henrietta, "that we may expect him early in April—sooner, perhaps."

A spur sounds on the portico, but the harpsichord, which Clare touches softly and absently with her finger, drowns the noise.

"Kate, here, has taken possession of the letter as her rightful property," continues the squire, "and offers to exhibit it, I believe, to every body—the little minx. They were great friends."

The shadow of a man falls upon the passage.

"Well, I'll be glad to see the boy; and God grant him a safe passage to the old Hall again."

As the squire speaks, Kate utters a delighted scream and in a moment rushes to the arms of a gentleman who stands upon the threshold.

"God has already granted that, sir," says Mr. Effingham.

And amid a burst of exclamations, he enters the apartment.

We need not describe the scene which followed the entrance of Mr. Effingham:—how the squire did little more than press his hand, and gaze delighted on his face:—how Clare tried in vain to still her agitated and throbbing heart—how the rest of the group overwhelmed the young man with a thousand congratulations. The reader may fancy all this with less trouble than we could describe it. We must leave to fancy, too, the crowd of bright-faced Africans, who jostled each other at the door:—the uproarious chanting of

"Oho—oho—oho—oho!
Mas' Champ come home agin!"

which rose from the lawn, after the fashion of the time and place.

Yes, Mr. Champ, after all his weary wanderings, had returned to his good old home.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW CAPTAIN RALPH LAID HIS COMMANDS ON MR. LUGG.

Lanky!"

"Sur?"

"You're a villain."

"Oh, Cap'n!"

"A most unconscionable villain!"

"Oh no I ain't, Cap'n."

"You are, you rascal! Don't contradict me!"

"I didn't, Cap'n."

"You did."

"I didn't, Cap'n."

"There is a pretty proof of it: you are contradicting me now, you villain! I'll cut off your ears!"

"Oh, Cap'n!"

And Lanky raises his hand affectionately toward his auricular appendages, with a dreadful conviction that their size and prominence would render them an easy prey to the enemy.

Captain Ralph addressed the above emphatic words to Mr. Lugg two or three days after the scenes which we have just described. The worthy soldier was sitting after breakfast, with a meerschaum between his lips, with his feet in close proximity to the hook fixed in the beam above the great fireplace of his mansion. From time to time, clouds of snowy smoke would issue from beneath his huge moustache, and rise in circles to the rafters overhead, upon which the red beams of the morning sun reposed, turning the dusty timbers into bars of gold.

Lanky sat as usual, in his chimney corner, and from time

to time touched furtively the strings of an old battered violin, which lay upon his knees:—gazing all the while into the blaze, which drove away the cool river mist with its crackling laughter.

The Captain looked at his retainer for some moments in silence, after the outburst we have faithfully chronicled above; then added:

"Play that reel again—"

And the Captain, stopping to smoke a moment, Lanky raised his violin with alacrity to obey his master's bidding.

—"If you dare, you rascal!" finished the Captain, whose sentence had been broken off in the middle. Lanky's arm subsided immediately, and the fiddle fell back to its former position on his knees.

"Raly, Cap'n," said Lanky, scratching his head, "no body can't please you. Now you know you told me, bein as you gin me a holiday to-day, to bring out my fiddle and scrape for you. And now," added Lanky, with an injured air, "you're a tellin' me that I dasn't play no more. Oh, Cap'n!"

And after this stereotyped protest, Lanky remained silent.

"I told you to play, because I wanted to hear music, parbleu!" said the Captain, "but that was a quarter of an hour ago. I have changed my mind. I don't believe you are much of an artist, with all your distinguished reputation in the neighborhood. You scrape horribly, and your instrument is an awful one."

Lanky, though deeply hurt and indignant at this double attack on his violin and his reputation, did not answer. "Oh, Cap'n!" was all that his muttering lips enunciated.

At the end of ten minutes, Captain Ralph laid aside his meerschaum, and stretched his legs.

"Lanky," he began.

"Sur?"

The Captain paused for some moments, yawning.

"When did you see Donsy Smith?" he asked, at length.

Lanky started.

"Oh, Cap'n," he said, "I ain't seen that ere young 'ooman for a month o' Sundays."

"Have you quarrelled?"

"No, sir."

"A rival?"

Lanky groaned.

"What horrible sound was that which issued from your diaphragm, you villain?" asked the Captain.

"I never said nothin', sur."

"You sighed."

"Did I, Cap'n?"

"Yes, and do you know what these 'heighos' mean?"

"He'o's, sur?"

"These sighs, you rascal?"

"No, sur."

"They signify that one is deeply smitten by some angelic fair one. Eh? do you understand?"

"I think I does, sur."

"When I said 'have you a rival?' you sighed, or rather groaned. Now I understand from that, that you are far gone."

"Oh, Cap'n."

"Come, now, you have a rival?"

"I b'lieve I has," said Lanky, piteously, but beginning to saw his head from north-east to south-west, according to his habit.

The Captain observed this favorite manœuvre, and began to laugh.

"You have a rival, eh?" he said; "a successful one?"

"I dun'no, sur."

And Lanky groaned again, and sawed his head worse than ever. The Captain twirled his moustache with a delighted look.

"Listen to me now, Lanky," he said, bursting into laughter; "listen to my advice, *mon ami*. Here you are groaning and sighing, and declaring in your delicious patois that you have not seen your dulcinea for ages:—you are plainly in high dudgeon, and have abandoned the field. Now, sir, hear what I have to say. No retainer of mine shall disgrace me by succumbing to a woman—laying down his arms because the bastion frowns with guns, instead of being wreathed with flowers. *Tonnere!* you villain, it is a personal slight upon myself, and I won't have you give up in this way to your little Donsy, who is only coquetting with you! Do you hear, sir?"

"What kin I do, Cap'n? I can't do nothin," sighed Lanky.

"There it is, again—with your eternal groaning! Be a man, you rascal, or, parbleu! I'll hang you by the legs to the rafters!"

Lanky started at this terrible threat, and took a bird's-eye view of matters, coming to the irresistible conclusion that the posture suggested by his master would not only be disagreeable, but would have the effect of adding a new and undesired charm to the landscape.

"Oh, sur!" he ejaculated.

"Now listen," said the Captain, "and do not sit there moaning and groaning, sighing and crying, when as a brave man you should buckle on your sword—figuratively speaking—and advance upon the enemy. What is that enemy? That, morbleu! is the first question with every courageous and rational soldier. In the present instance a woman—a young woman, or as you say in your barbarous dialect—'young 'ooman.' Now, sir, I commence by laying down the proposition that every member of the fair sex may be overcome by well-directed and courageous generalship. They of course, despise a mere sighing, lachrymose lover, with his heart in his hand, and a propensity for moonlight and soliloquy:—basta! I am throwing away my philosophy on your thick head! What do you know about soliloquies and moonlight!"

And the Captain paused.

"I don t know nothin' 'bout slil'kees," observed Lanky "but I hunts 'coons by moonlight, sometimes."

"You unsentimental villain!" said the soldier, "are you not ashamed of yourself, to mix up the divine sentiment with 'coons—as you barbarously term it:—to mingle *tendresse* with the consideration of furs!"

"You was goin' to give me some advice, Cap'n," said Lanky, desirous of averting the Captain's indignation.

"Well, you villain: in place of advice, I give you commands! I command you to resume offensive operations immediately, and yield not one point."

Lanky looked dubious: these generalities were plainly distasteful to him, since he did not very clearly comprehend their meaning.

"Oh, Cap'n! I dun'no what that means," he said.

"It means this, you villain! When Donsy or any other young lady endeavors to turn you around her thumb, to make you do just as she desires, to wheedle, and coax, and bring you over—resist, morbleu! Yield not a single point, as I said before!—never yield a point to one of the fair sex, for observe, you pine knot! the ambitious desire to rule in these enchanting creatures, closely resembles a body of water pent in by a dam. Give it but one little point to issue through, and *diable!* it rushes on, and carries all before it. Never yield to women—it is a bad precedent: respect them, love them, fight for them, die for them,—but never yield to them, you unreasonable villain! *En avant!* with a brave heart, and without thought of surrender:—ask no terms, yield in nothing: refuse to see brilliant eyes, to listen to coaxing words; close your heart obdurately, and victory is yours! Bah!" continues the Captain, "here am I advising you as to your course, when the first advice should be to show your nose to your sweetheart: how can she respect such a lover. As your master, sir, I command you to go and make yourself agreeable to your sweetheart, and not disgrace me by giving up the battle in this way."

Lanky touched the violin absently.

"But how kin it be done, Cap'n?" he said. "I ain't giv' up: I never intends to giv' up! But oh, Cap'n, when a feller feels all sorts o' ways, how can he make hisself agreeable?"

The Captain laughed heartily. Lanky took courage at this, and continued, sawing his head:

"I ain't a goin' to giv' up! No I ain't! He's too young for her, and 'sides, he ain't as good lookin' as I am."

"Who—your rival?"

"Yes, sur."

"Who is he?"

"Will Efn'um."

The Captain burst into a tremendous laugh.

"What, that little fellow, Lanky?" he said.

"Yes, sur."

"Morbleu! you astonish me."

"You know Donsy goes to school to the parson, sur, and so does Will Efn'um.'

"There near town?"

"Yes, sur."

"Well, now, I command you to enter the field at once, and prosecute hostilities," said the Captain. "Go, you rascal! I give you a holiday."

Lanky rose, with his fiddle under his arm.

"Won't your honor want your horse?" he said, scratching his head.

"Yes—morbleu! I forgot. I must go and fight Glatz for *mon ami* over there. Saddle Selim."

"Yes, sur."

And Lanky went out. In a quarter of an hour Captain Ralph was riding towards Riverhead, singing merrily one of his numerous repertory of camp ditties; and Lanky, having first smoothed his hair, by means of a coarse comb, and a triangular bit of looking-glass, was proceeding, with his violin under his arm, toward the town of Williamsburg.

CHAPTER VIII.

ICHABOD: A HEBREW WORD SIGNIFYING THE GLORY HAS DEPARTED!

We shall follow Lanky.

He threaded the paths of the forest, traversed the tracts of waste land, and hit the points where the brooks were crossed by logs, stretched for the convenience of pedestrians from bank to bank, with unerring precision. No doubt those moonlight—but not sentimental—excursions discoursed of to the Captain, had made him familiar with all the devious ways of the country ride; and so ere long he drew toward the school-house, which was situated in an open glade of the forest between Williamsburg and Effingham Hall.

The "old field school," as these establishments have been called from time immemorial, was a plain edifice of logs of some size, and roofed with boards held in their places by long poles pinned to the eaves by huge pegs. The windows were small, and secured by shutters of oak, heavy and creaking on their hinges. A log served for a step before

the half open door, and from the chimney, which was of stone, and built up outside of the edifice, a slight curling smoke rose. To these schools, as at the present day, children of all ages and classes, and of both sexes, resorted—for education, their parents thought, for amusement, the youngsters were convinced.

But Lanky—sawing his head, and picking absently on the strings of his violin—did not look at the school-house, as he approached. His eyes were fixed upon the groups of scholars of both sexes scattered through the glade in merry play—and particularly upon one group, in the centre of which stood, with laughing eyes and ruddy cheeks, half covered by the owner's sun-bonnet, a young girl of some sixteen summers. Lanky's sudden accession of rapidity in the sawing operation, plainly betrayed his secret. That was the lady of his heart, and his admiring eyes surveyed with true lover minuteness, her neat plain dress, her careless locks of glossy black, and the firm little foot in its plain strong shoe.

Miss Smith was, as we have said, the centre of a group of maidens—and these maidens were gazing with delight upon a parcel of youngsters, who, ranged in a long row with their faces towards Lanky, listened to the oracular observations of their chieftain, whose back was thus turned toward our friend. The youngsters were clad in semi-military costume, with paper hats, girdles of fluttering ribbon; and each one carried martially erect upon his shoulder, something to represent a gun—whether that something chanced to be a hickory stick, a portion of a fence rail, or a corn-stalk. The corn-stalks, however, predominated, and seemed to be the favorite weapon.

The young chieftain was clad with something more of pretension: he wore epaulettes, at his side hung a tin sword gracefully, and on his head was perched a conical hat made of the paper which had once enveloped a loaf of sugar—now decorated with ribbons, and sacred to Mars.

The chieftain held his head erect, and addressed his observations to the company, with great importance, though many of the troop were his elders. As we have said, the young maidens stood looking up, and encouraging the soldiers with their smiles;—upon the conviction, it would seem, that being handsome, chivalric, and brave, they deserved the approbation of the fair.

This was the state of things, as nearly as we can describe it, when Lanky sauntered up, with his violin under his arm. No sooner had the young maidens caught sight of the well known pine knot head, the ornamental stockings, the huge shoes, above all, of the battered violin, than they abandoned the youthful disciples of the god of war, and ran precipitately towards Lanky, crying out as they ran, for a tune and a dance.

'Oh yes! now, Lanky!"

"Play us a tune!"

"A reel!"

"Let us have a dance."

"Not a reel!"

"A May dance!"

"Both!"

And Lanky suddenly found himself assailed by a dozen maidens, and ordered to strike up immediately. In proportion to Lanky's popularity, and satisfaction therefrom, was the neglect and excessive dissatisfaction of the youthful soldiers. The smiles of ladies fair, are proverbially valuable to gentlemen of the military profession; and the reader may imagine the feelings of the cornstalk regiment, and their proud commander, at finding themselves thus abruptly deserted, with all their shining graces, for a common country bumpkin, with a caricature head, a battered violin, and a pair of feet which were beyond the power of pen or pencil to exaggerate.

The youthful chieftain, whom we now beg leave to introduce, as Captain William Effingham, "of the Cornstalk Company of Virginia Volunteers," his enemies added—Mr. Willie Effingham was perhaps the most indignant of all. He had just commenced a splendid and stirring oration, which dealt in tremendous denunciation of the acts of Parliament and King George, in relation to the colony of Virginia, and finding himself the centre of a circle of admiring auditors, had branched out with a vigor and splendor of rhetoric, which was calculated to procure his arrest as a dangerous and inflammatory rebel, when the untoward event which we have just related, happened. To add to his mortification, his own sweetheart, as he called Miss Donsy Smith, had joined the deserters; she had been listening to his oration

with admiring attention, he thought: he was doing the heroic in presence of his ladylove—and now, for all this, to be abandoned without hesitation, for the aforesaid country bumpkin. It was horrible!

Lanky resisted the entreaties of his maiden friends, and sawed his head more vigorously than ever at Donsy.

"Now, Lanky!" said that young lady, with an expression of coquettish entreaty, "I know you won't refuse me!"

"Hum!" said Lanky.

"Now, Lanky!"

"Miss Donsy, you ain't treated me well, and you know it!" he said, touching the strings of his instrument.

"*I* not treated you well? My goodness!"

"You know you haven't."

"How, Lanky?"

"Never mind!"

"Oh, it's too bad in you," said the young lady, "to refuse me—and I liking you so much."

With which Donsy darted a killing glance at poor Lanky, who felt his heart melt.

"*Now*, Lanky!" she added.

But our friend remained obdurate in spite of the hundred solicitations, the cries and exclamations echoing on all sides.

"Here comes Will Effin'um," he said, "he'll play for you!"

And Lanky smiled with the superiority of a great artist in presence of a mere tyro. Master Will approached, followed by his regiment, who had been hastily disbanded.

"What did you all run away for?" asked Will, gloomily

"To have a dance!" cried Donsy.

"A dance?"

"Yes, Lanky's goin' to play for us."

Lanky sawed his head.

"You are always coming to spoil fun, Lanky," said Will, surveying his rival, "and I won't stand it."

Lanky fired up.

"Come now, Will!" cried Donsy, "you shan't ruin our sport Play on, Lanky!"

Lanky remembered the Captain's advice, and refused.

"Oh!" said Donsy, in a hurt and mortified tone.

Lanky closed his ears, and directed defiant glances toward Will.

"You will not refuse Donsy!" continued the little maiden, and in a whisper, "*your* Donsy!"

Lanky's heart began to succumb: his resolution was oozing out at the ends of his fingers.

"You can't, after seeing how I hurt my hand with the slate Sally Jones was drawing an ugly picture of you on!" continued the maiden, holding out a small hand upon the back of which a red mark was visible.

Lanky's resolution began to flow away; it no longer oozed.

"Look how red it is!" continued the maiden, with a sly glance at her admirer, and placing the hand in his own as she spoke.

Lanky's knees shook as he took it in his own.

"Really now!" he said, in a murmur.

"Yes, indeed—and it's not the first time I've taken your part—for you know how much I like you, Lanky!" said the little maiden, throwing a deadly glance upon her beau, and pressing his hand in her own.

Lanky forgot the Captain completely, and with a hesitating movement tuned a string.

"Please now, dear Lanky," said Donsy, tenderly, "a nice May dance."

Lanky's fiddle went to his shoulder.

"He shan't play!" cried Will, indignant at the tenderness bestowed upon his rival, "stop!"

Lanky with a scowl struck his violin with a vigorous hand, and making his bow fly backward and forward like lightning, struck up an animated tune, to which the delighted girls, and alas! the Cornstalk Regiment also, commenced dancing, circling hand in hand around the pole on the summit of which floated the regimental banner.

Will, we are compelled to say, did not really care a copper for Donsy, and he bore no real ill will to Lanky: but when he found himself thus ignominously abandoned, his authority despised, his rival preferred, he fell into a passion and looked around him for some means of venting his wrath.

The means were not visible:—alas! his brave soldiers

were flying madly around the pole, hand in hand with the merry school girls, who with bonnets thrown upon the ground, and floating hair, and merry twinkling feet, to say nothing of bright eyes, and ruddy cheeks, and laughing lips, were no longer conscious of any thing upon earth, but a sensation of excessive delight as the landscape revolved, and danced like themselves; and the violin continued to fill the air with its roaring, crashing, jubilant, rejoiceful laughter.

Will drew his sword and threw his cap upon the ground —Lanky continued to flash his bow across the strings regardless. Willie in a rage rushed toward him:—Lanky only raised his chin toward the sky, and shaking his head and foot, rapturously roared on.

Will was about to charge the enemy, to vent at one fell blow all his wrongs and hatred, when suddenly a bell rang in the school-house, the door opened, and Lanky, with an elegant bow, placed his violin under his arm and took off his hat.

The master appeared upon the threshold, silent, in awful state, and that master was no less a personage than our old friend, Parson Tag; Parson Tag, who disgusted at the slenderness and poverty of his Piedmont parish, had resigned;—Parson Tag, who had abandoned the surplice for the coat of formal cut; the prayer book for the classic; the shovel hat and the staff for the profane cocked hat and ferrule. The church might have got tired of him:—he forestalled any disagreeable circumstances which might have attended that event, by getting tired of the church:—the clergy might have insisted on his leaving their ranks:—he avoided that by leaving them himself. And now, like a great and good man, the ci-devant parson bent his powerful mind to teaching the young ideas of an old field school the art of shooting.

The appearance of the pompous and austere gentleman, at once silenced the fiddle, paralyzed the dance.

"What profane sound was that I heard?" asked the parson, looking round with an air of importance and reproof.

"This here fiddle, sir," replied Lanky, with great politeness.

"Begone you son of Belial," said the parson, "and you

boys and girls, come into school. The period allotted to exercise and recreation has expired."

With which words the worthy gentleman retired into the school-house. The scholars trooped in—Will and Donsy coming last.

"Now," said Donsy, "you shall not fight: ain't you ashamed of yourself, Lanky, to refuse so long to play and we not have half a dance!"

And the country beauty smiled on her admirer, until he forgot the import of her words.

"You were wrong too, Will, and you know it," said Donsy, "to try and break up our dance! It was too bad!"

And she gave her hand to Will, with a smile—threw a kiss with the points of her fingers to the violinist; whispered, "Come and see me soon, dear Lanky;" and entered the school-house.

Lanky remained staring at the door, through which the dazzling vision had disappeared, in utter disregard of Captain Ralph's philosophy and advice. The reason was, that Lanky was in love.

CHAPTER IX.

INTRODUCES A GENTLEMAN ONCE VERY POPULAR IN VIRGINIA.

LANKY stood for some moments gazing, as we have said, at the door through which his lady had vanished, and during this time his mind seemed to be engaged on some problem which he could not solve. Not until a humming noise from the school-house, and some merry faces at the window attracted his attention, did he become conscious of the singularity of his posture: and seeing that he was undergoing that disagreeable ceremony, being laughed at, he slowly departed. As he turned away, his thoughts took words unto themselves, and shaking his head, he murmured the profound sentiment:

"These women kind are mighty hard to understand!"

The expression of his opinion on this subject seemed to quiet Lanky somewhat, and he took up a line of march to-

ward home, without perceiving that he was followed by a youthful individual, who had been a delighted auditor of his fiddle playing.

The word 'individual,' is perhaps the best to apply to the person in question, as it leaves no distinct impression :— any single word attempting to describe him, would miserably fail. It was a something in the shape of a human being about three feet high, with a large woolly head, a laughing phiz, resembling in color and texture charcoal, a glittering set of teeth, and a roll in its walk which seemed to indicate the peculiarity known as bandy legs. This figure wore a man's coat, all tattered and torn, and in consequence of the wearer's smallness, the waist of the old coat was at his knees, and the skirts dragged the ground. We refrain from describing the rest of his attire, from a reasonable regard for our reputation as a veracious chronicler. We can only say that the garment called a tunic by the ancient Romans had here reached its last degree of dilapidation : and that the Gallic vesture was of that description that it cannot possibly be described.

We have expended thus much description upon the figure now following Lanky, because—more fortunate than brave men who lived before Agamemnon—he has secured a poet and an immortality.

The grotesque little goblin, who as we have said had witnessed the exhibition of Lanky's skill with extreme delight, now followed in his footsteps; sawing his left arm with his right, in imitation of the motion of the bow arm; rolling his head, chin erect, from side to side; and executing a species of dance something between the waddle of a goose and the antics of a monkey.

Lanky was not aware of the honor paid to his performance, and went on thinking of Donsy and his prospects.

"The fact is," said Lanky to himself, "I never ken say any thing when Donsy's lookin' at me. I lose my wits directly she begins to smile and talk sweet to me, and look at me so! *I* couldn't do what the Captain said I ought to —hold my head up and talk bold and free! I can't say nothing—I feel so curious. What a unfortunate young man I am!"

And Lanky sighed; and went on still thinking of Donsy and wholly unconscious of his 'following.'

"Now there's no use talking," he continued after a pause. 'I never *ken* tell her how much I love her—I needn't try. I don't know any way to do, but to write a letter and tell her all about it, though she knows it well enough now. But what good would that do? I never would have the courage to put it in the office in town, and run the chance of that old fellow Smith laughin' at me. Oh me! that would be dreadful! I could write it well enough, for Mr. Charles showed me how to make my letters:—but how afterwards? *I* couldn't have courage to hand it to her. 'What's that?' she would say! And then I'd feel like I wanted to creep through a hole. Who could I get to send it by?"

Lanky heard a subdued whistle, and turning his head saw the boy following him, and sawing away with an accuracy of imitation which was worthy of the most elevated praise.

"What are you doin', Crow?" said Lanky, "and how did you get here?"

"I git here jest so, Mas' Lanky," replied Crow, making ready to jump out of the way of a blow, but sawing away as enthusiastically as ever, "I been listen to you playin'."

"Idle as usual, you little monkey," said Lanky, "where are you goin'?"

"I ain't gwyne nowheres."

"Why ain't you workin'?"

"Is'e free; *I* is," said Crow, executing a pas seul.

"An idea struck Lanky all at once, that Mr. Crow might act as his messenger and postman, that young gentleman being a privileged character whose presence would excite no more remark than that of a shadow.

Just as this idea occurred to him, they reached the highway, on the opposite side of which was visible the path leading toward the abode of Captain Ralph. Lanky raised his hand to his hat to salute a gentleman who was riding by: and this ceremony was closely imitated by Mr. Crow, who added the further honor of a complete 'turn about,' in the process of executing which, we are sorry to say, his long skirts got in his way, and he made a considerable hole in the sandy road with his head.

It may be readily understood, that Crow agreed to place himself completely at the commands of Lanky for a very slight gratuity:—we need not follow them. Let us rather accompany the cavalier who had passed; and as this will lead us into company a step higher, commence another chapter.

CHAPTER X.

HOW MR. JACK HAMILTON, FOXHUNTER, AND BACHELOR, ASPIRED TO THE HONORS OF A WIG, A SUIT OF BLACK, AND A GOLD-HEADED CANE.

The gentleman was our old acquaintance, honest Jack Hamilton:—for by this honorable prefix was the worthy fellow now almost universally known.

Mr. Hamilton had changed very little—not at all we might venture to say. He had reached that middle ground of human life, extending from thirty-five to forty, when the mental and physical organization of man seems to stand still, neither increasing nor decreasing in strength, bloom, or grace:—when nature seems to pause upon the summit of those piled up years, before descending slowly into the vale of age. When a man has arrived at this point in his pilgrimage toward the other world, his eye embraces a more ample horizon, than at any former or later period. On one side lies the brilliant land of youth and childhood, with its murmuring streams filling the fields with music, its myriads of delicious flowers, burdening the faint pure air with perfume;—and by these streams so bright and sparkling, among these flowers whose odor haunts the memory, glide forms which filled with joy, and freshness, and a tender bloom, the whole happy period of youth. What joy, what freshness, in the bright eye and lip of the boy's sweetheart!—what a tender bloom upon the cheek, which blushed with delight when the loved one approached! And farther still into that past, the man's eye plunges and finds again the all-embracing mother's love, the father's tenderness—those things which words fail to utter, leaving the heart to speak!

And on the other side the now mature man sees stretch-

ing the cool and shady path of age, eviroued with a thousand quiet joys, which, if they have not all the light illusion and romance of youth, to gild them, still are quite as genuine as the rapturous pleasures of that brilliant golden youth—the sunset almost shames the dawn! And if at the end of that quiet path, there stands a white stone—and if to reach that bourne the foot must sometimes tread on thorns, still upon the marble there is carved a symbol, and a suffering head, which makes the weary heart forget those thorns, because they are sanctified for ever, by encircling the brows carved there.

Embracing at a glance the whole horizon, extending thus from childhood to old age, the man of true heart, standing on the summit of manhood, does not shrink. For if the bright fields he looks back upon were filled with strange delights, the path he has yet to tread is not sombre, does not want for consolations—if the light of dawn was fresh and golden, a light streams from the Cross, cut in stone, and rising o'er the champaign, which is far more pure. For it murmurs to the spirit "Peace!"

And now, if the reader is disposed to find fault with this philosophic and meditative digression, we can only say that we regret it, requesting him to pass over any future digressions of the same description. Let us then return to Mr. Jack Hamilton, whose middle-aged appearance, and two or three gray hairs, led us away.

Mr. Hamilton rode on composedly, and soon reached Effingham Hall, which was not very far, as we know, from "The Trap," where the forlorn and unhappy bachelor pined in single blessedness, and uproarious mirth. Mr. Effingham was standing before the fire-place in the dining-room, amusing himself by gazing through the window, at the cloud shadows.

Hamilton grasped him cordially by the hand, and this exhibition of friendly regard was returned with as great heartiness.

"I'm glad to see your familiar face, Hamilton," said Mr. Effingham, "and I do not think you have changed in the least."

"Not a bit, I believe," returned the fox-hunter· 'but, by George! you have."

Mr. Effingham looked out of the window.

"Are all the boys well?" he asked at length.

"Yes."

"And fox-hunt as much as ever?"

"More!"

"What an easy, careless time you must have, with that passion for the chase, Hamilton."

"Well, I don't know. It has its drawbacks," replied his friend. "but suits a disreputable bachelor like myself."

"It is a great thing for the blood; I used to hunt—and I can understand what you mean, by saying that it has its drawbacks; a broken arm, collar bone, or leg, for instance."

"I did not mean that, Champ, my boy. A good rider can always avoid that—but the ladies don't like it."

"The ladies?" asked Mr. Effingham, with his habitual faint smile lighting up his calm, weary face, at the mortified tones of his friend.

"Yes, yes," said Hamilton.

"Explain yourself!"

"Why, Miss Alethea here, for instance."

"Alethea?"

"Yes."

"Does she lecture you?"

"By George! I should say she did. She never allows me any rest. I never introduce the subject of fox-hunting, but I am immediately informed that a gentleman of my standing in the community should turn his attention to other and more important matters; for instance, the improvement of the parsonage of the new and popular Mr. Christian, parson of the parish, or getting together a fund for supplying the unfortunate little Indians over there on the river with *braccæ*, as the Latin term is—*vulgo* trowsers. Yes, sir! that is what makes me complain of the disadvantages of my unfortunate bachelor and fox-hunter condition. But enough; where are they all to-day?"

"Alethea and my father have gone over to Mr. Lee's."

"Then you are all alone."

"Yes—little Kate is here somewhere, I think."

"A nice little creature,—and did you have a pleasant passage?"

"Tolerably."

"From London?"

"Yes."

There was a pause for some moments, at the end of which time Mr. Hamilton went into a fit of laughter, and cried out:

"By George, Champ!—or if that oath is getting disreputable, owing to his gracious Majesty's saying and doing—by Jove! here am I dying to know all about your travels and according to the good old English custom, followed by friends immemorially, we are dealing in the most ridiculous commonplaces. Come, speak!"

And rising, Mr. Jack Hamilton assumed, what we believe is known as the "Virginia position," before the fire—that is to say, a contented and indolent attitude, with the shoulders bent forward, the coat skirts under the arms, the right leg extended at an angle of ten or twenty degrees in front.

"I have nothing to tell about my travels," said Mr. Effingham, wearily, and gazing as before at the cloud shadows floating over the fields. "I went, knocked about, and came back—that is all. What news of any consequence is there in the neighborhood?"

"None."

"There is to be a race soon, down near Jamestown?"

"Yes."

"I think I shall go, though I take little interest in these matters. Much politics talked about in the neighborhood?"

"Politics? there is nothing but politics talked. That infernal Stamp Act is looked for every day, and the colony is getting red hot.

"They are right," said Effingham, with a slight color in his wan cheek, "it is an infamous measure—and I saw the whole affair in London; it will be passed."

"Let 'em take care!" said Hamilton.

"Yes," replied his friend, growing calm again; "you rightly judge that it is an extreme test. But do not let us talk politics, I have no spirits for it."

Hamilton looked at his friend curiously.

"Were your travels very dull?" he asked. "It seems to me that you have returned not much improved in vivacity, Champ."

Mr. Effingham raised his eyes, making no reply. Hamilton returned his gaze, in perfect silence also, and for some moments the friends looked thus at each other. Suddenly Mr. Effingham held out his hand, and said:

"Well, Hamilton, if we must touch upon that subject—if I speak of it—I know of no man better than yourself. Come! you think I am dull—spiritless—with less vivacity than ever?"

"Yes," replied Hamilton, cordially pressing the hand of his friend, "your cheeks are thinner and paler, your forehead has the mark of thought upon it, your mouth does not smile in a wholesome way. I repeat that you are less vivacious."

"I was never very bright," said Mr. Effingham; "but can you not understand that there is in my case, to be estimated and allowed for, a great force, an enormous motor?"

"A great force?"

"That of reaction!" said Mr. Effingham, calmly.

Hamilton had never been quick of apprehension, and it must be confessed, did not understand the profound meaning of these words.

"Well?" he said, however.

Mr. Effingham paused for some moments, looking calmly through the window.

"Those clouds are very fine," he said, "and the shadows are beautiful."

Then he added:

"But I was going to speak of myself. You wish to know something of my travels, of my feelings, and all?"

"Yes."

"Well, Hamilton," continued Mr. Effingham, as calmly as before, "you are a good friend, and I need not play the reserved with you, though I assure you I feel no disposition to dissect my own heart. It is not a pleasant task, but it can do no harm."

And after a pause of several minutes Mr. Effingham continued:

"You will no doubt recollect the affair which created so much agreeable comment in this neighborhood, a year or two ago:—an affair which, commencing like a comedy, came near ending a tragedy for all the actors, among whom I held, I

believe, a distinguished rank. It is not necessary for me to go over that matter for your entertainment, for I think you know very nearly as much about it as I do myself: how I loved with a wild and passionate infatuation a splendid and fiery woman, who, from the first moment we encountered each other, became my fate. You knew all that, and no doubt understood the sequel: the tragedy (to return to my theatrical metaphor) requires no prologue for you."

"But in relation to that young girl who exerted so powerful an influence upon my life," continued Mr. Effingham, "let me say two or three words. On our first meeting, in the tall forest yonder, she said, in reply to my questions, that she 'was not a lady,' and in this characteristic speech lies the whole explanation of what followed. Had I loved her as a lady—or rather, to correct myself, had I approached her as gentlemen are in the habit of approaching ladies, much which afterwards occurred would never have taken place. I chanced to do what under any circumstances I think I should not have done. I went to the theatre, and there I saw that her criticism of herself was, as far as the mere letter went, strictly true. She was not a lady in the ordinary acceptation of the word; and, blinded by my pride, my love—infatuation if you will—I continued to regard her as an actress, from that moment to the last scenes of the affair. Do not, however, imagine that my love was any thing but the purest, after the acquaintance that I made with the rare and wonderful texture of this woman's nature. No! I loved her madly, but with profound purity—for I am not naturally an impure man, and never adopted the revolting habitudes of the soi-distant noble society of England. I have never regarded women in the humbler ranks as the natural purveyors for the amusement of gentlemen. I loved this girl madly, but not, for that reason, coarsely: and I think, that in the course of the intensely dramatic scenes we had together, I must have offered her my hand more than a score of times. You see how it was; I scoffed at and taunted her, railed at her coldness, and sneered at her 'prudish airs' as I called them: but I also honored and respected her at the bottom of my heart, for her purity and nobility of nature. That brings me back to the few words I wished to say of this young girl."

And, after a pause, Mr. Effingham continued, with perfect calmness,—

"She was one of those rare and extraordinary natures, who unite the most opposing and incompatible traits of character in one harmonious whole. You read this characteristic in her very eyes, which melted or fired, were brilliant or dim, flashed gloriously with imperious disdain, or swam in the dews of tenderness and childlike innocent emotions. Upon the stage she was the character she personated—nothing more nor less, for she completely lost her individuality, and forgot the world of reality, entering free and untrammelled into the brighter world of art—the splendid domain of imagination. I have seen her, Hamilton, pass from emotion to emotion with such a marvellous ease and strength that I almost feared to approach her afterwards; I felt, as you may imagine a man would feel, were some queen or empress to converse familiarly with him in disguise; then, throwing off the cloak which covered her imperial robes, reveal herself in all the haughty and dazzling beauty of rank and power. This young girl at home was a mere child, affectionate to her coarse old father, unaffected, simple; you would have thought her rather dull at times. In her character she was the queen of art, and what art was made to interpret, beauty and passion.

"You follow me, do you not? I mean that this girl was in intellect above all the women I have ever known; in resolution more than a match for thousands of men: and with all this she had the heart of a child,—the innocence and purity of a young girl who has never left her mother's side. You may now understand how passionate my infatuation must have been, for I have always experienced a powerful attraction towards truth and nobility, and, of course, a cordial respect for strong character. I loved her, and finding my advances met with indifference and cold aversion, which afterwards changed to passionate aversion and no little dread at times, you may imagine that the fire was blown into a whirlwind of flame.

"I was carried away with passion—I found myself openly defied—I executed that exceedingly unworthy scheme of abduction."

Mr. Effingham looked out of the window at the cloud shadows again, and paused for some time.

"Well," he continued, at length, "after that denouement I went away, you know, and you now ask me to give you some account of my travels. I cannot recall any thing which makes them very interesting. It was the old tale, which we sometimes read in romances; where the despairing lover who has committed some wild act which drives him from his native country, seeks distraction in travel, and endeavors, by changing his residence incessantly, to escape the thoughts which follow him as the shadow follows the body moving on. I ran all over Europe—went to Constantinople, Egypt, Syria; smoked abominable tobacco in Smyrna, and eat disgusting macaroni in Naples. Rome was rather interesting, and I think the happiest portion of my time was spent among the Bernese Alps, in the cottage of a herdsman, with an artist from Florence, who was an excellent companion, and aroused me whenever I fell into one of my fits of rage and despondency.

"I had many such fits, and suffered no little remorse; for I was uncertain whether my rival was dead or not. I had no desire to kill him, strange to say, and was extremely pleased to hear of his recovery by a letter received while I was in Florence. You may understand from this, that by force of travel and incessant novelty, my infatuation for that young girl was slowly being worn down and smoothed away, as the tire of a wheel is worn by the leagues it passes over, and the obstacles in the track. I understood for the first time then, that my madness had spent itself perforce of its own violence, as a storm does, and was gone. I did not grind my teeth and curse that rival, and, if the intelligence of his recovery and marriage was not agreeable, that feeling soon wore away. But my cheerfulness (vivacity, to use your own word) did not return with the disappearance of the afflicting emotions which had tortured me so long. No, I now began to comprehend the truth of the dogma, that the mental system closely resembles, in its modes of operation, the physical. You know that when the human—I mean the physical—system is put under the effect of an excessive stimulant, whether that stimulant be the grape, or opium, or some poison, taken in a quantity not sufficient to produce death—there is, for a time, an unnatural exaltation, a tremendous accession of velocity in all the wheels of life

The blood rushes like a flood of fire through the veins—the senses become a thousand times more acute. I will give you an instance, and then finish my idea.

"At Smyrna I went one day into one of those shops where opium is provided for the true believers, and mats for them to smoke upon, and lie extended on when the divine exaltation overcomes them. I was always curious to investigate the *causas rerum*, and I wished to experience the effects of the drug which was said to possess such extraordinary properties. Well, the old animal handed me a sort of chibouque, and in a few moments I was smoking like the faithful around me, some of whom were already beginning to totter. As I smoked the opium, the objects in the apartment began to fade, a sort of mist waved before my eyes—then all disappeared, and I entered, it seemed to me, another world—a world so brilliant and beautiful, that any description would only mar it. It is enough to say that life seemed to have passed away with all its suffering, and boundless happiness in another sphere of being opened on me. My blood seemed to roll on like a golden river; I could hear the murmur of the waves; my feet trod upon clouds, not earth—I felt as you may imagine felt the Persian Peri, in the fable when she entered Paradise.

"Well, I woke up with a suicidal sensation:—a desire to leave the world where a man had to support the bundle of nerves which were driving me to agony, with their jarring and aching. A physical exaltation, you observe, had been succeeded by a physical reaction just in proportion—as the balance descends upon one hand, because the other side rises above the natural level, the normal condition. Perhaps I never suffered greater physical torture, and so you have the illustration, a very lame one, of my trite dogma.

"I had reached the period of my travels where the post brought me that letter containing the intelligence of my rival's recovery: and I was about to say that in spite of this weight raised from my breast, I did not become cheerful again—and that, because the stormy emotions I had experienced began to react as the physical organism feels the reaction of hashish or other stimulant. I was completely flat, if I may use the word, and I am so now, in spite of my sight seeing; spite of all the bright eyes in Italy

France, England, which have shone on me—and I assure you that I was regarded as a very grand seigneur on the continent, owing to the reasonable plumpness of my purse, especially by the Italian damsels. They wearied me—as art, literature, plays, society of all descriptions wearied me. I felt through all this that the proverb of the Preacher shone like a fire—that all was vanity—the very vanity of vanities. I grew quite calm, and am so now, as I said.

"But stay: there was an incident in London which may possibly add another touch to this picture of myself undergoing the distracting effects of a European tour:—it goes to show that my feelings were not quite deadened by the countries, scenes, personages, I had seen—the time which had elapsed.

"In London, one day, I chanced to raise my eyes to the door of a theatre, and I saw the names of the members of the 'Virginia Company of Comedians'—the worthy gentlemen were to play that evening. You see they had by that time returned from Virginia to England, and were figuring in the humbler characters they were suited to. I know not what feeling seized me, and I determined to go and see them play that evening. I went, and found these men just the same easy, jovial, and coarse characters which I had known them to be formerly:—for you know I had the honor to be an accredited member of the 'Virginia Company of Comedians,' and was favored with the society of these worthies. There they were now, just the same:—Hallam strutted in his pompous good-humored way; Shylock, as one of these fellows was called, still exhibited an admirable burlesque of tragedy:—the Virginia Company had become a London Company, that was all.

"The effect produced upon me by the sight of these men was singular. I seemed to go back in actual reality to that former time so filled with fiery passion, with love, disdain, hatred, despair. The very atmosphere seemed to envelope me again—that atmosphere again filled my veins with fierce heat, and so powerful were these emotions, that, carried away by my old fury, I drew my short sword, and would have struck a gentleman who stood by me, had it not been wrested from my hand. He was enraged—I could not explain, or rather he would not hear my vague excuse—we

fought on the next morning. But nothing came of it;—he was a lame hand, and I disarmed him, and allowed him to depart. I do not think I recovered from the effect of that performance for a whole month:—but it was the last muttering of the storm—the tempest after that died away completely, and I now feel convinced that nothing can again arouse in me those tempestuous memories. Soon after the incident I have mentioned, I left London, tired, completely wearied of every thing European, and experiencing a singular sentiment of home-sickness, which I had read of in Virgil, and many poets after him; but had never believed in before. I actually began to feel some return of warmth in my frozen breast, thinking of Virginia here—the Hall—my father—the children, and the servants. I cannot say that any of my yearning—the rhetorical word, I believe—was directed toward the ladies of the neighborhood: no, I have done with women, Hamilton, and shall in future avoid them, as the helmsman avoids the sunken rock, the whirlpool, or the muttering storm: well, this is by the way. I was about to tell you how I found that my heart was no longer subject to these stormy memories; and I proved that satisfactorily to myself on my arrival—after a tolerably pleasant passage of two months—in Virginia.

"Do you remember—but you must—my sojourn in the old days at the Raleigh tavern? Yes? Well, I also remember it very distinctly! Let me tell you how I tried myself, and found that my heart was thenceforth as cold as ice, and equal to any test.

"I had occupied, in those former days I have alluded to, an apartment in the tavern known as number six; and she—you understand—had two rooms just opposite. Having arrived in the town from York, at which port I disembarked, late in the evening, I resolved to spend the night there, and I ordered the apartments formerly occupied by the young girl to be prepared for me, with the direct intention to try myself That this trial should be final and definite, I arranged the apartments just as they had been in the past:—the first, I mean, for of the second, her bedroom, I knew nothing, having never entered it. A bureau had been removed to a different position: I changed it to its former place: the slight couch was out of place: I restored it. An

eight-day clock ticked on the high narrow mantlepiece—I removed it, and substituted the oblong mirror which had once graced it—leaning forward from the wall. I ordered a single wax-light then to be placed upon the table in the corner, and went and procured a straw hat, such as she wore, with red ribbon, for I remembered all perfectly; and this I threw down upon the couch.

"I wandered about for an hour near the theatre, the Governor's palace—along Gloucester street—reviving her image in my mind: then as night drew on, I went to the apartment—paused at the door and knocked, opened the door and entered. The dim wax-light threw long shadows through the room, and the illusion was complete. I could almost fancy that she had just passed into the adjoining chamber, having thrown down her hat upon the sofa.

"Well, I sat down, smiling, and with my hand upon my brow, summoned all that past, so full of brilliant and passionate figures, and more fiery and passionate emotions, back to me. I commanded those days to rise and defile before me in a long glittering line; and I went over every scene, every sensation, every emotion, whether of suffering or delight, happiness or anguish. I mean that I recalled them, by an effort of memory, not that I really felt them. No: I did not flush, and grow pale, and tear my breast, and rave, as was my wont formerly:—I smiled. I saw that splendid passionate beauty again, but she no longer filled my heart with delirious love, mad anguish: she *interested* me merely. I felt, as you may imagine a man feels, when he is listening to some fine effort of an improvisatore;—where the passions, feelings, incidents, all, interest without moving you very deeply, however tragic. The drama of my life was merely a drama to me now: and I smiled at my old infatuation. To make the drama complete, I raised the window—summoned perforce of my imagination the instruments of that wild and unworthy scheme; and then, with a stealthy tread, approached the chair which she had lain sleeping in. I saw again her enchanting face, with its tender languid beauty as she slept:—the profuse curls upon her snowy neck, the undulations of her figure, as half reclining in the chair, she drew long breaths, worn out with watching, and slumbering heavily. I saw it all, and would have smiled again at the

comedy I was playing, had not my conscience reproached me bitterly for that act:—that stratagem which was so unworthy of me, as it is unworthy of a man to cheat a child. I sat down again, and thought of her in her far mountain home, the happy wife of my rival—I left out no particular, I tested my heart to the very bottom—and what was the result? Why, indifference, Hamilton! My infatuation was dead, and I slept as soundly that night in the apartment she had moved about in like a bright sunbeam, as ever I did worn out with travel in the inns of Switzerland.

"Well, here I am now, and I am happily over all that—the play is played, the curtain has fallen on the whole, and it is forgotten. Let it go: I went and took my part in it of my own accord, and cannot complain that the fiery passions of the drama have worn me out. I *am* completely worn out, and there you see, I have returned precisely to what I commenced with."

Hamilton had listened to this narrative in almost perfect silence; and he now remained silent for some time longer. At length, looking curiously at Mr. Effingham, who, stretched languidly in his chair, was gazing listlessly through the window, the honest fellow said suddenly, with some embarrassment:

"Champ, have you seen Clare Lee yet?"

Mr. Effingham looked intently at his friend for an instant, and then turning away his eyes again, said, indifferently:

"Yes."

Hamilton found himself at a loss how to proceed. Mr. Effingham came to his relief.

"I know what you mean," he said, calmly; "and I will answer the question which you have not asked—but you have looked it. You mean, Hamilton, that perhaps my indifference to every thing, my deadness, if you like the word springs from the fact that I have not yet seen the girl whose presence used to have such an effect on me. You are mistaken: I have seen her, and I was perfectly calm. On the day I arrived at the Hall, she chanced to be here on a visit, and when I made my appearance she was standing directly in front of me, leaning on the harpsichord. Let me confess that I did experience something like a distinct emotion u

on seeing her, but, my dear fellow, it did not last. My heart is too much like a sullen lake, deep and black :—it is not moved by so slight a breeze—and I was quite calm again in a moment, and bowed low, and turned round and conversed with a placidity wholly unaffected. I do not say that the sight of Clare," continued Mr. Effingham, in a slightly altered tone, "did not afford me a certain degree of pleasure and pain. I loved her once, and my affection was of that simple, tender description, which outlasts a thousand bursts of passion: for it makes up in depth what it lacks in fire. But I was not deeply stirred—and I think I felt greater pleasure at seeing all here, than at meeting her. Ah! I think she has almost forgotten my wild vagaries—a good girl!"

And Mr. Effingham, for a moment, looked less weary. Hamilton was thinking of the narrative he had just listened to, and endeavoring by an exertion of his not very powerful mind, to arrive at the psychological significance of it. Mr. Effingham came to his assistance.

"You are puzzling yourself," he said, with a languid smile, "to make out what I am, Hamilton. What is the sum total of all these various emotions, conflicting passions? I will tell you. It is weariness, indifference, and content, if I may be allowed thus to couple what seem to be incompatible things. I assure you that I care for nothing in the world. I love the family, I am fond of the Hall here; but these feelings are not very strong. As to my convictions opinions, I believe in nothing, Hamilton, I care for nothing. I get angry sometimes, thinking of his gracious Majesty's legislation on Virginia matters; but after all the thought comes 'What is the use? Why should I trouble myself about his Majesty? He wearies me.' As to any ambition, any social or political aspiration, I have none; it wearies me, just as every thing wearied me in Europe. I played whole days and nights, in Paris, and got up and kicked aside the pile of cards around my ankles, with perfect indifference; I was neither elevated nor depressed by good or bad fortune, and gave a check on my banker, if I lost, or stuffed the gold I won into my pocket, without emotion, good or bad. I went and listened to innumerable tragedies, incessant operas in France and Italy; they wearied me. I believe I fought

three or four times, with men I had no intention to insult—I left the ground after these events, with my scratches, when I got any, as I came; indifferently. I have no gallant experiences to add to this—I got enough of women here, and made a resolution to avoid them, to which resolution I have religiously adhered. Well, you see I am worn out—I believe in nothing—I take interest in nothing—I do not complain—I shall probably vegetate here, and become a fat, honest squire, presiding, possibly, at county courts, and talking knowingly of tobacco, and the prices of cattle and of blood and so, at the appointed time, go the way of all humanity. There it is."

And Mr. Effingham gazed at the fire as calmly as he had spoken. Hamilton looked at him closely for some time, and then said:

"Champ, you want a physician!"

"A physician?" asked his friend.

"Yes."

"I am not sick!"

"Yes you are.'

"I?"

"Yes, you."

"Sick?"

"Very sick."

Mr. Effingham nodded.

"Oh! I understand you now;" he said, "my mind you fancy, is not healthy."

"I don't imagine any thing about it. By George! I know it."

"Well?"

"Let me be your doctor?'

"You?"

"Yes."

"Very well," said Mr. Effingham.

"Will you follow my directions—take my prescriptions?"

"That depends wholly upon their flavor."

"Come now—you retreat at once."

"No."

"If I ask nothing unreasonable?"

"Will I put myself under the direction of Doctor Hamilton?" said Mr. Effingham, smiling faintly at the

honest fellow's earnestness; "is that what you meant to say?"

"Yes."

"Well, I promise that much very cheerfully."

"Good!" cried honest Jack; "I'll cure you, by George! and make you a jolly companion again, or I'll eat my head."

"You would have an awful indigestion," replied Mr. Effingham; "but let me hear your scheme."

"No, that does not concern you; I take the responsibility of the drugs. No cure, no pay."

"And what will be your pay, provided you succeed?"

"The satisfaction of hearing you laugh loud enough to shake the windows, and seeing you become the jolly boy of former times again."

"Jack, you are the best friend I have, upon my honor, I think," said Mr. Effingham. "I wish you were as excellent a physician."

"Never mind! by Jove! we'll make the trial. And as you say you do not believe in any thing, I do not ask you to believe in my proficieney in the art, until you feel it. I am going now to see Tom Lane. Goodbye."

"Do not go yet; come, you are fashionable."

"No, I must go," said Hamilton, shaking hands with his friend, and putting on his hat. "My horse is there—I told them not to take him. By Jove! look at him! he's a splendid fellow. Did you ever see such a sweep of the loin? Remember now—I commence next week!"

And whistling merrily, Mr. Hamilton departed.

"There goes a happy man, and an honest fellow," said Mr. Effingham, going languidly into the library; "an intelligent mind too. There is only one delusion under which he labors—he thinks he can cure me."

Mr. Effingham took his hat and cane, and strolled out on the lawn.

"Very pretty, and very wearisome!" he said, looking at the landscape. And he turned away.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OTHER PHYSICIAN.

Just as Mr. Effingham turned to enter the Hall again, weary already of the lovely afternoon, spite of its azure skies, and singing birds, and pleasant breezes rustling the leaves, and the small brilliant flowers scattered over the lawn, he heard a merry child's voice calling him, from the banks of the little stream which gurgled over its mossy rocks, at the foot of the hill.

He looked round, and saw Kate, who was running towards him, making signs to him.

"Oh, Cousin Champ! come and look at Snowdrop!" she cried, enthusiastically, as she grasped his hand and turned her bright little face with its sparkling eyes and laughing lips up to him; "just come and see how pretty I have made Snowdrop, please!"

Mr. Effingham smiled, and allowed himself to be led down the hill toward the stream. On the grassy margin stood a young heifer, as white as snow, munching with indifferent pleasure, grass, moss, and the early flowers. Snowdrop, as Kate had dubbed the heifer, exhibited a most extraordinary appearance, which fact was attributable to her mistress, it was very plain. The animal was decked out with a multiplicity of red and blue ribbons tied in fluttering bows; and altogether presented an extraordinarily picturesque spectacle, as she quietly, and with the air of a conscious favorite, munched the flowery grass.

"Just look! isn't she pretty!" cried Kate, in a paroxysm of delight. "Did you ever see any thing prettier in all your life, now, Cousin Champ? So! Snowdrop, so—so!" and Kate caressed the white neck of the heifer, who raised her intelligent head, and licked the hand of her young mistress.

"Are those the ribbons I gave you," asked Mr. Effingham, smiling, "brought all the way, with the rest of your presents, in my trunk from London?"

"Oh no!" cried Kate, "I wouldn't set Snowdrop up

so! No, indeed! I'm going to make something nice with them, something for you."

"What, pray, Katy?"

"Why a knot for your sword hilt, or a lovely bow for your coat, to wear at the party."

Mr. Effingham smiled again.

"I have done with all those vanities," he said, "and I shall be very plain at the party, which it seems they are bent on."

"Oh yes! it will be so nice; but you mustn't dress in black, Cousin Champ."

"What then—white and ribbons, like Snowdrop?"

"Oh no, in blue and gold—your pretty suit you know."

"Do you think Snowdrop would be handsome if she was blue, and you decorated her with gold-colored ribbon?"

Kate burst into a shout of laughter.

"Oh, wouldn't that be funny?" she cried, shaking with merriment. "What do *you* think, Miss Snowdrop—tell me now?"

Snowdrop remained mute.

"You must teach her to converse," said Mr. Effingham.

"I believe I could!" cried Kate, "she is so smart, and good, and likes me so much. Don't you, Snowdrop?"

And Kate paused for a reply. Instead of replying, however, the heifer, having exhausted the spot she stood upon, moved away indifferently from her mistress, and vouchsafed no further exhibition of regard. She began to graze quietly on the flowery margin, at some distance.

"The horrid thing!" cried the child, "to be so ungrateful! Well, she may go along."

Mr. Effingham smiled again.

"Tell her goodbye, and let us go in, and look at the new book of engravings," he said.

"No," Kate replied, laughing, "I won't take any more notice of her. Listen how the bluebirds are singing! and look at Tray, yonder, rolling on the grass!"

They approached and entered the Hall, and Mr. Effingham took from the book-case in the library, the book of pictures. The man and the child amused themselves over it for some time, Kate sitting in his lap, as was habitual with her. At last the volume was gone through with, and laid aside.

Kate laid her head on Mr. Effingham's shoulder, and sang in a low tone, thoughtfully. Mr. Effingham gazed for some moments quietly into the little face, and said:

"What is that you're singing, Kate?"

"'It's hame, and its hame,'" replied the child, "I didn't know I was singing."

"It is very sweet:—commence now and sing it through, for me. I like to hear you."

"Do you really?" said Kate, smoothing back her hair.

"Yes, indeed."

"I'll always sing when you ask me, then; but you know I'll do any thing you want me to."

And Kate sang, in her small child's voice, and with great sweetness:

"It's hame, and it's hame, and it's hame I fain wad be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie;
There's an e'e that ever weeps, and a fair face will be fain
As I pass through Annan water wi' my bonny band again;
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf upon the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie!

"Hame, hame, hame,—hame I fain wad be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie;
The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning for to fa',
The bonny white rose it is witherin' an' a';
But I'll water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
And green it will grow in my ain countrie!

"Hame, hame, hame,—hame I fain wad be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie;
There's nought now frae ruin my countrie can save,
But the keys of kind Heaven to open the grave
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame,—hame I fain wad be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie;
The great now are gane, a' wha ventured to save,
The new grass is growing aboon their bloody grave;
But the sun through the mirk blinks blythe in my e'e,
'I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie.'"

The tender little voice ended its sweet carol, and for some time Mr. Effingham was quite silent, caressing absently, the child's small hand, which lay in his own.

"That is a very pretty song, Kate," he said at length, and in an abstracted voice he repeated:

'When the flower is in the bud and the leaf upon the tree,
The lark shall sing me home in my own countrie.'

That might apply to me," he added, smiling, "you know that I have come back just as the larks are beginning to sing."

"Oh, yes!" cried Kate, "and I am very much obliged to the larks for singing you home."

"Then, you are really glad to see me back?"

"How can you ask me that?" Kate said, reproachfully.

"Why are you glad? Come, tell me," he asked smiling.

"Because I love you," said the child, simply.

"And why do you love me?"

"Because you love me," said Kate, laughing, "isn't that the best reason in the world?"

"Indeed it is a very good reason, and is very true: but come, tell me what you think of me, Kate—I am anxious to know."

"I can't answer that: how could I?"

'Am I good, or bad?"

"Oh, you're good!"

"Not very—I do not think I shall ever die of excessive goodness. But go on—what else am I?"

"You are kind," continued Kate, with a bright affectionate look in her small face.

"Am I?"

"Yes, indeed: to me especially."

"That's because you are such a poor little creature, not much higher than my thumb," said Mr. Effingham, forgetting his weariness, and smiling.

"Indeed I am not," said Kate, "I'm nearly an inch taller than I was last year. Oh! you're jesting," she added, with a laugh.

"Well, go on now, and tell me something more about myself. I am anxious to know. Am I very agreeable—witty, amusing, entertaining? do you ever laugh heartily when I talk to you?"

"No, I don't think I do: but you know you have not come back very well."

"Who, I?" said Mr. Effingham, "why I am the picture of health."

"No, indeed you are not, cousin Champ: your cheeks are thinner and paler than I like to see them."

"My face pale—thin?"

"Yes—and it grieves me: indeed it does."

"Are you ever grieved at any thing, Kate? I thought that you were always so bright, and merry, and laughing; playing with Willie, and decking out Snowdrop, and running about like a sunbeam incessantly, that you never stopped to think a moment, much less to grieve."

"Indeed, you are mistaken: I think a great deal," said Kate, "I think when I am playing, and sewing, and even when I am singing."

"What do you think of?"

"Of any thing—of you, or papa, or myself, or mamma."

"Of your mother?"

"Yes, cousin Champ," said Kate, quite simply, "you know mamma is in heaven."

Mr. Effingham made no reply.

"But what do you grieve about?" he asked at length. "You said you grieved, Katy."

"Yes, I grieve, but not often. I grieve about you sometimes."

"Since my return?"

"Yes, cousin Champ, and while you were away too. I didn't like you to be away—for you know you were my playmate."

"Yes," said Mr. Effingham.

"I had other playmates—Willie and Tommy Alston, and Sue Ashton, but I liked you the best: and then you know I thought you couldn't be so happy across the sea as here."

"I don't think I was."

"I used to want you to come back mightily: and I've prayed often for you, too."

Mr. Effingham smoothed the bright little head in silence.

"You don't know how delighted I was, when your let-

ter came," continued Kate, laying her cheek on Mr. Effingham's shoulder.

"Were you?" he said, smiling.

"Yes, but I thought you would come back looking better—how did you grow so pale?"

And the child looked affectionately at the white brow, and thin cheek.

"Am I pale?" he said, "well, I must get rosy again, and not make my little pet grieve."

"Indeed, I wish you would look merry and well again—I don't like to see you looking so tired, and as if you did not care much for any thing."

These words were so perfect an echo to what Mr. Effingham had said of himself a little while before, that he was struck.

"But, suppose I do not care for any thing?" he said. "Listen now, Katy: suppose I considered life, this world you know, a place where people dressed up and went through their parts, as a matter of course, because other people were looking at them; and suppose I thought that all their merry faces, and laughing, and going on, was affected—and often hid a feeling of disquiet, I mean painful feeling. Suppose I did not take any interest in any thing, because the world was not bright, and disagreeable things were always putting me out of temper:—suppose I really did not care any thing for the world, or the people in it?"

"But that would be wrong," said Kate, simply.

"How?"

"Because the world is not so bad and disagreeable."

"Isn't it?"

"Oh, no."

"But if I thought so?"

"Well, cousin Champ, I think you still ought to do your duty."

"My duty?"

"Yes: you know there is a great deal of good to be done in the world, and nobody has the right to leave it undone. Don't be offended with me:—I wouldn't say it, you know, if it wasn't right; or, I mean, if I didn't think it was right: and I don't mean you."

Mr. Effingham was silent.

"I read a good deal in my Bible," said Kate, "and oh! did I ever tell you what a strange thing happened? I missed it one day—my little old Bible, that papa gave me, you know—and I couldn't think where in the world it was. Well, about a month afterwards it was brought to the Hall, by somebody, without any message, and wrapped up so nicely."

For a moment a cloud passed over Mr. Effingham's face, as he recalled those past scenes, which the child with the thoughtlessness of youth had apparently forgotten. This cloud soon passed away however, and he said:

"You dropped it somewhere, and some honest person found it. Do you read much in it, Kate?"

"Oh yes, every night; and I ought to, you know, because God has been so good to me, and he commands us to."

"Yes."

"We ought not to forget God," said Kate, "at least, I ought not to, for he sent papa to take me, when I hadn't any father or mother."

Mr. Effingham passed his hand over her hair, softly.

"That was our duty," he said, "you are our blood, and besides," he added, smiling, "you are not so poor, Katy: you are quite a little heiress."

"I know papa says, I am not poor," Kate said simply, "but money you know couldn't buy love."

"Indeed,—no."

"And every body loves me," said Kate. "It makes me happy to think of that, and I try to be good."

The child's face wore such a simple, tender look, at the moment, that Mr. Effingham turned his eyes from it, to a portrait over the fire-place, which wore an expression strikingly similiar.

"You are very much like my mother, Katy," he said, softly, "you know your father and mine married cousins."

"Did they? I am very glad—they are in heaven together, you know, cousin Champ" she said, simply.

Mr. Effingham looked at the child again, and felt his heart much softened.

"You are a good little creature, Kate," he said, "and I think it does not hurt me to talk to you. Now come, let us

take a little walk. The evening is very fresh and pretty and I think you will enjoy it."

'Oh yes!" cried Kate, springing up, "I'll get my hat in a moment."

And she ran up stairs, and returned almost immediately, with a small wide-rimmed straw hat decked with ribbon, and a light velvet pelisse, which she threw around her shoulders, rather to feel that she had some wrapping on, than because the pleasant afternoon required it.

Then hand in hand the man and the child issued forth, and took their way along the white, winding road, toward the gate, visible at some distance through the wood.

CHAPTER XII.

A LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES.

Kate and Mr. Effingham reached and passed through the old gate, and determined to extend their walk to a knoll, two or three hundred yards beyond the little stream which crossed the road. The stream was rendered passable by means of a narrow footway, constructed of two large logs, above which extended a slender sapling fixed to a tree upon either side, and meant to answer the purpose of a balustrade.

Kate entered upon the narrow path over the brawling little stream, with fear and trembling and laughter. The swaying banister, so to speak, was very insecure, and one might have supposed that Miss Kate Effingham was taking lessons in the noble art of rope-dancing, so carefully, with her right arm extended, did she balance herself upon the insecure footway.

"Oh, me! I'll fall in! I'm sure I shall!" she cried, "oh, cousin Champ!"

Mr. Effingham smiled, and said:

"Well, madam, you chose to precede me. It is your own fault."

"Oh!" continued Kate, making the most extraordinary gyrations with her right arm, "oh! the tree is giving way!"

In fact, the sapling began to bend more than ever.

"I shall fall in! I know I shall!" cried Kate, laughing and trying to steady herself. "Oh! cousin!"

Two strong arms raised the child, and bore her across.

"Thank you!" she cried, "I never should have got over, I think."

And they proceeded toward the hill, which they soon reached. From the summit, there was a fine view of the Hall, which raised its princely walls above the embowering foliage in the sunset. The windows seemed to be on fire with the crimson light of evening, and the rich rays died away across the broad champaign in roseate splendor—fainting, failing, dying. It was one of those lovely scenes which are so common in Virginia, when the sun seems to linger, loth to leave the fair fields and tall forests.

"Look, Katy," said Mr. Effingham, "that is as pretty a sight as you could find if you were to travel a thousand miles."

"It's lovely!" cried Kate, leaning her head against his shoulder, and gazing at the landscape with her large bright eyes; "and look at the clouds!"

"Yes: all gold. There is nothing as fine as this in Italy —though I have seen something like it from a hill near Florence. Ah! they have painters there—there are no painters, no artists in Virginia: the time has not come—but it will come."

"Look!" cried Kate, "there is the carriage."

And she pointed to the left, where the winding road plunged into the woodland. There, indeed, was the Hall chariot rolling on slowly toward them, the four glossy horses lit up by the last rays of the sun.

"Somebody's with them," continued Kate; "see what a fine-looking-man, and what a beautiful horse. I never saw any thing as pretty."

"As the man—or the horse?" asked Mr. Effingham, with a faint smile.

"Oh, the horse! look what slender, pretty legs he has, and what a fine head and mane."

"The man?"

"Oh, no! you are laughing at me: the horse: who can it be?"

"It is Captain Ralph Waters," said Mr. Effingham, calmly, "let us go and meet them."

Kate gave a delighted assent to this proposition; and descending the hill again, they reached the stream just as the carriage drove to the bank.

"Ah! there's my excellent cousin!" cried the voice of Miss Henrietta Lee, from the chariot: and the brilliant head of that young lady projected itself from the window.

Mr. Effingham bowed: and then turning to Captain Ralph said in his calm, courteous voice:

"I am glad to see you again, sir: give you good even ing."

"Why, good evening, companion," replied the Captain, "delighted to see you, though I did not anticipate that pleasure."

"I have been taking a short walk—myself and my little cousin."

The Captain made Kate a very courteous little bow, which that young lady was much pleased with.

"A short walk, eh?" continued the Captain; "how is that?"

"There is the Hall, sir—it is not far."

"The Hall?" said the Captain, drawing rein, "ah! the Hall!"

And a cloud passed over the worthy soldier's brow.

"I believe I must return," he added, approaching the window of the carriage, and bowing to Henrietta, Alethea, and the squire.

"I trust, Captain Waters, that you will not be so unfriendly as to leave us at the door of my house," said the old gentleman, with frank courtesy: and he added, in a lower tone, "I understand, sir, that your last visit was on a disagreeable occasion, and did not tempt you to repeat your call but let the past sleep; you will do me an honor and a pleasure."

The Captain twisted in his seat, twirled his moustache, and made no reply.

"Do not afflict me, sir," said the squire, in the same low tone, and with as much cordial courtesy as before, "by causing me to recollect events which should be forgotten. Come, sir—I ask you to do me a personal favor."

The Captain half yielded, muttering to himself.

"The ladies must be tired of me," he said; "I am only a rude soldier, sir: come now, Madam Henrietta, say! are you not tired of me?"

This was one of those decisive questions which can only be answered by a lady in the negative; as she could only say yes, therefore, Henrietta said nothing.

"I am sure that I shall be glad if you go, sir," said Miss Alethea, "and I am quite as sure that Henrietta will."

No reply from Henrietta.

"Ah, well," said the Captain, seeming to conquer his repugnance at last, "many thanks. I will weary you a little longer. But is this young lady going to walk?" continued the soldier, pointing to Kate. "Take my horse, he is perfectly gentle, *ma petite Mademoiselle;* will you not? I will fix the stirrup for you."

"I'm afraid, sir," Kate replied, laughing; "I don't mind walking, if I was over the run."

"Basta! then permit me to transport your small ladyship," said the soldier, laughing.

And he rode up to the fallen tree, upon which Kate was standing.

The child was quite delighted with this proposition, and first interrogating the old gentleman by a glance, was soon perched behind the Captain, who bore her across in an instant behind the carriage.

"Do you like your seat, Ma'mselle?" asked the Captain.

"Did you speak to me, sir?"

"Yes, yes: Ma'm'selle is the outlandish for *miss.*"

"Yes, sir—I like to ride on such a pretty horse."

"Then I'll carry you all the way, *ma foi!*"

"I don't want to leave cousin Champ," said Kate.

Mr. Effingham, who had crossed the brook, smiled, and opening the door of the chariot, entered it.

"Now, Katy, you may be at rest," he said, "I am very well here, and you shall have your ride."

The chariot then rolled on and soon drew up before the Hall, as did Captain Ralph, behind whom Kate was sitting with delighted countenance.

Will, who had just returned from school, came forth and assisted the ladies from the carriage with dignified courtesy, and the whole party entered the old mansion, Willie lingering behind to ask Kate who that man with the moustache was?

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH THE COMEDY PROCEEDS.

"I do not know how you can say so, sir."

"Is it not true, Madam Henrietta? Come now, say, is it not?'

"No, sir; why should 'ladies in general prefer a fop to any other species of admirer?' You perceive, sir, that I repeat your own words."

"Yes; and I maintain that they are dooms correct. I set up my rest upon that proposition, and defend it as becomes a soldier, and one long cognizant of the humors and peculiarities of the divine sex," continued the Captain, gently caressing his long black moustache, and bending forward with great earnestness in his chair.

While the Captain and Henrietta converse upon one side of the room, Mr. Effingham sits languidly looking out of the window near Miss Alethea upon the other: Kate and Will are holding an animated dialogue by the harpsichord; and the squire is in the distance exchanging compliments with the parson of the parish, who made his appearance at the Hall soon after the entrance of the party. Mr. Christian is a quiet, benevolent-looking gentleman of about forty, with an open, pleasant eye, a mild manner: and he wears the clerical suit of black, and white neckcloth. Dark colored leggings reach to his knees, and in his hand he carries the shovel hat worn by the clergy.

And now that the reader has these different groups before him, in the old portrait-decorated, carved-wainscoted drawing-room, let us return for a brief space to Miss Henrietta Lee and her admirer:—for by this time Captain Ralph has come to assume that position, having fought the battle of Glatz for her own and Mrs. Lee's amusement, and having found in Miss Henrietta—whether from interest or a disposition to redeem the character of her sex—an attentive and silent listener. This circumstance has pleased the Captain, and sure of his auditor, he now branches forth into a discussion of the interesting peculiarities of her sex.

"Nothing could be truer than the proposition I have had

the honor to lay down, my dear Ma'm'selle Henrietta," he continues, "let me hear you deny that the adorable sex—the French term, that—is not better pleased with the gay fops who adorn this wicked world, than with the more unpretending individuals of the masculine gender. There is no earthly doubt of the fact, and I feel convinced that a lady of your discrimination, upon a calm view of the facts of the matter, will not venture to deny the truth of the aforesaid proposition."

"I do deny it," says Henrietta, with a toss of her brilliant head, which diffused a light cloud of perfumed powder through the air; "I deny it wholly, sir!"

"For the sake of argument, doubtless," replies the Captain coolly, and exhibiting very little emotion at the lady's manner.

"I never argue, sir!" said Henrietta.

"Yes, yes: logic is not the failing of your admirable sex, madam."

"Indeed, sir!"

"Verily, as our chaplain used to say. But come, let me say a word on this subject: you know how much we masculine animals love to hear ourselves talk—morbleu! almost as much as the ladies: though not quite."

Henrietta preserves a disdainful silence:—but her manner is not so cold. She begins to regard Captain Waters as an amusing as well as audacious gentleman.

"Instead of combating the proposition, I will explain the reason thereof," says the soldier, laughing. "And pray what is a fop? Why a gentleman that wears drop curls, carries a muff of leopard skin, pardy! and ambles elegantly on his high-heeled shoes through the minuet, or other agreeable divertisement. His hands are as soft as a woman's, and are covered with rings: his cheeks are delicately vermilioned with the new French thing called rouge, which being translated is, as you are probably aware, *red;*—his lace is redolent of perfume, and his sword is an inch or something of that sort in length, and covered with knots of ribbon. He takes snuff: he minces his words: he is exquisite:—behold the picture of an elegant gentleman—called by some a fop, by others a dandy."

"Hum!" says Henrietta.

"Now what comparison can there be, my dearest Miss Lee, between one of these noble seigneurs all glittering with embroidery and covered with perfume, and an ordinary fellow —a man of the law, a planter, or a soldier? Their hands are respectably large:—their garments are plain—their swords very lengthy and fit for honest blows—they are guiltless of perfume, and never mince their words or amble. They are much more apt to whip you out a pardy! or morbleu! and their manner of walking is decidedly of the *stride* description. Behold all. See here the difference! at my French idiom again you perceive."

"Yes, sir."

"Well now, can any thing be more natural, more reasonable than the preference your sex have for the former class, madam? The elegant gentleman fascinates you with his drop curls and lovely red cheeks: his muff is ready for your little hands, and should they encounter his own there, they are soft and white:—you admire his grace in the ambling minuet: you are fond of perfumes such as he uses, and his nice little ribbon-decorated sword does not frighten your feminine hearts. How could you ever look at a brown face, a stalwart hand, a plain cavalier, after this enchanting picture? Impossible!"

And the Captain twirls his moustache with a delicious expression of self-appreciation.

"I suppose you mean," says Henrietta, satirically, "that ladies judge wholly by the exterior, and do not like you sir."

"Me? not like me? No, no, I am an exception!"

"An exception, sir?"

"Yes indeed!"

"Pray, how?"

"I unite, my dear madam, in my own person, the graces of both classes."

"Sir!" says Henrietta, completely astonished at this climax of audacious conceit.

"I know it is in bad taste to say it," replies the Captain, liberally and gracefully; "but I am anxious to disabuse your mind of the impression that in this matter I am actuated by any feeling beyond a philosophical interest in the question, calmly considered. No, no, I have never had

the misfortune to be defeated in a fair fight by any man living."

"Then the ladies every where have admired you, am I to understand, sir?" says Henrietta, with her satirical curl of the lip.

"Well now—really—you embarrass me extremely!" replies her cavalier, affecting an innocent and confused expression. "Morbleu! I have no right to reply to that question."

And the Captain looks mysterious.

Really the vainest creature I have ever met with—odiously vain!—is Henrietta's inward comment.

"Ah, you think me very vain!" says the Captain.

Henrietta starts: this acuteness of the soldier is beginning to surprise and annoy her.

The Captain observes the movement she makes.

"Come now: confess I am insupportably vain!" he says; "and quarrel with me for answering your own question. By heaven! I feel as if I *had* been guilty of something horrible—the bare idea of which causes my hair to stand on end!"

And the Captain assumes an expression of such terror that Henrietta's sense of the comic overcomes her, and she laughs in spite of herself. Conscious however that this will flatter the soldier, she assumes again her habitual expression of satirical indifference, and says:

"Well, sir, having proved, to your own satisfaction at least, that our sex prefer fops to rational men; pray now proceed to inform me why I especially prefer them. You observe, sir, that I use your own words again."

The Captain sees that he has advanced one step: he is called upon to speak.

"Why *you* prefer them?" he asked, desirous of gaining time.

"Yes, sir."

'You wish to know, my dear madam, why I ventured to say that you were likely to appreciate this class very highly—the reason—"

"Yes, sir: I believe I speak plainly."

"Very plainly, morbleu! and with the most charming voice!"

This evasion of the point piques Henrietta's curiosity and annoys her at the same time.

"You seem to wish to dismiss the subject, sir," she says.

"Dismiss the subject?"

"Yes, sir!" replies the young girl, with a satirical flash of her proud brilliant eye, "you are not fond of logic, it seems, though your sex, you say, monopolize it to the exclusion of my own."

An idea strikes the Captain, and his face beams; all at once he finds himself extricated from his dilemma.

"I do not reply to your insinuation, my dear Miss Lee," he says, "it would take up time. I proceed to tell you why I think *you*, of all others, would prefer these soft, amiable, delightfully tranquil, word-mincing gentlemen; and I think that if you would cast your eye upon that mirror yonder, you would require nothing more."

"How, sir?" says Henrietta, gazing at her brilliant image in the mirror.

"Why, it would show you a pair of bright flashing eyes lips full of animation and brilliancy,—in a word, you would see a young lady full of fire and spirit. See here, morbleu! the whole matter in a nutshell."

Henrietta's lip curls.

"Really you must aspire to rival the Sphinx, sir," she says.

"I, madam? Oh, no! I have no desire to match myself against that wonder of antiquity; and I think my point quite plain."

"How plain, sir?"

"You see brilliant eyes there; at least bright eyes: do you not?"

"Well, sir?"

"Animated lips?"

"Proceed, sir."

"Life, quickness, animation?"

"Well, what next?"

"Nothing, my dear madam, all is explained. You prefer the aforesaid quiet, amiable, unoffending fops, because they are so completely contrasted with yourself. Like seeks unlike—you know the proverb."

"Then, sir, I am not 'quiet'—'

The Captain finds that his anxiety to escape from one dilemma has plunged him into another, and he utters a sonorous 'hum!'

"Nor amiable—?"

"Really, madam—"

"Nor unoffending?"

"What an unfortunate man I am," says the Captain, with well-counterfeited contrition. "I do not understand th English tongue, owing to my long sojourn in foreign lands. I foresee, Ma'm'selle, that we shall not get on in English. High Dutch, Prussian or the French, for heaven's sake, or I am ruined, totally, completely—*ayez pitie!*"

Henrietta again feels a violent desire to laugh, so profound is the Captain's chagrin—or rather the affectation of chagrin. Feeling unwilling to encourage him, however, she plays with a diamond necklace round her neck, and tugs at it indifferently.

"Take care!" says the Captain, "I observe a portion of your necklace loose, and—"

The caution comes too late: the unfortunate necklace parts asunder and drops upon the carpet.

The Captain picks it up gallantly.

"There, now!" says Henrietta, with an expression of annoyance, "you have made me break my necklace, sir!"

"*I*, my dear madam?"

"Yes, sir: if I had not—"

But finding the explanation likely to turn out somewhat embarrassing, she pauses.

"Your explanation is perfectly satisfactory," says the soldier, laughing.

"What explanation, sir?" says Henrietta, more piqued than she cares to show.

"Why, the explanation you gave of my agency in the destruction of the unfortunate necklace.'

Henrietta tosses her head.

"I gave none, sir," she said

"Really, madam—"

"Well, sir?"

"Permit me to observe, that you undoubtedly did explain"

"I was not conscious of it, sir.

"Perhaps not: but I heard it; and I am so profoundly convinced of my criminality by the aforesaid explanation, that I hold myself the real author of this unhappy circumstance."

"Well, sir, as you please."

But this does not satisfy the Captain, who with the art of a consummate soldier has already graven out the plan of his campaign."

"Am I not guilty?" he persists.

"If you choose, sir."

"Yes, or no?"

"Yes, then, sir."

The Captain exhibits great delight at this avowal, and with his white teeth shining merrily under his black moustache, returns the broken necklace to its owner, and continues conversing with the utmost sang-froid and good humor; as if indeed he had just rendered a service, instead of causing an annoying accident.

Let us now turn to the other groups, which are as busily engaged in conversing as the Captain and his friend—or enemy—Miss Henrietta.

"It may surprise you, sir," says Mr. Christian to the squire, in his mild quiet voice, "but I do not consider the present Church system so perfect as you seem to, though I am a member of that system. I think that there are many and great abuses in it; and I can understand how these abuses have attracted so much attention from the new reformers of the age."

"We have too many reformers, parson," says the bluff squire; "they'll reform and reform, until no form is left in any thing."

"I thought, sir, that the legislation of parliament upon matters connected with this colony found in you a determined enemy. I am, as you know, a stranger here, but still—"

"They do, sir!" interrupted the squire, "I am opposed to the death to the whole policy of the present ministry—meddling with our affairs here, and presuming to speak of a stamp duty! It is abominable! But that does not blind

me so far as to make me hate the good old established Church."

"I would be much grieved to hear that you hated it, sir," says Mr. Christian mildly, "but we may cherish a system and yet not be blind to its abuses."

"What abuses under heaven are there in our Church, sir?—the good old system under which my forefathers lived and died? It is a queer question to ask you, sir—but you have thrown down the gauntlet!"

Mr. Christian smiles.

"It is not customary for persons of my profession, Mr Effingham, to throw down defiances. Believe me, such was not my intention: I meant only to express, in a Christian and moderate spirit, my fears of the operation of our present system. You ask what are the abuses in it: I think I can reply in very few words. The presentation to parishes, in the first place, is very unjust in its operation—that privilege being often granted to noblemen and gentlemen who do not care how parishes are governed. I have known instances, sir, where persons were named for this sacred duty—and who were called to it, in truth too, sir—persons, I say, whose lives had been more scandalous than I can describe, and who carried the vices of this world into the bosom of the holy Church."

"Well, sir—there is something in that, and I have heard that the worthy who preceded you, parson, was no better than he should be. I'm glad we are rid of him, and I send Will to his school from pure charity."

"I did not wish to make allusion to any one, sir—God forbid: that is not my place."

"A good exchange! I'll say that much, parson," says the honest squire, "but the other abuses?"

"I will mention but one, sir: and perhaps what I say may surprise you. I think the union of Church and State impolitic."

"The union of Church and State impolitic!—impolitic!"

"Wrong, then, sir," Mr. Christian replies mildly to these impassioned words, "I think it a great injustice."

"How, in heaven's name?"

"Thus, sir. The sentiment of religion is so high and pure, depends so completely upon the untrammelled operation

of the human heart, that any legislation which tends to circumscribe and reduce it to rule must eternally fail, and operate wofully for the great interest of mankind. This sentiment, sir, must be permitted to be a law unto itself; nothing can direct it; nothing should interfere with it. Especially and terribly unjust are those laws which say to the follower of Christ, 'you shall not worship at any shrine but one, and that shrine you must support.' You perceive, sir, that I am as far advanced in my reform ideas as the most zealous *new light*, as I believe those who dissent from our Church call themselves. I cannot help myself, I cannot say what I do not think, and, after much prayer to God to enlighten me, and give me just and true understanding, I am compelled to say that I believe religious toleration the first and most important duty of a state."

Mr. Christian ceases speaking, and gazes thoughtfully and earnestly into the lawn. The squire clears his throat, marshals his logic, and with a preparatory "hem!" commences his refutation of the parson's views. Let us, however, leave the worthy gentlemen, and pass on to the harpsichord, not pausing to hear Miss Alethea inform Mr. Effingham that Clare had a headache, and could not come, or to listen to her companion's weary and languid discourse. Let us pass on, and hear what Will and Kate are saying to each other.

Comedy goes out of its proper field when it deals with fiery passions, or grand personages or events; but, if it can not usurp the function of tragedy, it has this to recommend it, that it may safely deal with every species of character, of every class and every age; and when in this pursuit it finds a peculiarity, it may paint it and vindicate itself, however humble and apparently insignificant the personage or the trait may be. The reader must have been convinced, before this, that the second portion of our history is destined to deal with comedy more than the former portion, though that boasted a company of comedians,—and in this he has not been mistaken.

Will and Kate are persons of the comedy, and we must not neglect them now or at any future time.

They are holding an animated conversation, as we have said, by the harpsichord, and Will seems to be in posses-

sion of something which Kate desires to see very much.—She leans forward on the cricket she occupies, and with her bright eyes fixed upon Master Will, is plainly desirous that he shall unroll something which he holds in his hand. This something is in the shape of a roll of parchment, and Will hesitates, and hesitating, rubs the side of his nose with the scroll.

"Now Willie," says Kate, "I think you might show it to me."

Will rubs the other side of his nose.

"What is it?" continues Kate; "you say it is nice, and pretty, and will make me happy—my goodness! what is it?"

Will assumes a meditative attitude, and smooths that portion of his face upon which he hopes hereafter to have whiskers.

"Guess, Kate."

"I can't."

"Well, try."

"Is it poetry?"

"No."

"A picture?"

Will hesitates, and then says:

"No: not exactly."

"Let's see," says Kate, "what can it be? You said it was 'nice' and 'pretty,' and I would like it—didn't you?"

Will, finding his description cast in his teeth, and apparently dubious whether it is wholly correct, satisfies himself with a doubtful nod.

"Is it a nosegay?—but I see it isn't," says Kate, in despair.

"No, it is not," Will replies.

"What is it? O, my goodness gracious! what can it be?" says Kate, laughing and perplexed.

Willie looks a little sheepish.

"I don't think I can show it to you," he says, stuffing the roll in his breast.

"And not tell me?"

"I think not.

"Now, Willie!"

Will is obdurate.

"O, Willie, what is it?"

"Really, Kate, you are very curious."

"Women always are, you know—always. Now Will!"

And Kate laughs merrily, and attempts to gain possession of the scroll.

"What will you give me to show it to you?"

"Any thing."

"Hold up your mouth!"

And Will, with the gravity of a judge, fixes his lips for a kiss.

"I won't," says Kate.

"Not kiss me!" cries Will, in despair: and shaking his head he adds, mournfully, "then I needn't have got Sam Baskerville to write this."

"Oh, it's writing," says Kate, clapping her hands, "now I know."

Willie remains silent.

"It's a love letter, please let me see it," adds his lady love.

"You will not so much as give me one kiss," says Willie, showing a strong disposition to put his knuckle in his eye, and prize out a tear.

"Ladies of my age must preserve the dignity of their position," Kate says, with delightful gravity.

"Not kiss me!" repeats Willie, with a look to which his former piteous glance was jolly merriment; "then I needn't have got Bill Lane and Ellen Fellows to make the Roman letters, and paint the wreath of flowers, and hearts, and arrow."

And Will looks the picture of patience on a monument smiling at grief, or another deeply chagrined figure, which the reader may imagine.

Kate bursts out laughing:

"Oh there's a wreath of flowers, and a heart—two hearts you said—and an arrow, may be two arrows—"

"Only one," murmurs Will, in a heart-broken tone, and gazing piteously through the window, "wouldn't give me a kiss—me!"

"Well, may be—who knows—but I won't promise."—Kate says,—"let me see it first."

Will, with averted head and nerveless grip, resigns the parchment, and Kate, seizing it, unrolls it quickly. At the

top of the page is painted a wreath of flowers, in the middle of which two deeply crimson hearts are pierced by an intensely silver arrow. Above flutters a bow of ribbon and beneath, in the most ornamental letters possible, Kate reads, half aloud, the following:

"THIS INDENTURE, made in the month of March, of the year of grace one thousand seven hundred and ninety-five, in the Colony of Virginia, Continent of North America,—"

"Sam Baskerville's father was Sheriff, and he knows all about it," says Willie, regarding the parchment with forlorn interest.

"—between William Effingham, Esq.," continues Kate, "of Effingham Hall, and Miss Kate Effingham, of ditto, spinster,—"

"Me!" cries Kate.

"There! that's the way it is," says Will, with forlorn resignation.

"— Witnesseth," continues Kate, mastered by her curiosity and reading without stopping, "that for and in consideration of his, the said William Effingham, Esq's., profound affection and unutterable love, and liking for her the said Kate Effingham, spinster as aforesaid, he the said William Effingham, Esq., doth hereby endow the said Kate Effingham, spinster as aforesaid, with all that property, lying and being in the county of Gloucester, and known as *the Cove*, with all and several, each and every, singular and plural, the fields, tenements, messuages, hereditaments, tenures, and remainder, to say nothing of the reversion and contingent remainder, neither to mention the executory devise thereof—and all this property, he the said William Effingham, Esq., gives to the said Kate Effingham, spinster, because his father gave it to him last Christmas Only provided, and on the condition specified, well understood and no mistake, that she the said Kate Effingham, spinster, who is one of the nicest girls in the Colony—"

"I gave him that part!" murmurs Will.

Kate continues shaking with laughter, and curiosity.

"— shall on the execution hereof according to the style and meaning, intent and signification of it, the said indenture—that she the aforesaid spinster, shall agree to espouse

in the bonds of wedlock, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, him the aforesaid William Effingham, Esquire."

"Oh!" cries Kate; but goes on.

"—And to the better understanding of this indenture, it is hereby stated that he the said William Effingham, Esquire, has not at this time, nor ever hath had during any previous time, whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, any affection, love, or desire to enter into matrimonial engagements with Donsy Smith, spinster, who is a nice girl, but not equal to the aforesaid Kate Effingham, spinster. And to the end that all shall be done in the premises the commonwealth's writ of subpœna shall issue, summoning the parties to this indenture, to affix their names to the same: and your petitioner will ever pray.

"Given under our hands and seals, the day and year aforesaid.

"William Effingham, Esq., [Seal.]

[Seal."

Kate finishes the paper and drops it, laughing loud.

"What are you laughing at, Kate?" says Will, mournfully.

"It nearly took my breath away!" cries Kate. "Oh, goodness!"

"Won't you sign it?" pleads Willie, "say, dearest Kate?"

The young lady observes for the first time the profoundly mournful tone of her admirer, and feels the tender sentiment of pity invading her heart. She sighs. Will hears this sigh, and seizes her hand with impassioned expectation.

"No—I don't think—" says Kate, bending her head, with the air of a lady overwhelmed by confusion.

"*Now*, Kate—do sign! We'll have such a delightful time playing down at the Cove—!"

Kate sees the splendid vision, but endeavors to resist. She loves Will devotedly; why not make him happy, when a flirt of the pen can compass that end?

Will throws upon her an affectionate glance, and endeavors to put a pencil in her hand. As he bends down, a little pincushion falls from his waistcoat pocket.

"What is that?" says Kate.

Willie looks the picture of guilt.

"A pincushion!" he murmurs.

"The one I gave you, Willie?"

"N—o," says Will.

"Who gave you this?"

Will looks desperate.

"Donsy!" he murmurs, in an expiring voice.

"And where is mine, pray sir!" says Kate.

Will turns pale, but answers like a man—though a very much frightened man:

'I gave it to Donsy, for this!"

"Then I won't marry you, Willie!" cries Kate, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, "no! that I won't, sir!"

"Oh, Kate! I didn't mean—"

"I won't hear any excuses, sir—I don't want them. To give my pincushion away! Oh! Willie!"

And putting down the true-love indenture, Kate turns from her desperate admirer and pouts beautifully.

"Ah! *petite Mademoiselle*, you are annoyed," says the Captain, "I am sure that gallant little *Monsieur* has not done it."

Kate's face clears up, and a smile like a sunbeam drives away her mortification.

"Yes, sir," says Willie, "I am guilty."

And having made this manly confession, he hastily rolls up the true-love indenture, and stuffs it in his pocket. Then he links arms with the not unwilling Kate, whose ill-humor has nearly vanished, and they run out on the lawn to catch the last rays of twilight, and in child phrase, "make up."

We need not return to the groups whose conversation wo have listened to. Our history does not require that we should listen to more:—and as far as one party went, this was even rendered impossible. Captain Ralph rose to take his departure. The squire of course pressed him to remain and sup, but this the worthy soldier declined. He must be at home before the night had set in. Would he then honor them by coming on Thursday next to dinner? If possible.

And so with a consolatory assurance to Miss Henrietta, that he would visit her soon again, the Captain went away.

On the portico he met and bade farewell to the "little Ma'mselle and Monsieur;" and then the twilight swallowed Selim and his rider.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT THE TRAP, AND ELSEWHERE.

One morning, a few days after the scenes we have just related, Mr. Effingham received a note couched in the following terms:

"My Dear Champ:

"Come over to 'the Trap,' and dine and sleep with me. Be sure to be in trim to ride through a cane-brake, that is, in buff and leather: and ride Tom—the large piebald: he's a glorious animal, by George!

"I count on you to obey this, which comes from your

Friend till death,

Jack Hamilton."

"'The Trap,'—on a splendid morning."

For a moment Mr. Effingham was determined not to go, and ordered the servant who brought the note to be directed to wait. The servant from the Trap had departed however, and Mr. Effingham finally determined to embrace his friend's invitation.

"Why annoy the honest fellow?" he said, "he is one of my very best friends, and I cannot afford to throw away such —I have not enough. Now what can he want? Here I am languidly speculating, and cannot, to save me, come to any conclusion. It is too late in the season to hunt—and yet he says I must come in buff and leather. I am to ride Tom, and sleep there. Decidedly I will give it up."

And Mr. Effingham dismissed the subject from his mind, returning it seemed to some vague train of thought that had possession of his mind. Sitting before the slight fire of crackling twigs, with his feet upon the old grotesque andirons, he gazed into the coals:—then upon the old portrait high upon the carved wainscot—then through the window on the breezy lawn, covered with flowers which bowed their

heads as the wind passed over them. The blustering wind of March rang merrily round the gables, and whistled through the keyhole, and rose and fell, and died away. Only the ticking of the huge clock in the hall was heard in these pauses, and footsteps of Miss Alethea, or Kate, or some servant—in the apartments overhead.

The thinker gazed long at the portraits.

"I believe in blood," said Mr. Effingham, musingly "The blood of men is quick or sluggish, generous or mean, just as that of animals is. The race-horse has an ancestry of race-horses—the common drudge, an ancestry of drudges, the offspring of tigers are fierce, as the lamb follows its dam in meekness—very trite and very true; every thing true is trite. And man, the supreme animal, is not an exception. There now is old Harry Effingham, in his armor—he fought at Agincourt, they say, and did good service with his stout arm. And there is the Chevalier Huon, of Effenghame, as they call him, the *princeps* of all, who married a damsel of the accursed race of Mahound, the family chronicle says, in the Crusades—a wild fellow, I do not doubt, and perhaps I have now, in this good year of grace, 1765, something of Sir Huon in me. Possibly; I came very near wedding one who —well, well; I will not rake in those cold ashes. What boots it? The fire is burnt out, it is true; but why soil my fingers? I think I have suffered enough. If not pleasure, give me the next thing, apathy, which I think I have."

A servant entered, to replenish the fire.

"Ned, have the piebald, Tom, saddled, and brought round," said Mr. Effingham.

"Yes, sir."

The servant retired, and Mr. Effingham fell into another fit of thought, from which he was roused by the intelligence that his horse was ready.

"I suppose I may be allowed to disregard the caution about dress," he said to himself. "Bring my boots and spurs," he added, to the servant.

He was soon on his way, and before long, reached the Trap. This abode of Mr. Jack Hamilton was a very handsome specimen of the old hipped roof mansions which crown so many hills in Virginia, and one might have seen at a glance that none but a bachelor resided there. The front

door was permanently open, one hinge having given way, and the few abortive efforts to open and close it, having resulted in nothing more than a semi-circular mark upon the floor. The door had been in this condition just one year, and remained unchanged until—but we anticipate. Upon the small porch half-a-dozen dogs were dozing, and snapping at the flies; and in the yard a score of hounds bayed, gambolled, basked in the sun, or dragged their blocks.

An old white-haired negro came, with the well-bred courtesy of the Virginia family servant, to take Mr. Effingham's horse, and he entered.

Jack Hamilton came forth to greet him, and then they entered the dining-room, or rather the apartment used for that purpose when Mr. Hamilton was alone, which was very seldom. Here Mr. Effingham found half-a-dozen gentlemen from the neighborhood, all his acquaintances. They received him with the cordial frankness of boon companions, and after a few questions about his travels, commenced again conversing, at the top of their voices, on hunting, plantation matters, politics—especially upon politics. Did half-a-dozen Virginians ever remain together half an hour, without talking politics? We have never been present on such an occasion.

Dinner, and copious libations—perhaps we might say copious libations and dinner also—succeeded. Afterwards a cloud of smoke, from as many tobacco pipes as there were men, Mr. Effingham excepted, and then politics more ferociously than ever. Navigation laws—yes, sir, infamous, unconstitutional—dare to pass that stamp act they talk of—try it—the continent will be in a blaze—pshaw!—yes sir! in a blaze—puff! puff!—I tell you, sir—no, sir—yes, sir—I like the governor—he don't suit the times—here Oscar! Is this Black's pup, Jack? But we refrain even from reporting stenographically this chaos of voices, the new Babel of confused tongues.

The afternoon passed, and night came, and then a substantial supper, preceded by a walk out to look at the horses, the dogs, the tobacco, the stock, every thing. Then all go to the door to greet a stalwart gentleman, approaching on a fine roan; and Captain Ralph greets his friends with a multiplicity of *morbleus!* and they all sit down to supper.

After supper, cards, and wine, and tobacco smoke. Spadille reigns supreme, and the Captain loses a pile of gold, spite of his most desperate efforts, a circumstance which causes him to explode a whole magazine of gunpowder-like *morbleus!* and curse the stars, which are made responsible for the ills that happen upon earth, much too often.

Mr. Effingham has long since heard that the object of the gathering is nothing less than a real *bona fide* fox-hunt, spite of the lateness of the season, and the smile which has greeted this transparent device of the worthy Jack Hamilton, has yielded to apathy again. Mr. Effingham will ride after the hounds—it is not worse than idleness.

Cards and dice lose their charm at last, pipes emit only acrid smoke, claret, and the best Jamaica, only make the head muddier, even politics has died a natural death, and the revellers sleep.

But before the day has reddened in the east, they are flying after the hounds, who have struck a warm trail, and the far distance swallows them, the yelping of the dogs dies away, the Trap has caught silence, and holds it tight.

Mr. Effingham rides more madly than them all. He begins to think that Mr. Hamilton is not so contemptible a physician as he thought him, for his cheek is full of blood, which was before so pale; his eyes are brilliant; his breast feels no longer as though some heavy load oppressed it—he is conscious of the effect which the body exerts upon the mind. Mr. Effingham's habit was to sleep late in the morning; here he was scouring the cold, fresh, shivering, dewy fields, before sunrise, following the music of the dogs, and whirling over fences, ditches, and hollows. One or two of the hunters stumbled, and once a rider was rolled in a ditch. Mr. Effingham positively found himself laughing.

They rode all the morning; they had started one of those old gray foxes, who take pleasure in running all day, and sleep all the sounder after their hen-roost supper, for the exercise. By noon Reynard had disappeared—sunk into the earth—vanished; the dogs were at fault, and after two hours search for the provoking animal's traces, the hunt was abandoned.

Mr. Effingham, Captain Ralph, and Jack Hamilton, took their way back together; calculating the distance they had

ridden between twenty and thirty miles, perhaps more. Mr. Effingham was not at all weary, and said he never felt better.

They passed Mr. Lee's about noon, and the old gentleman insisted on their going in to dinner. To this, Mr. Hamilton and the Captain consented at once, but Mr. Effingham at first demurred.

"You will offend Mr. Lee, Champ, my boy," said Hamilton, in a low tone.

Mr. Effingham gave his friend a strange look, sighed languidly, and entered with them.

How it was, Mr. Effingham did not know, but Jack Hamilton persuaded him to stay, and return with him, and whenever he intimated to his friend a desire to go, the intimation was received with a look which seemed to say, "Don't hurry, my dear fellow; just let me finish this anecdote to Miss Clare, and I'm with you;" or, "Let us hear Miss Henrietta finish that rattling song which the Captain has worried her into singing;" or, "Just let me refute these ideas of Mr. Lee, on the mode of curing tobacco." And so evening drew on, and Mr. Effingham, to his own astonishment, did not feel very unhappy.

They were all gathered now around the harpsichord, whereat sat Henrietta, dazzlingly beautiful, and striking in differently all her visitors, with her satirical speeches, and proud, laughing eyes.

The Captain listened with delight, or an excellent affectation, to

"In the golden days of good Queen Bess,"

and declared that he had never heard any thing more beautiful, except the songs of the French soldiers on the night preceding the battle of Mindon. This observation caused Miss Henrietta to say, that perhaps Captain Waters preferred male to female voices. To which satirical observation, the Captain, with great candor, and cordial frankness, replied that he did. Miss Henrietta thereupon requested a song from some gentleman present, but failing in her desire, retired to the opposite side of the room, where Captain Ralph permitted her to remain, very cheerfully.

Finding this position somewhat dull, Miss Henrietta re-

turned by degrees, from the window to the sofa, from the sofa to the centre-table, from the table to the harpsichord again, with a volume in her hand. She said that nothing was more stupid than these accounts of battles—holding the history of the late war, open, as she spoke. The Captain roused himself, and replied, politely, yes, it was a very fine evening. Miss Henrietta thereupon tossed her head; the Captain said that the perfume of the hair-powder she used was delightful. Thereupon Miss Henrietta, in great ill-humor, turned her back upon him, and began to talk with Mr. Effingham; and not to be exceeded in civility, the Captain turned his back too, and began to converse, very cheerfully, with Clare and Mr. Hamilton.

Clare, as we may imagine, supported with difficulty this long interview with Mr. Effingham. He had not addressed more than half a dozen words to her, and these had been characterized by a calm reserve; but once or twice their eyes furtively met, and they saw plainly that each was watching the other. Clare seemed uneasy at his presence. Mr. Effingham felt his heart stir, in the young girl's presence—a nameless charm seemed to envelope her—but he kept his resolution to avoid engaging in any conversation which could bring on any allusion to former times and events. This was not difficult, for Mr. Hamilton engrossed much of Clare's attention, and she seemed to seek in his society a refuge from that of Mr. Effingham. He commented inwardly on her evident partiality for his friend, trying to say calmly to himself that he would make her an excellent husband. Perhaps the gloom upon his brow grew somewhat deeper, when the innocent girl smiled upon Hamilton so kindly and sweetly, but he controlled his feelings.

She sat down, at the request of Mr. Hamilton, and unaffectedly commenced singing. The song was "Logan Water," and she sang it with great feeling and sweetness. The sound of her voice affected him strangely, and sitting down, he drank in the clear, tender carol, his dreamy eyes fixed on her face.

That song revived all the past for him. She had sung it often for him, and perhaps this was what led her to refuse Mr. Hamilton's request for that particular song at first. As she sang, all those bright, happy days of youth, returned to

him:—the days in the woods—the evening playing games—the mornings, when, with her fair hair unbound, she ran hand in hand with him, over emerald meadows, by rippling, laughing streams. Again the birds carolled over head, as they carolled in the past, and a flood of memories flowed in upon his apathetic heart, and made its dull tide leap again. As the last notes died away, he felt as though he were leaving some fairy isle of warmth and verdure, and a million flowers, to breast the cold, stormy seas of real life; and with the last plaintive notes, the volume of his memory closed again, and his heart sank.

As she rose, they exchanged a long look; and Mr. Effingham turned away.

Her look had said: "Do not avoid me thus, because we have both been unhappy and unfortunate; because our relations are changed, forget, as I do."

His own said as plainly: "I have tried your heart cruelly, I know it; I suffer without complaining, or expecting the past to return; you can never love me again; I do not complain. I deserve all; but will bear my suffering in silence."

Had the lips but said it!—had those glances spoken plainly!

Mr. Effingham, when he departed, merely bowed. He looked at her again, with his old dreamy gaze, and went away with his companions.

As he went to his chamber that night, he murmured: "Well, I was mistaken; some of the old feeling, for a wonder, still remains, surviving the storm. Let me beware of it."

And his head sank as he spoke.

CHAPTER XV.

AT THE HALL.

Our narrative does not require a lengthy description of the great dinner and ball at the mansion of the squire. When we have said that the noble mansion blazed from top to bot-

tom with a thousand lights, that chariots constantly rolled up, and deposited beautiful dames and gallant cavaliers, that they dined in state, and danced and feasted and made merry, we have said all that is necessary. As to describing with a mere pen one of these old festivals, which still occasionally fill with laughter and high revelry some old houses, the thing is simply impossible. Some great artist, uniting a genius for the humorous and the noble, the rude and the elegant, the grotesque and the beautiful, might possibly delineate one of these old jubilees, and the singular old race who delighted in them; we cannot, yet we may, before passing on to the real events of this narrative, pause a moment to jot down some of the salient points of the brilliant gathering.

In addition to the chariots with their rumbling wheels, neighing horses, and cracking whips, there came great numbers of brave cavaliers upon good steeds, in parties, laughing and jesting, or singly. Sometimes these gentlemen accompanied the chariots, as in the case of Mr. Hamilton, who rode dutifully by the Riverhead coach, the said coach containing Mr. Lee, Henrietta, and Clare, who had consented to attend the ball, only after repeated requests from her father, who had observed and regretted her inexplicable dislike to visiting at the Hall for some weeks past.

The dinner was a splendid affair, and there was much marshalling of the guests in their places—his Excellency, Francis Fauquier, Governor of the Colony, sitting on the squire's right hand. The dinner proceeded as those pleasant pompous old affairs were wont to, and in due time the gentlemen were left to their politics and wine. There was not much political discourse, however, in deference to his Excellency. It was not polite to denounce his gracious Majesty, his ministry, and their darling money-project, the stamp act; and to speak favorably of any one of these, was more than any guest's courtesy could compass. So they discussed the weather and the crops, and the seven years' war, last passed, and, above all, the approaching races near Jamestown, from which they glided into erudite disquisitions on the pedigree of racers.

As night closed in—they dined early, even on state occasions, in those honest days—the cavaliers betook them-

selves to the drawing room, and there insinuated themselves into the glittering throng of lovely dames, all powdered and furbelowed and flounced, and then arose that buzz which, in our time, by force of progressive increase, has grown into a stunning uproar, in which every one endeavors, by raising his or her voice, to drown the voice of every one else.

The smiling cavaliers, in powder, ruffles, embroidery, long waistcoats, and silk stockings, betook themselves to paying devoted court to the fascinating dames in lace, diamonds, satin robes with trains, and shoes portentously high in the heels; and so, with flirting fans, and winning smiles, and low bows and little graceful curtsies, the time passed. Then the well-instructed musicians, led by Mr. William Booker, colored gentleman, violinist and appendage to the glebe of Effingham, struck up a minuet, and the furbelows and silk stockings bowed and curtsied with ambling swaying movement, with cocked hats pressed upon the heart, and fans expanded, and then closed again, and many an unguarded heart was taken captive, and many silk stockings accompanied as many furbelows through the dance of life thereafter, fascinated with each other in that dance of pleasure.

His Excellency danced with Miss Alethea, though this is not one of those matches which we have foretold. Clare danced with Mr. Hamilton; while Mr. Effingham looked on and sighed; lastly, Kate danced with the noble Earl of Dorset, whose brilliant verses we have listened to upon a similar occasion, at the metropolitan city of Williamsburg, and the fresh, frank face of the child pleased all, and made all love her. As for the sensations experienced by Master Willie Effingham, and Master Tommy Alston who was dying for love of Kate, we prefer not to venture upon such a tragical subject. The noble Earl, on that occasion, made two mortal enemies for life.

So the stately minuets glided onward to the lofty music, rejoicing, one would say, with a low, melodious, well-bred laughter in its undertones at all this pompous ceremony, and graceful reverential bowing, and low curtsying. Then came supper, in due time, where healths were drank many fathoms deep, and where the ladies took scarcely more nourishment than they do at present. Then the gay, glancing, merry

hours fled on with music once again, and finally, when midnight had long sounded, the ball drew to an end with that merry and enlivening divertisement, a Virginia reel.

If the music for the minuet was glad and merry, under all its stately and prim cadences, the music of the reel was more than unaffected merriment:—the merriment was mad, desperate, exuberant, headlong and uproarious. The right arm of the noble minstrels darted furiously up and down—the violins and hautboys nearly cracked with the immense flood of harmony; and if the lovely damsels smiled before, they laughed out loudly now: and flashed like shooting stars from end to end of the great room:—and scattered perfumed powder in a cloud:—and then, as the mad music stopped with a long scrape, stood still with laughing lips and panting bosoms, and red cheeks and dancing eyes, fanning themselves and uttering little rapturous exclamations, and assuming die away airs: and so the reel too was dead:—it ended all.

Perhaps the most picturesque portion of the whole festival was the breaking up. In those times, they drank deep, and a gentleman imbibed his two bottles as he wore his sword —as a matter of course. The consequence was—heads being much the same then as they are at present—that more than one of the gallants present on the occasion found themselves elated to the pitch of noisy merriment, and the Effingham woods echoed back their shouts and songs for leagues.

The chariots resumed their burdens:—though many staid at the ball all night—the gubernatorial coach, with those six glossy white horses which have become history, bore off his noble Excellency: and amid a tremendous clatter of negroes' voices, cracking whips, rumbling wheels, and merry exclamations, the festival, like all bright things, went onward to the future.

Mr. Effingham assisted Clare to enter the Riverhead chariot, with grave softness and courtesy: pressing Hamilton's hand with friendly warmth; and so the carriage rolled away, and Mr. Effingham's heart went with it.

As he entered his chamber, he murmured as before, "The storm has passed, but all of the old feeling is not dead:—beware!" and, sleeping with his pale face illumined by the broad full moon, he dreamed of her, and saw her glide before

him with veiled brows and tender eyes and open arms. And when he tried to clasp her to his heart she vanished.

A shadow crossed the sleeper's forehead, and his hand stole to his brow. Then his face grew serene again—the brow clear and soft. He heard her singing.

CHAPTER XVI.

SKETCHES THE COURT TO WHICH THE HON. MR. CROW WAS ACCREDITED AS AMBASSADOR.

Absorbed in what has been going on at the Hall, at Riverhead, at the bachelor Trap of Mr. Hamilton, which has never caught a wife yet for that worthy gentleman, we have treated with undeserved neglect and improper silence the affairs of Lanky and his sweetheart—Donsy Smith, daughter of Mr A. Z. Smith, the rosy little factor at Williamsburg. But the historian cannot give his attention at the same time to the Lords and Commons: while the Lords prose in their lofty elevation, the Commons debate furiously in the lower house:—and so the entertaining prosiness and fiery debate cannot be reported at one and the same time. For fear, however, that our lame metaphor will break down if we push it farther, and betray its want of application to the characters of this history, we shall proceed to narrate simply what followed the resolution taken on that bright spring morning by our friend Lanky, and how Mr. Crow—or "Jeames," as he was wont to call himself with noble simplicity—acquitted himself in the arduous and responsible character of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary near the Court of Parson Tag, King of the Oldfield School, and Emperor of the Ferule.

Perhaps the shortest and most satisfactory means of putting the reader in possession of the events which attended the embassy of the Honorable Mr. Crow will be to present those events in a direct and dramatic form. Then shall we see how umbrage was taken by Emperor Tag, at the person and intent of the ambassador, as well as at his unambassadorial costume:—how the right of the Minister Plenipotentiary to appear in his every day citizen's dress was harshly question-

ed; even his right to appear at all; and how in the hour of danger that costume afforded him no protection, and led by its deficiencies to a speedy resignation of his high and responsible duties. Let us not, however, anticipate: every event in its place.

Willie arrived at school some time after the proper hour, mounted as usual on his small pony, and he entered with some fear of a reproof. But in this he was mistaken. Parson Tag was mildly courteous, and most pleasantly good-humored. To explain this singular and unwonted circumstance—for the parson usually administered justice like Dionysius, the tyrant—we have only to inform the reader that the worthy gentleman had been present at the Hall on the previous evening, and had delighted his inward man with sundry viands and vintages of the most savory description. He had been treated with great courtesy by the well-bred host, also:—and thus he was in a highly amiable state of mind—especially toward Willie. If the reader is surprised at the fact of the parson's attending the festival at the Hall, after his quarrel with the squire, we can only say that our sketch of this worthy's character must have been defective. He was not the man to despise an excellent supper and delicious wines, because he hated and had quarrelled with the host.

The school was busy as usual, and a long row of girls and boys stood in the middle of the floor conning their lessons, and preparing for the fiery ordeal. On the benches ranged round the apartment sat many more, leaning their slates, or copy-books, or grammars, on the long desk which extended equally with the benches from end to end; and these hard little students were engaged apparently in the most intense toil.

Some grasped their hair furiously at sums in arithmetic, which persisted in turning out wrong:—for how could the remainder be greater than the figures from which the others were subtracted? Some went on voyages of half an hour around the world, taking in spices of Sumatra, Ceylon and the Sunda isles; fighting their way into inhospitable Japan; taking a census of the population of the exclusive cities of Pekin and Shanghai and other Chinese places: some fought their way into the noble English grammar, others bent down over copy-books, endeavoring painfully to enunciate in legi-

ble letters the propositions that "Honesty is the best poli cy," and that "Evil communications corrupt good man ners:" and when a spatter fell upon the page, the hearts of the urchins were filled with dreadful visions of descending ferules, and aching blistered hands.

The little maidens were busy, too, in all these branches; and with atlases before them, heard the nightingales singing in the valley of Cashmere;—and sailed along the Tigris in a splendid barge to visit the great Caliph Haroun at his Bagdad palace;—and swam to the sound of melodious gui tars in gondolas on broad canals in Venice:—and looked carefully for the mountain by the royal city of Grenada, whereon pausing wofully, the handsome Moslem uttered the "last sigh of the Moor." Others were busy with arithmetic, and copying just as the boys were; and the only difference was that they did not anticipate chastisement for delinquency. The parson had lived in his adopted country—Virginia, that is to say—long enough to find that it was not customary for one of the ruder sex, however lofty his station, to lay his hand "even in the way of kindness" upon one of the opposite sex, however humble, and so the little maidens only dreaded "demerits," and these they struggled to avoid.

What we have thus briefly described, was the exoteric and external appearance of things:—which would have struck a stranger, and caused him to believe that of all the scholars that ever gladdened with their industry and application the pedagogic heart, those of the pedagogue in question were the most prudent and exemplary. A somewhat closer view, however, would have revealed what we must borrow another scientific word to characterize—the esoteric phase of the Oldfield school. From time to time the maidens and urchins exchanged laughing and mysterious glances over their slates or atlases:—the lips of the damsels would move with exaggerated expressiveness, to the end that from the movement of those cherry-like appendages, their cavaliers might divine what they meant to express. Then when the cavaliers remained obstinately dull and would not understand, the little maidens made signs upon their fingers, after the well known manner of the dumb; and when the still obtuse urchins shook their heads, little scraps of paper were hastily covered with stealthy pencil marks, and

rolled up and tossed invisibly across, while the maidens seemed to be deeply immersed in study. And the urchins read, "Just look at Sally Jones and Tom Lackland!"—or, "You promised me an apple!"—or, "Have you done that horrid sum?"—or, "Robert Dawson don't know his lesson again, and the parson'll whip him. Ain't it shameful?"

Another esoteric phase was going on *sub rosâ*, that is, under the desk: small hands of little maidens were squeezed there in the most gallant and impassioned manner by chevaliers who coveted an opportunity to expire nobly in defence of their ladyloves:—and fruit, cakes, tarts, biscuits, were smuggled, as lasting proofs of devoted and disinterested affection:—and while the hands were being pressed under the little aprons, the noble cavaliers assumed an innocent and abstracted expression which would have done them credit in the eyes of indifferent observers:—and then at the master's dreadful glance the beaus retreated from their sweethearts precipitately, and betook themselves to study:—that is, to studying the manner of passing "playtime" to the best advantage, turning over the leaves of their spelling-books with well-executed art, and deeply immersed in the study—which we have mentioned.

No event of any importance disturbed the even tenor of the noble academy that morning. True, some half a dozen unfortunate dunces were feruled for being destitute of brains; true, a youthful gentleman, with a genius for caricature, was caught just as he had put the finishing touch to a splendid design of the parson on his slate—which design represented the worthy gentleman arrayed in a shovel hat some leagues in width, with a body formed of a tobacco hogshead, from beneath which issued an enormous pair of feet crushing to death a squealing tythe pig:—true, the wailing of the dunces and the unappreciated artist filled the room and struck terror into cavalier and lady, boy and girl alike:—but these little occurrences were not uncommon, and things went on very pleasantly until "playtime:"—when all rushed forth free as air, and wild as little colts turned loose in a green pasture, with liberty to roll, and run, and turn somersets, and gambol to their hearts' content.

The noble monarch of the school remained within, enthroned in state upon his rostrum, from which he surveyed

the unfortunates, who, having neglected their tasks, now had the excruciating and tantalizing pleasure of hearing their companions shouting at their play out under the blue sky. The noble parson embraced the opportunity to comfort his inner man with sandwiches and Jamaica rum, gazing, as he partook of these humble condiments and liquids, upon the sketch of himself we have already described.

Let us leave him there, enthroned in state, and go and breathe that fresh air which is driving the little maids and urchins mad with full delight. It is more wholesome.

CHAPTER XVII.

CROW MAKES A SPEECH ON THE STAMP ACT AND SUFFERS THE FATE OF POPULARITY SEEKERS.

Look!

Perhaps the two things most similar and at the same time dissimilar, are a play-ground and that work-ground which we call the world. In both these are aspirations and passions; loves and hatreds; sad and merry faces; toilings after objects not worth the pursuit; and neglected pleasures, which far outweigh those which humanity run after with such ardor and enthusiasm. The child is father of the man; and his offspring follows the bent of its parent:—pursues, and loves, and suffers and rejoices, and runs the wild, laughing or despondent race; and then the bell of fate summons the weary player to the shades within, where no sun shines, no blue sky arches overhead—save in the eye of faith and hope.

But with all this similarity, we know that the real difference is very striking. How gaily, thoughtlessly, the boy plays, and laughs and rolls upon the grass, and climbs for birds' nests, and is pleased with trifles—not dreaming of the time when all his hopes, his illusions, his romance, his thoughtless lightheartedness will change, and he will have to go and buckle on his armor for the struggle with that strong enemy—human life. How the little maidens run and play and gambol with their boy sweethearts:—their hair flowing

unconfined, their eyes dancing for pure merriment, their hearts free as yonder bird's who cuts the blue air on his joyous wings towards the rosy east:—they know not, will not, cannot believe that the time will come when that hair must be primly bound up; then turn gray: when those eyes will be dimmed with care and suffering: when those hearts, so wild with pleasure now, will be made to suffer cruelly by some of the little urchins with whom they play now laughingly Let us thank heaven for childhood's lightness, however The spring should not be tried until it is tempered.

The reign of marbles had come in: and those who have reflected philosophically upon these matters, will recall the fact that schoolboys like men are subject to furores. The games which balls figure in are everlasting—always popular: but marbles, prisoner's base, and "fox and a warner" are subject to the laws of change:—that is to say, they are at one moment neglected, then placed high upon the throne of popularity.

Marbles reigned then:—nothing was heard for a time on the joyous playground but those cabalistic words, "vence"—"things"—"leave lag"—"come to taw"—"stop pokin'"—let's plump"—"play for havin's"—"got my ownses"—"fat!"—"knuckle down"—"turnin's"—etc., etc. We have more than once endeavored to arrive at the origin and philosophic significance of these terms, but always vainly. "Vence" still remains in our minds destitute of any imaginable root in Hebrew, Sanscrit, Greek or Scandinavian: and the origin of "lag" like that of the popular German beer, is doubtful.

So they played: and many large proprietors were "broke:"—and others acquired large fortunes, which they stowed in their capacious pockets. The girls for the most part played at skipping rope, puss in the corner, and hunt the slipper—the soft grass affording a very agreeable emerald carpet for the purpose:—or they partook of the contents of their little baskets with great gusto, giving a portion to their non-marble-playing cavaliers, who had finished their own commissary stores some time before. A biscuit from a maiden was considered proof of incipient affection—an apple of tenderness—but a tart, a real cherry tart, with

crimson blood, and yellow, crisp delicious crust!—that was an evidence of passionate and eternal love.

Having exhausted marbles, the young gentlemen betook themselves to leap-frog, many of them rolling on the grass thereat. The artist of Parson Tag took a forlorn sketch of the scene as he gazed at it mournfully through the window —the reader will understand that this young gentleman, in addition to his flagellation, had been kept in—and having been obliged with a view of this sketch, which has remained in existence to the present day, we have taken the liberty of using it for the benefit of our readers. It represents the youths in their cutaway coats, and short clothes, and woollen stockings, flying over the heads of others, who stoop with their hands upon their knees; and under a tall oak a group of girls are watching the vaulters, and laughing at those who roll upon the ground, victims to the immoral practice in the steeds, of raising the shoulders as the frogs leap. Among the maidens we recognize Donsy perfectly—older than the rest, and laughing louder as Will rolls upon the ground.

Will breaks up the game, and suggests an undress parade of the Cornstalk regiment, which proposition is hailed with pleasure. Captain Effingham thereupon marshals his soldiers, using a piece of fence rail for a sword; and, mounted on a stump, makes them a patriotic address—this time uninterrupted—wherein he repeats his father's views upon the Stamp Act, which he believes to be a measure whereby the heads of everybody in the Colony of Virginia are to be chopped off. He denounces it, therefore, and calls on his companions to organize an opposition to the tyrant; and concludes with the observation that there is for himself but one alternative—either victory or death!

This speech is much admired, and a small storm of cheers crackle through the air; filling the orator's bosom with grateful emotion; his soldiers, however, decline hearing any more, as Donsy is heard to scream terribly: and they rush towards her to ascertain the origin of her emotion.

It was very simple. Just as Master Will had arrived at the grand burst, in which, as we have said, he declared his sentiments on the subject of death and victory, Donsy Smith who had been listening admiringly, heard a low whistle be

hind her shoulder, and, turning her head, her cherry lips had nearly impressed a salute upon those of Mr. Crow, who sat squat behind her, grinning and goggle-eyed—resembling, indeed, a small goblin of Ethiopian extraction.

Mr. Crow, finding himself the observed of all observers, marched forth into the open space, the thumb of one hand in his mouth, the other hand holding up the skirts of his lengthy coat. He seemed to feel that he was well worth seeing, and to court observation; his costume was, if possible, more diplomatic than ever, and his eyes brighter. His appearance was hailed with a great shout,—immediately a dozen hands seized him, and he was hoisted to the stump, and ordered to make a speech at once, on pain of dreadful punishment.

Mr. Crow does not display extraordinary confusion at this honour,—does not press his hand upon his waistcoat, or the portion of the frame usually covered with that garment; does not bow or simper. He looks around with an expression of modest confidence and amiable good nature, sucking his thumb.

"A speech!" they cry.

"A speech from Crow!"

"Hurrah!"

Mr. Crow takes his thumb from his mouth, and finding himself in a difficulty, draws upon Mr. William Effingham's ideas, which he has listened to with great attention.

"Well, gemblem," he says, with modesty, "I'se oppose, myself, to dis stump ac."

"Hurrah!" cry the scholars, "speak out, Crow."

"I'se gwine to 'pose it!" continues Crow, extending his right arm, with an electric gesture. The crowd shout and hurrah.

"I'se gwine myself to 'pose choppin' off my head!--- 'Two'nt do noways, gemblem! Just think how a feller 'd feel!"

This sentiment produces loud applause, which Mr. Crow acknowledges by waving the hand holding his coat tail, and, consequently, that portion of his vestment also.

"I'se gwine to go agin it to death!" continues Crow, with an heroic gesture, "I wants my head! how could I eat! how gwine to drink! how gwine to do nothin'! 'thout a head. Them's my senimers, gemblem—I say victry or deth."

And Crow brandishes both arms tremendously, and fights imaginary foes. His speech is received with tremendous applause, and a popular ovation is organized in an instant. Mounted on a rail, which is borne on the shoulders of half a dozen of the scholars, who split their sides laughing, the orator makes the circuit of the play-ground triumphantly. To be sure, the ovation, like all such things, has its disadvantages, and Crow makes more than one appeal to be permitted to sink into obscurity again. But these entreaties are disregarded, and he only has leave to change his horseback position from time to time, by leaning forward on his hands.

He says it hurts! they reply that it can't possibly.—"Oh yes, it do!" says Crow, writhing. "Stuff your coat tails under you," say the urchins. Crow resigns himself, with the air of a great man in misfortune,—when suddenly the bell rings, and the rail—and, consequently, Crow—drops to the ground.

Crow lies there until Donsy passes, rubbing his knees.

The master appears at the door: Crow's back being turned he does not see him.

Donsy draws near, laughing. Crow makes mysterious signals to her, which, at last, attract her attention.

Crow shows a letter, pushing it at her: Donsy bends down her laughing face, and asks what in the world he means. Crow makes mysterious signs of silence and precaution. Donsy stretches out her hand to take the letter, upon the back of which she reads her own name, written in large, sprawling characters. Crow winks—Donsy smiles—when, suddenly, the letter is grasped by a rough hand—Crow starts up, under the application of a switch, and Parson Tag, pursuing him, with infuriated visage, calls upon him by the designations of "rascal," "villain," and "wretch," to stop.

Crow runs for life—the parson pursues for the gratification of revenge—his skirts flying, his puffy breast heaving with the exertion and his wrath.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW THE AMBASSADOR WAS UNHORSED AND THEN HORSED

The muse is proverbially jealous and capricious—else would we endeavor to describe the greater than Olympic race which then ensued:—the windings, the turnings, the desperate efforts of the great orator and ambassador to escape the impending fate. Still thundered on behind him like an avenging Nemesis the irate parson, and Crow saw the shadow of his outstretched arm grasping at his coat tails.

New rapidity is added to his headlong speed:—he runs like a deer, and bounds like an antelope:—when, most disastrous event!—event ever to be deplored by Crow and all his posterity!—his feet trod on his coat-skirts, and, rolling on the ground, he became the prey of the enemy.

They had circled back to the school-house; and the parson had not far to bear his captive, whom he grasped by the waistband of his unmentionables and indescribables.

He enters in awful state—with gloomy brow, portentous frown. The assembled company are terror-struck, and regard Crow with horror and trembling, but with interest too:—as in old days the populace of Rome looked on the ox going to the altar to be immolated.

The parson looks round for a moment in silence:—he regards Donsy with an awful frown.

"What is this letter, brought by that villain?" he says to her.

Donsy blushes and murmurs:

"Indeed I don't know, sir."

"You do not know?"

"Indeed, I don't know, sir."

"Donsy Smith, you are telling me a falsehood!" says the worthy, with a deeper frown.

Donsy flushes to the roots of her hair, and looks indignant.

"I never did—tell—a falsehood—in my life!" she says, sobbing.

"Very well, madam!" replies the parson, "we shall see! I have a notion that this letter will clear up matters, and as

your preceptor and spiritual guide, I shall open it. William Lane," continues the worthy, addressing the author of the sketch of himself, "take care that that rascal who brought this does not escape. Hold him tight, sir."

William Lane holds Crow tightly by the collar, and surveys him with forlorn interest, thinking he would make a good sketch.

The parson without further preface tears open the letter and reads the following words, written in large uneven characters, with the end of a stick apparently.

"Oh my dear Miss Donsy!

"How ken I express myself writin' to you. I feel all over a-tremblin' and skeered, and I'm 'fraid the pen 'ill drop from my hand 'fore I get thru. I couldent tell you how much—there it is, comin' right out. Oh my dear Donsy, if I may call you my dear Donsy, which I'm 'fraid you'll git mad. Nobody in the whole wide world ken love you like I do. 'Deed they can't—I've been a-lovin' you now for one year and you don't know it, or perhaps you do, if so i'm mistaken' I told the cap'n that I couldn't say nothin' when you was lookin' at me, and he told me to go and talk to you and look up bold and not giv' up: I tried to, but I couldent, and you know how you twisted me over yo thum, i don't complain—i don't—but I think you ought to like me sum, cause I've been faithful to you, and never would have anything to do with Sally Jones, who is a pretty girl too, you know.

"And now my dear Miss Donsy—or if you'll let me call you so, my dearest Donsy, take pity on poor Lanky; I love you a heap, and I think you ought to like me sum, i can't play on my fiddle or work for thinkin' of you, and I never can forget you—no I can't. I thought I'd write it down, as I couldn't say it, and Crow will carry it: the black boy from town, you know.

"O! Donsy, I love you so much, indeed I do. So no more from your friend, till death, and loving,

"LANKY."

"Poscrip'. Don't show this to any body, and don't let the girls or boys see it, they would laugh at me O! if I

could only do somethin' for you—kill somebody, or do somethin' of that sort, you know.

"Your lover till death,

"LANKY."

"Poscrip' agin. To-morrow's Saturday, and the cap'n says I may have holida'. I'm comin' to see you, and we can go a fishin', you know. You've caught my heart, O! my dear Miss Donsy, or rather, dearest Donsy.

"Your devoted lover till death,

"LANKY."

The parson reads this epistle with a countenance working with rage.

"And you dared to bring this, did you!" he says to the unfortunate Crow, who rubs his coat cuff in his eyes despondingly, "you are the black boy from town the letter speaks of, are you! You are the villain that dared to come and hold surreptitious intercourse with my female scholars, bearing amatory missives, like this barbarous production!—you are the messenger, are you!"

Crow does not understand the meaning of "amatory missive," and "barbarous production," but he feels a dreadful consciousness that he is guilty of committing those two crimes, which he regards with horror, and fears a terrible punishment for. He is not suffered to remain long in doubt. The parson, rolling up his cuffs, and grasping a long and pliant birch, cries:

"Horse the villain! You, sir! you William Lane immediately, sir."

And Crow, spite of his desperate struggles, is placed upon the back of Mr. William Lane. The parson looks at him for a moment, with gloomy and irate interest: Crow, with his head turned sideways, regards the dreadful birch, and calculates the impending ruin. His hands are held tightly by the "horse:"—his coat skirts are arranged gracefully upon each side: his legs kick the air:—the hour was come.

"Now, you rascal!" says the parson, "I have caught you!"

And the birch descends upon the unfortunate Crow, who writhes with anguish.

"Now, you've caught it!" cries the parson, whistling his birch through the air, and bringing it down upon the repentant ambassador again.

"Oh, mas' parson! oh, mas' parson!" cries Crow.

The blows fall thicker—the ambassador cries out more loudly—the parson pants with the exertion—the unfortunate Crow writhes.

"Try that again, sir?" says the parson, striking quicker

Crow protests with overwhelming earnestness, that he has repented—will reform. Debarred from using persuasive gestures with his arms, he kicks his legs, following unconsciously the great precept of Demosthenes.

Donsy looks on with indignation, and she does not care to conceal it. The parson sees this expression, and says, in a pause of his exertions:

"Very well, my lady! you are presuming to frown when I am punishing this wretch!"

"It is unjust!" cries Donsy.

"Take care, madam!"

"It is!" sobs Donsy, "and you had no right to snatch my letter and read it:—that you hadn't, sir!"

And she sheds a torrent of mortified tears—the parson regarding her with a mixture of surprise, scorn, and anger.

"You presume, then, to lecture me, madam!" he says.

Donsy repeats obstinately:

"You had no right to read my letter!—no, you hadn't!"

The parson takes a step toward the girl.

"Don't provoke me, you little hussy!" he says, "or I'll whip *you* too."

"Me!" cries Donsy, overwhelmed with indignation, and dread of the disgraceful punishment.

"Yes, you! I'll whip you, within an inch of your life!"

"No, you won't!" cries Will Effingham, starting up, "just try it!"

But before the parson can turn round, this champion is sunk into the shade immediately: the door bursts open with a loud noise—a stool is turned over, and Donsy has a second and more irate champion.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH A CHARIOT AND FOUR HORSES COMES TO THE RESCUE.

THE new champion is no other than our friend Lanky—but so disguised that we should scarcely have known him by twilight. He wears an old cocked hat of the Captain's, a pair of his cast-off boots, and around his waist is buckled an old sword, which clatters against his boots:—all which decorations he has assumed by the advice of the soldier, to make an impression on the heart of his ladylove.

Lanky had followed his messenger, seen the capture of his letter, the pursuit of Crow, and the capture of that gentleman:—he had gone to the door when it was closed;—seen the parson reading disdainfully, the splendid epistle which it had taken him a week to concoct;—and then witnessed the sacrifice of Mr. Crow:—all this with anger and indignation which gradually grew hotter, and began to boil within him. Then he had seen Donsy remonstrate, had heard the parson threaten her—lastly had seen him advance toward that empress of his heart, with an upraised rod to inflict upon *his* Donsy a disgraceful punishment. Then he boiled over, rage carried him away—he burst open the door, and rushed in, regardless of consequences.

The parson turns, with a tremendous frown upon his visage.

"Try it! yes, try it!" cries Lanky, drawing his sword and boiling over, as we have observed, with indignation, "just touch Donsy! let me see you!"

The scholars gaze at the champion, and tremble.

"Yes, it's shameful to be a threatenin' a girl! you know it is!" continues Lanky, trembling with excitement, and stamping upon the floor with his great feet; "a man who would hurt a girl don't deserve any sort o' respect!"

The parson, for a moment paralyzed by the audacity of the intruder, and doubting whether he is not some grand seigneur—makes no reply: but suddenly recognizes Lanky: Lanky the country bumpkin: Lanky the barbarous heathen, ignorant even of the existence of syntax and prosody: Lanky the scum of the earth. He starts forward to attack him.

But Donsy interposes to protect her cavalier—she seizes the uplifted rod. The parson utters a cry of rage, and endeavors to release his arm, and strike the girl.

Lanky rushes at him thereupon, and grapples with him furiously—Donsy screams—Crow rolls—the parson struggles with his enemy, and with one of the quick movements of his elbow, strikes Donsy, who falls into the arms of Will Effingham, rushing to her rescue.

Lanky, driven to fury, clenches his teeth, throws his whole weight upon his antagonist's breast, and they both fall, Lanky's sword striking against the benches with an awful clatter.

"Murder!" cries the parson.

"Oh Lanky!" says Donsy.

"Go it!" says Will.

But Lanky cannot strike a prostrate foe: had he been a knight of the middle age, his martial sword no doubt would have entered the breast of his enemy. But Lanky is a simple country young gentleman of the eighteenth century, and he rises.

The parson starts to his feet again, furious, raging:—he seizes the tongs: he launches those useful instruments at Lanky, and knocks down the unfortunate Crow, who disappears like a ball of charcoal through the open door, and is no more seen.

Lanky thereupon draws his sword:—the parson seizes a stick of wood: Lanky brandishes the deadly weapon—the parson grasps his billet;—the bitter enemies prepare for the final and decisive charge, the great struggle which shall decide all.

This is the position of affairs, when there appears at the door a martial and stalwart looking gentleman, with a long black moustache and laughing face, who cries in loud, strident tones,

"*Morbleu! Diable! Sacre!* Why it's Lanky!"

And overcome by the ludicrous figure of the parson and the intensely warlike attitude of Lanky, Captain Ralph bursts into a loud laugh. Lanky turns at this noise, recognizes his master, and dutifully lowers his sword.

"*Que le diable!*" cries the Captain, laughing again. "Was the like ever seen? What! fighting the clergy, you villain? I'm ashamed of you!"

Lanky restores his weapon to its place, and hangs his head.

"He wanted to whip Donsy," says Lanky.

"Whip a girl?"

"Yes, Cap'n."

"Bah! is that possible, reverend sir? It cannot be that you would have struck a child, and that child a girl?"

The parson draws himself up haughtily, and drops the stick of wood.

"Permit me, if you please, sir," he says, looking sidewise at his interlocutor, "to act as seems proper to me in my own school!"

"Basta! I shall permit no such thing! Ah! your reverence, you are greatly mistaken if you think the State of Virginia is like the frontier of Germany. You will recollect."

The parson looks gloomily at the Captain, striving to recognize him.

"Who are you, sir?" he says.

"*Ma foi!* Waters is my name, and you will recollect that we had the pleasure of carrying a halberd, side by side, somewhere about the year '55. Eh? Well, sir, I repeat that your reverence can no longer carry the high hand, and make the women and girls scream, as you once used to, when you drove them in crowds from their quarters in the villages. Bah! you disgust me, you great gobemouche, and I think that Lanky must decidedly have been in the right."

Strange and tremendous to relate, the parson no longer looks bold, or retains his proud, haughty attitude; he cowers before the disdainful words of the soldier, he permits Lanky to make his report without interruption. The Captain exonerates Lanky, but observes that, as a general rule, it is improper to attack the clergy with carnal weapons, and then makes a sign to Donsy, who approaches, sobbing.

"Ah, my dear Miss Donsy," he says, gallantly, "I assure you I understand perfectly Lanky's infatuation now! But believe me, if you have a pretty face, Lanky has a warm and excellent heart—*bon garçon!* and as true as steel, with that pine knot head of his. Now see! I am sure the parson will treat you well in future, for my sake."

The parson feels himself in his enemy's power: he is growing humbler and humbler.

"Come, don't cry," says the worthy Captain, "that is bad."

"I'm not well, sir. I have been sick lately. I'm not crying, sir."

With which Donsy sobs.

"Morbleu! I never could bear tears. Egad! I'll take you home. Where do you live?"

"In town, sir."

"Too far to walk if you are unwell; faith! you shall go with me."

Donsy looks at the parson dutifully, who nods a sullen assent, and says to the Captain:

"I'm afraid your horse will not carry us both, sir."

"My horse? I have none."

"Sir?" says Donsy.

"I can offer you better than a horse, Miss Donsy," says the Captain, and he leads her out, Lanky following.

Not far from the door stands a splendid chariot, with four fine pawing horses, reined in by a plethoric coachman. Behind on the shining footboard stands another servant, and the whole equipage is in the richest and finest taste. Lanky's eyes expand to the dimensions of saucers; the Captain laughs.

"My new coach, pardy!" he says. "Permit me to introduce it to you, Mr. Lanky; just arrived, and my jewels with it."

"Your coach, sir?" says Lanky, in an attitude of wonder.

"Yes, indeed."

"Your jewels, sir?"

"Pardy!"

"Oh, Cap'n!"

And after this supreme exhibition of surprise, Lanky remains in a trance of wonder and admiration.

"I heard that infernal racket you were raising in there," says the Captain, as he leads Donsy towards the chariot, "and felt a presentiment that you and your new ornaments had something to do with it. I jumped out—entered! Voila toute!"

And the Captain assists Donsy in, and motions Lanky to follow.

"Oh, Cap'n!" says Lanky.

And this is all he can say. The Captain enters last, the door is closed, and, wheeling round, the coach takes the road toward Williamsburg, which it has just left. Lanky preserves the silence of admiration and triumph. His stalwart arm has rescued his lady love; a fairy chariot rolls up to bear her and him away from the enemy's clutches; he rides in state, on velvet cushions, his head reposing, like a proud, gigantic pine knot, on the silken lining of the vehicle. He looks at Donsy, who sobs in one corner, and he can make no reply to his master's raillery.

The small shop of Mr. A. Z. Smith, factor, is thrown into a tremendous excitement by the coach stopping before the door, and Mr. A. Z. Smith issues forth, hat in hand. He is anxious to know the wishes of his Honor, who, without replying, hands out Donsy, to his profound astonishment. Lanky greets Mr. A. Z. Smith with dignified courtesy, and offers his arm to lead Donsy in, with his nose in the air.

The Captain now explains all, with a profusion of morbleus and laughter. Mr. A. Z. Smith vituperates the parson with his wheezy little voice, and when Captain Ralph empties a cup of rum with him, Lanky's prospects have taken a great stride. That young gentleman makes the appointment to go on a fishing ramble in the morning, being Saturday, and then he re-enters the coach with the air of a nobleman, his hand upon his hip, his hat cocked over one eye, his boots clattering, his sword making a martial clangor, as it bangs against the door. Captain Ralph regards these things with a smile, and says, "to the Raleigh."

They stop before the tavern. Lanky does not stir.

"Get out, you villain!" says the Captain; and Lanky flies out like a rocket.

"Oh, Cap'n!" he observes.

"I have determined not to make my visit," says the Captain. "I shall return home on Selim; you need not wait, Lanky, as you will walk."

And the Captain twirls his mustaches, with a laugh, and enters the tavern. As for Lanky, he gazes after him for a moment, sighs, pulls his hat over his eyes, and sets out for

home, with the philosophic reflection that one cannot always ride in chariots.

CHAPTER XX.

THE AUTHOR OF THE MS. EXPLAINS SUNDRY THINGS PERTINENT TO THIS HISTORY.

'I HAVE endeavored in portions of the preceding pages," says the author of the MS., "to trace the changes of feeling in two different persons, whose fortunes enter largely into this narrative. In the first place, I have tried to show how Miss Henrietta Lee—proud, high-spirited, aristocratic, and full of well-bred contempt for every one not unmistakably a gentleman in blood—on their first interviews, regarded Captain Ralph Waters, the honest and high-minded soldier with great disdain. I have shown how she addressed him, when she condescended to do so, with frigid coldness; resented his easy sang froid in her presence, as a deliberate offence; summoned all her pride of blood and rank to suppress her audacious admirer's ease, and reduce him to his proper place. We have seen her in repeated interviews, preserve this coldness less and less; then complain of him, having lost her silent disdain; then launch forth into an obstinate, hand-to-hand encounter of wit with the soldier, finally, begin to be amused at his unaffected nonchalance, his martial and brilliant narratives of the campaigns he had fought almost from his boyhood to the present hour; and feel some anxiety to rescue her character from the imputation of preferring the exact antipode of himself—the fop!

"Miss Henrietta Lee was, of course, not conscious of this gradual change of feeling towards the soldier. For not one person in ten thousand ever becomes aware of his or her feelings until some great crisis reveals them in their strength and power. It is a common adage, that we do not know how much we love certain persons until we have lost them; and this is but one instance, taken from a thousand, of the truth of the observation I have made.

"But if Miss Henrietta Lee was not aware of her change of feeling toward Captain Ralph Waters, she must have felt that he was not wholly the same to her as formerly· she

must have perceived that she no longer looked upon him with cold disdain, lordly contempt; that was no longer possible.

'She had prepared herself to encounter the rude and offensive manners of a mere camp-soldier; a rough man, who had won her father's friendship by relating the incidents of the war in Europe. She had expected to find simply a disagreeable, vulgar individual, who knew nothing of the rules of good society, who would stumble over the chairs, commit eternal gaucheries, make himself a nuisance and an eye-sore. All this she had expected, and she was deceived. She found a man who was quite cognizant of the rules of good breeding, who bowed with the utmost grace, and with the exception of his French expletives, was quite irreproachable.

"She did not come to this conclusion without a struggle with herself; and she tried to say disdainfully, that all this was affected, that he was a mere adventurer, that he was ashamed of his origin, and wished to rise from the class in which he was born. But the disdainful smile disappeared, her scorn she felt was unjust; and Henrietta Lee, with her proud, wealthy nature, never committed a deliberate injustice. She was above that, and this sincerity of character now made her confess to herself that in imagining Captain Waters a mere adventurer, ashamed of his origin, and seeking to conceal it, she was mistaken. The Captain had a score of times taken occasion to say that he was the son of a fisherman, with the most unaffected calmness; that he was proud of his father and his brother; and it was very plain that this pride and affection was not put on for the nonce, or it would never have been spoken of so often. No; Captain Waters was not ashamed of his lineage; he had not been bred up in the midst of the singularly graded society of the colony; he felt no inferiority in the presence of any one, that was plain. The commander over him in battle was his superior—not the citizen who wore finer clothes, and had a finer ancestry. What Charles Waters arrived at by logic, the Captain came to by pure instinct, and the instinct had been stronger than the logic. No; Captain Waters was not desirous to hide his low birth; he did not apologize for it, he did not regret it he regarded it as a circumstance in his life of small importance, as long as he was the fearless soldier, the honest heart All this was plain to Henrietta.

"Now, when a proud nature finds that it has done injustice, the first result is a strong reaction in opposition to the former sentiment. The proud, brilliant mind of Henrietta Lee had never stooped to any petty meanness, and those who suffered from her wit and liked her least, confessed that she had never been guilty of narrow and illiberal things, even. Her aristocratic feeling was a portion of her blood—uncontrollable; and this she did not regard as wrong at all. So when she found that she had done Captain Waters injustice she began to like him, and to laugh in private over his amusing stories; and with the natural feeling of her sex, to admire those martial traits of the soldier which she had quarrelled with.

"We need not proceed at present to trace the change of sentiment farther; in future pages of this history the reader will perceive what further attended this young lady's revulsion of feeling toward her admirer. I shall proceed now to speak of my respected ancestor Champ Effingham, Esq., and *his* feelings briefly.

"I need not repeat the description of his own feelings given by himself to his friend Mr. Hamilton, and had one not listened to that monologue, I suppose none could fail to have conceived a very accurate idea of this gentleman's character from the former portion of the history. Let me then pass at once to the first interview between himself and Miss Clare Lee, the tender and sincere woman, whom I have given so little space to in this narrative. His heart had experienced a deeper emotion in that interview than he chose to confess; he was not perfectly calm, though his long apathy had given him the habit of suppressing every emotion with a rod of iron. No; her soft, tender face, so full of former happiness, and eloquent of his far golden youth, shone on him like a bright harvest moon—full of peace, and joy, and love. His dull blood had leaped, his stagnant heart had throbbed; once more he experienced a sensation of that pure, delicate, tender joy, which is never found in fiery, devouring passions. He felt that his mad infatuation had scarcely diminished that sentiment shrined far back in the recesses of his heart; that the flame had not reached those depths; the MS. recording his bright youth had not been burned; all then was still the same: as clear as ever.

"Still he determined to avoid Clare sedulously, and for a double reason:—first shame, and then fear. Not that my worthy ancestor was really ashamed of his infatuation—ashamed in the ordinary meaning of the term. I am afraid that his headstrong nature seldom felt the sentiment. But he experienced a rational doubt of his reception at Riverhead by the young girl whose heart he had so cruelly tried; whose pure, tender love, he had slighted for a wild passion. He did not fancy playing the repentant—striking his breast and crying *mea culpâ!* pity! This was quite out of the question in the present instance with Mr. Effingham, and to avoid all disagreeable scenes, he resolved to continue in Virginia the resolution he had adopted on the Continent; here as there, he would avoid all women.

"I have said that my respected ancestor's second sentiment was fear—that is fear of himself. After that volcano-like explosion, he dreaded his own passions; he was perfectly well convinced that when aroused, these passions were as fetterless as the wind; and he indulged, what seems to me looking back now on his character, a rational fear of his feelings.

"But Mr. Hamilton had by a word on the day of the fox-hunt, persuaded him to conquer both these sentiments, and enter. Then he felt that his resolution was not very strong; that the very strength of feeling which caused him to make those precautionary resolutions, now led him to break them at a single word.

"He spent the day; and all that day the feeling that he loved her still was gaining ground: he dwelt on her tender face with pensive, drooping eyes, the faint weary smile growing brighter as he went over the soft past, he experienced a strange emotion of purity and gentleness in her presence; she seemed to make the world bright for him again, throwing a new light on the landscape of his life, like dawn after the dim moonlight, or the white glare of snow.

"That song which he had heard her sing so often in the past—the happy golden past, when he was young and loved her so tenderly—came finally to complete his change of feeling, and he knew that he loved her more than ever—far more; more profoundly, truly, tenderly. Then, at the same moment, he saw her giving kind glances to his

friend, and all of these glances pierced his soul; but his face did not move, only the shadow returned. He went as quietly as he came, speaking with his eyes only, and those eyes asked nothing. When he lost sight of her his head drooped.

"The evening at the hall was a great trial; it was plain that she and Hamilton were little less than lovers—she was so kind—he so devotedly attentive. He spoke to her but once or twice, and then calmly and quietly; and, as we have seen, pressed Mr. Hamilton's hand with a warmth which indicated something more than regret at parting. Thus he laid no claim to her heart—he felt it was gone from him. But he could dream of her; and how he dreamt I have related.

"These few words of comment will enable the reader to comprehend more easily the events which follow. Though preferring to write down what the characters of my history said to each other, from the conviction that their traits are most easily developed by themselves, I have thought fit to pause here, to speak thus briefly in my own person of Captain Waters, and my respected ancestor. I now proceed."

CHAPTER XXI.

HOW THE WHOLE COLONY OF VIRGINIA WENT TO THE JAMESTOWN RACES, AND WHAT ENSUED.

THE races!

That word always produces a strong effect upon men in the South; and when the day fixed upon for the Jamestown races comes, the country is alive for miles around with persons of all classes and descriptions.

As the hour of noon approaches, the ground swarms with every species of the genus homo; Williamsburg and the seafaring village of Jamestown turn out *en masse*, and leave all occupations for the exciting turf.

As the day draws on the crowd becomes more dense. The splendid chariots of the gentry roll up to the stand, and group themselves around it, in a position to overlook

the race-course, and through the wide windows are seen the sparkling eyes and powdered locks, and diamonds and gay silk and velvet dresses of those fair dames who lent such richness and picturesque beauty to the old days dead now so long ago in the far past. The fine-looking old planters too are decked in their holiday suits, their powdered hair is tied into queues behind with neat black ribbon, and they descend and mingle with their neighbors, and discuss the coming festival.

Gay youths, in rich brilliant dresses, caracole up to the carriages on fiery steeds, to display their horsemanship, and exchange compliments with their friends, and make pretty speeches, which are received by the bright-eyed damsels with little ogles, and flirts of their variegated fans, and rapturous delight.

Meanwhile the crowd grows each moment, as the flood pours in from the north, the south, the east, the west—from every point of the compass, and in every species of vehicle. There are gay parties of the yeomen and their wives and daughters, in carryalls and wagons filled with straw, upon which chairs are placed: there are rollicking fast men—if we may use the word becoming customary in our own day—who whirl in, in their curricles: there are barouches and chairs, spring wagons and carts, all full, approaching in every way from a sober walk to a furious headlong dash, all "going to the races." There are horsemen who lean forward, horsemen who lean back; furious, excited horsemen, urging their steeds with whip and spur; cool, quiet horsemen, who ride erect and slowly: there are, besides, pedestrians of every class and appearance, old and young, male and female, black and white—all going to the races.

These latter gather around the booths erected by the stand and discuss the various mixtures of Jamaica there displayed in tempting array; and near by, all varieties of edibles are set out, and attacked. Ale foams; healths (and individuals) are drunk; bets are made.

The vulgar blacklegs, if we may speak so disrespectfully of that large and influential class, congregate temporarily around the tables where a dozen games of chance are exhibited; and here they amuse themselves while awaiting the great supreme gambling of the race.

The crowd is all in a buzz, which at times rises to a shout; it undulates like a stormy sea; it rolls and murmurs, and rumbles and laughs—in a word, it has come to see the races.

The hour at last arrives, and a horn sounding from the judges' stand, the horses are led out in their blankets and head coverings, and walked up and down before the crowd by their trainers, who are for the most part old gray-headed negroes, born and raised, to the best of their recollection, on the turf. The riders are noble scions of the same ancient stock, and average three feet and a half in height, and twenty pounds in weight. They are clad in ornamental gar ments; wear little close-fitting caps, and while they are waiting, sit huddled up in the grass, sucking their thumbs, and talking confidentially about "them there hosses."

Let us look at the objects of their attention; they are well worth it.

Mr. Howard enters the bay horse *Sir Archy*, out of Flying Dick, by Roderick.

Mr. James enters *Fair Anna*, a white mare, dam Virginia, sire Belgrave.

Captain Waters enters the Arabian horse *Selim*, descended in a direct line, he is informed, from Al-borak, who carried the prophet Mahomet up to heaven—though this pedigree is not vouched for. The said pedigree is open to the inspection of all comers. NOTE—That it is written in Arabic.

There are other entries, but not much attention is paid to them. The race will be between Sir Archy and Fair Anna, and perhaps the outlandish horse will not be "distanced."

The horses are stripped, and the excited spectators gather round them and commence betting. Two to one is offered on Sir Archy; he takes every eye; he is a noble animal. His training has been excessive, and the sinews web his limbs like cords of steel woven into network; he strides like a giant, his eyes blaze, he bites at his groom.

Fair Anna is a beautiful little creature, as slender and graceful as a deer, with a coat of milky whiteness; and she steps daintily, like a kitten. She is known, however, and those who have seen her run, know that she has extraordinary speed and bottom.

The Arabian horse is unknown, and offers few indications of either speed or strength. The ladies say he is lovely, however, and the old jockeys scan the animal attentively, and discover some unusual points.

But the ladies, for the most part, admire the white mare above all; and the young damsels and gentlemen of youthful years request their parents to furnish them with some guineas to bet upon the lovely animal. The old planters having for the most part staked large sums on Sir Archy decline this request with petulance. Among these juveniles, seized with the gambling mania, are Master Willie Effingham and Mr. Tommy Alston, who espouse different sides. Tommy admires fair Anna, Will, Sir Archy. Having no money beyond a crown or so, they content themselves with staking that, and Kate is called upon to hold the stakes, which she does with great good nature.

"Ah! you are betting, I think, petite ma'mselle!" says a sonorous and good-humoured voice.

Kate raises her eyes, and recognizes Captain Ralph, who rides his roan. She smiles, for the kindly honest voice of the soldier pleases her, and says:

"Oh no, sir! I was just holding stakes for Willie and Mr. Alston."

"Mr. Alston? Oh—*pardonnez:* I understand."

And the Captain laughs, and asks how the betting goes.

"Two to one on Sir Archy," says Kate quite easily.

"And on Selim?"

"I'm sure he's the prettiest, and I know he'll win, sir," says Kate, "but the bet is on Sir Archy and Fair Anna."

The Captain laughs, and rides on: he draws up by Mr. Lee's chariot.

"Ah good-day, my dear mesdames," he says, "how is the betting, pray?"

"I have bet largely against Selim, sir," says Henrietta, "I know he'll be beaten."

"Beaten, say you, my dear madam?"

"Yes."

"By what—rods?"

"No, sir, by Sir Archy."

"Ah, you think so?" says the Captain, pleasantly "Well, I do not agree with you, morbleu!"

"He's found his match," says Henrietta, with a mischievous sparkle of her brilliant eye.

"So have I," replies the Captain, with a look which makes Miss Henrietta blush.

She endeavors to rally.

"What will you bet, sir?"

"I? I will bet you a thousand pounds to a penny, that Selim wins the race. See how infatuated I am! What say you, morbleu! madam?"

Henrietta smiles satirically.

"Suppose we wager something more valuable, sir" she says, "something rare!"

"What shall it be?"

"This ringlet against one of your *morbleus!*"

The Captain relishes this pleasantry and laughs.

"Ah, madam!" he says, "the stakes are not even: suppose I stake the contents of this box, against the said ringlet"

And the soldier draws a morocco case from his bosom

"What is it?" says Henrietta.

"I deny your right to ask," laughs the soldier.

"Unjust!" says Henrietta.

"Why, 'faith?"

"Because, sir, you know what my stake is—while I do not know yours."

"How do I know what it is you offer to bet, madam?"

"Why it is this ringlet, sir."

And Henrietta twines around her beautiful jewelled hand a glossy curl which reposes on her cheek.

Captain Ralph laughs, and replies:

"Ma foi! I know it is: but I maintain that I am not enlightened yet:—the said ringlet may be a wig, my dear madam."

Henrietta pouts: Clare smiles.

"I assure you, sir, that I never wear wigs," says the lady.

"Well, madam, then I will, for the sake of argument—no, for the sake of betting, admit the reality of that exquisite curl; and yet I must be permitted to make a request."

"What is that, sir?"

"That you will let Miss Clare hold my stake, and promise not to open it, or seek to find what it is."

Henrietta takes the morocco case, and looks at it curiously, hesitating.

"Well," says the Captain, laughing, "I see our wager is at an end, pardy! You refuse my conditions."

"No, sir, I accept."

And Henrietta hands the case to Clare.

"I suppose I may retain the curl until it is won—if that ever happens, monsieur?" she says, satirically.

"*Oui! oui!*" responds the soldier, laughing, "assuredly, and now what is our bet, pray? I see the judges about to give the signal to prepare the horses."

"I bet," said Henrietta, "that Sir Archy or Fair Anna will beat Selim."

"The first heat?"

"As you choose, sir."

"Well," says Captain Ralph, "I close. Remember Ma'mselle Clare," he adds to her companion, "that Madam Henriette and myself have laid a wager of that morocco case and its contents, against a curl of her hair, that Sir Archy beats my Arabian the first heat. Do not forget!"

"The first heat, sir?" asks Clare, in her mild voice.

"Yes," replies the Captain, "there will be three I am informed—three of two miles each. The horse which wins two out of these three heats, of course beats the field."

Clare nods.

"Prepare the horses!" comes from the judges' stand opposite.

Captain Ralph leaves the ladies with a gallant bow, and pushes his way through the swaying and excited crowd, toward the spot where the animals are being saddled.

A tremendous hurly-burly reigns there; men of all classes, boys, negroes, gentlemen, indented servants—all are betting with intense excitement. The dignified grooms endeavor to keep back the crowd:—the owners of the horses give their orders to the microscopic monkeys who are to ride. Mr. Howard, a fine-looking, somewhat supercilious gentleman, says to his rider:

"Jake, trail on a tight rein the first mile, press gradually on the second, and win the heat by half a length: if you are an inch before that, I'll murder you you villain."

"Yes, massa," replies Jake, with a satisfied smile, and great cheerfulness. "I gwine to do dat very ting, *I* is."

Mr. James is a solemn-looking Napoleon of the turf, and impresses upon his rider a whole volume of instructions, with gravity, and a serious and affecting earnestness.

"Feel Sir Archy from the word proceed," he says, "and if it appears from a calm review of all the circumstances, that the mare has got the heels of him, come in half a head before him. If the mare fails to get her speed in the first brush, refrain from pushing her:—it is a matter of no importance to win this the first heat—but be sure to come to me before the second."

"Yes, my massa."

Captain Ralph says to his rider:

"Give me your whip:—good! now take off those spurs. Very well: now remember to keep silent—do not speak to your horse, do not tug at his rein: simply keep him in the track, and aim to keep the inside. Do not trouble yourself to win the heat—the rest I think is safe. Remember to lean far forward, and if there is danger of being distanced, I permit you to whistle in the horse's ears. Again, do not push to win this heat. Go!"

The riders are raised by one leg into the saddles: they gather up the reins: the drum taps: they are off like lightning.

The course is a mile in circumference, and they go round it before the excited crowd can look at them a dozen times. They whirl past the stand, and push on again.

Sir Archy leads: Fair Anna trails on a hard rein: the Arabian is two lengths behind: but he is not running.

They thunder up the quarter stretch: Sir Archy is bounding, like some diabolical monster, far before his companions, spite of his owner's cries: the Arabian has come up and locks the mare: they run neck and neck. Sir Archy whirls past the stand, and wins the heat by a hundred yards. The immense crowd utters a shout which shakes the surrounding forest.

The owner of Sir Archy looks with ominous meaning at Jake:—that youth begins to tremble, and says that he couldn't hold him. Mr. Howard turns to the horse. Sir Archy's eyes glare—he does not sweat at all: his coat is

covered with a dry dusty oil, and he pants dreadfully: he is over-trained.

Fair Anna is as wet as if she had just swam a river: the moisture streams from her: she looks like an ivory statue in a fountain. The grooms rake the sweat off in foamy floods: she breathes regularly.

The Arabian's coat is merely glossier: an imperceptible moisture bathes it, and he is quite still: he does not pant: his breathing is calm.

The horses are again enveloped in their hoods and blankets. Captain Ralph returns to the Riverhead carriage.

"Parbleu! you've won, my dear madam!" he says, "behold, here I am very unhappy!"

Henrietta does not quarrel this time with his French, but laughs triumphantly.

"A favor?" continues the unfortunate Captain, with a melancholy air.

"Oh, certainly!" cries Henrietta.

"I ask that you will not open the morocco case which—*miserable!*—I have lost, until you return home. Is it very hard?"

"Oh no, sir; and I promise without hesitation. Give it to me, Clare."

And she takes the case, puts it in her muff, and smiles.

"Any more betting, sir?" she says, satirically.

"Who, I?'

"Yes, sir."

"Assuredly!" says the Captain;" do not think, *chere ma'm'selle*, that I am very much cast down. I am so far from that, I assure you, that I am ready to take the field again."

"Well, sir."

"Then you will bet again, madam?"

"Yes, indeed."

"*Bien!* I now stake all that is left me in the world—though not quite. I stake my horse, Selim, against the curl and the pair of gloves you wear, with the knot of ribbons at your girdle thrown in—all upon the final issue."

Henrietta blushes; for, however common such gallant proposals were at that day, she cannot misunderstand the meaning of the soldier's glance, and reddens beneath it.

"That would be unfair, sir," she says.

"Not so, my dear madam; for are you not sure to lose?"

"To lose?"

"Yes, indeed."

"No, sir; I am sure to win."

"Bah! you ladies have such a delicious little confidence in the things you patronize, that it is really astonishing. You think Sir Archy will beat Selim? Pshaw! you know nothing about it."

This piques madam Henrietta, and she smiles satirically again as she says:

"Well, sir, I do not want your pretty horse—but if you insist, why, I cannot retreat. I shall, at least, have the pleasure of returning him to his master."

The Captain shakes his head.

"A bet upon such terms, is no bet at all, my dearest madam," he says, "for, I assure you, if I win, you will return home curl-less, glove-less, and ribbon-less. All is fair in war—and love."

With which words, Captain Ralph darts a martial ogle at his companion. This piques her more than ever.

"Well, sir," she replies, "if you are determined, have your desire."

"Good!" cries the captain, "we are just in time. There is the horse. Remember now, Ma'm'selle Clare, that we have lain a wager on the final issue. I bet Selim against a curl, a pair of gloves, and a piece of ribbon, that the Arabian beats the field. Miss Henrietta, that he will not. *Voici*, I do not ask you to hold my stakes," adds the Captain with a laugh as he bows, "for I think that will be as much as his rider will be able to do!"

And, with another gallant bow, the Captain rides away toward the horses.

The boys are again instructed much after the same fashion: the signal is given in the midst of breathless suspense, and the horses dart from their places.

They dart around, Sir Archy again leading: but this position he does not hold throughout the first mile: he gradually falls behind and when they pass the winning-post he is

fifty yards in the rear. His owner tears his hair, but the crowd do not see him—they flush and shout.

The second mile is between Fair Anna and the Arabian, and they lock in the middle of it: but the Arabian gradually takes the lead, and when they flash up to the stand he is ten yards ahead. Sir Archy is distanced and withdrawn.

It would be impossible to describe the excitement of the crowd:—the tremendous effect produced upon them by this reversal of all their hopes and expectations. They roll about like waves, they shout, they curse, they rumble and groan like a stormy sea.

The horses are the objects of every one's attention. Their condition will go far to indicate the final result—and Sir Archy being led away and withdrawn, the race now will be between Fair Anna and the Arabian.

Mr. James looks more solemn than ever, and all eyes are turned upon him. Captain Waters is not visible—he is yonder, conversing with the ladies.

But the horses! Fair Anna pants and breathes heavily. her coat is drenched more completely than before with perspiration; her mouth foams: she tosses her head: when the rake is applied to her back a shower falls.

The Arabian is wet all over too: but he breathes regularly: his eye is bright and his head calm. He has commenced running. The first intention of Mr. James is to give up the race, but his pride will not let him. He utters an oath, and gives renewed instructions to his rider. These instructions are to whip and spur—to take the lead and keep it, from the start.

The moment for the final struggle arrives, and Captain Ralph merely says, "Rein free!"

The boys mount—the crowd opens; the drum taps and the animals are off like lightning.

Fair Anna feels that all her previous reputation is at stake, and flies like a deer. She passes around the first mile like a flash of white light: but the Arabian is beside her. For a quarter of a mile thereafter they run neck and neck—the rider of Fair Anna lashes and spurs desperately.

They come up to the quarter-stretch in the last mile at supernatural speed:—the spectators rise on their toes and shout:—two shadows pass them like the shadows of darting

hawks:—tho mare barely saves her distance and the Arabian has triumphed.

If we could not describe the excitement after the second heat, what possibility is there that we could convey an idea of the raging and surging pandemonium which the crowd now came to resemble? Furious cries—shouts—curses—applause—laughter—and the rattle of coin leaving unwilling hands are some of the sounds. But here we must give up:—as no mere pen can describe the raging of a great mass of water lashed by an angry wind into foam and whistling spray and muttering waves, which rise and fall and crash incessantly, so we cannot trace the outline of the wildly-excited crowd.

The Captain wipes Selim's neck with his white handkerchief, and the panting animal raises his head and whinnies.

"See, gentlemen!" says the soldier laughing, while Mr. Howard scowls proudly at him, "Morbleu! my horse is merely a little warm—just come to his speed! Why did I not stake my whole fortune on him!"

And uttering this preposterous jest, the soldier caresses Selim, who manifests much pleasure thereat; and sending him back to the stable, mounts his horse and goes and claims his wager from the mortified Henrietta. She takes off the gloves and hands them to him, with the ribbon knot, which she detached from her girdle with a jerk betraying no slight ill-humor.

"There, sir! at least I am honest, and pay my just debts!" she says: "but please leave my curl."

The Captain folds up the gloves, wraps them in the ribbon, and places the whole in the pocket of his surtout.

"Leave the curl?" he says, laughing, "Oh, of course! But I assure you, my dear Ma'm'selle Henrietta, that my liberality is only for the moment. I shall claim it some day or other. All is fair in war—and love!"

With which words the Captain laughs louder than he was ever known to laugh before.

CHAPTER XXII.

SHADOWS OF THE PAST: SOMEWHAT GROTESQUE

THE reader must have perceived from the foregoing sketch, that "the races" in Virginia in the year 1765, did not materially differ from those at the present day:—but we hav not quite finished our brief and hasty sketch, and he must suspend his opinion.

Still we cannot enter into any thing like a full description of the ceremonies which took up the remainder of the day:—just as we have been unable to draw a full length portrait of the fox-hunt—the festival at the hall—and further back, the grand opening day of the house of Burgesses. As we have said in former pages, this narrative is rather an account of the fortunes of a certain set of personages, and the events which directly affected them:—so the reader must be content with a very brief and imperfect sketch of the amusements which followed the triumph of Selim.

The race was gotten up by a number of subscribers, and though a purse was not suspended from a pole for the victorious jockey to take down, every other ceremony was observed.

These ceremonies were characteristic of the times, and an outline of them may amuse the reader.

First, a number of stalwart countrymen entered the ring—the races between the remaining horses having been run be it understood—and these hardy gentlemen are armed with stout cudgels, which they brandish around their heads in furious style, much after the manner of those gentlemen who followed, and flourished the quarter-staff in honor of that noble outlaw, Robin Hood.

The victor in the awful game is to have a hat worth twenty shillings, and this hat, of the cocked species, with a handsome feather, is suspended from a pliant pole above their heads.

The signal is given, and the brave combatants close and rain down a shower of blows, which rattle like hail, and cause the crowd of spectators to utter shouts of delight. The

victor is no other than our old friend Townes, who says as he perches the fine hat on his bushy locks:

"Well, I dusted 'em! Their jackets won't want a brushin' soon agin!"

And he marches off amid great applause.

Next comes a wrestling match, and the prize of the victor here is a pair of velvet buckles, which are exhibited to all. The contestants enter the ring and tug and whirl, and roll and fall. Is the gentleman who is declared victor, and who bears away the buckles in triumph, called by the euphonious name of Junks, or not? We cannot know certainly as his name is not announced: at least, he is an undeniable water-dog, and will drink up his silver ornaments, we may be sure.

Then comes a running match, the prize for which is a pair of handsome shoes, with rosettes of ribbon; and running being an amusement which may be indulged in without fear of a cudgel blow or a fall, many enter the lists—among the rest, Mr. Bill Lane, the artist. He has practised the amusement when parson Tythetobacco was on his track, rod in hand, and to such perfection that he now distances all competitors, and bears off the shoes in triumph.

Another running match immediately. It is between "twelve youths, twelve years old, to run one hundred and twelve yards, for a hat worth twelve shillings." The requisite number of young gentlemen enter the lists and start off. Sam Barkerville is declared victor, his powers of running having been cultivated by humorous fleeing from his father, the sheriff, who, by poetic license, has been the imaginary holder of the legal writ of *ca. sa.* against Barkerville, jr.; and the hat worth twelve shillings is handed to the young gentleman, who cocks it over one eye, and marches off amid applause.

Next the herald holds up a handsomely bound volume, fluttering with ribbons and glowing with gilt, and proclaims that the best singer among the divine sex will take the prize the said volume being a quire of ballads of the most approved description, with the accompanying musical notes.

A dozen blushing maidens advance and alternately sing such ballads as they fancy, in little fluttering voices, and with downcast eyes. The last who performs upon the occa-

sion sings "The lass of Richmond hill," and her song is received with tumultuous applause. She is unanimously declared victor, and the beautiful volume is duly presented to Miss Donsy Smith, who receives it blushing, and retires into the throng, who greet her with two distinct rounds of applause, her bright, cheerful face having gained this young lady a host of friends.

Then comes the great and paramount contest of fiddlers, —many more in number than those who shared with "his glass and his lass" the liking of "old King Cole, that jolly old soul." In other words, the fiddlers are more in number, and they use instruments which range from those of back-woods construction—emitting awful and terrible discord, like veritable bulls of Bashan roaring, and pigs from the coast of Guinea squeaking—to excellent ones, worn and discolored by incessant use, and full of melodious power. The prize for the best performer is a fine new instrument, direct from London, and, in addition to this, the victor is to have the privilege of presenting a pair of silk stockings to the "prettiest country maiden on the ground."

The fiddlers stand "all in a row," and tune their instruments. Then, at a given signal, they play, one after the other, such pieces as they fancy, and exert their best powers to win the fine instrument. They roar, they crash, they storm, they pour a whirlwind of rapid, glittering notes upon the air, deafening the ears and setting the crowd to dancing almost; or else they link the sweetness and draw it out long and slow, like golden ribbon, or a stream of moonlight—sighing, crying, sobbing, laughing;—all this the violins do, with extraordinary movement in the heads and arms of the noble musicians. The air is filled with harmony, the crowd applauds, the happy artists hold out their hands. Nineteen hands are withdrawn abruptly; the twentieth receives the prize, over which are hung the silk stockings.

Lanky is the victor. Lanky no longer in boots and sword and cocked hat, it is true; but, at least, far more like an elegant cavalier than usual. For a moment, Lanky blushes,—scratches his head; then he twitches the string of the violin, and starts with joy at its excellence. This gives him courage: he places the silk stockings on the end of his fiddle bow; they hang there with a truth of outline which

raises a shout in the crowd. Lanky steps forward, makes a dive at a portion of the crowd, throwing his head at them —so to speak;—and lo! the silk stockings are seen to leave the end of the bow, and elegantly repose in a straddling posture around the neck of Miss Donsy Smith.

The crowd shout; the violins commence again; Jamaica rum,—"to wet their windpipes," says the chronicle,—is handed round, and immediately the twenty fiddlers all in a row begin to play furiously with the ardor of despair, such a different tune! Pandemonium is broke loose—a shudder runs through the crowd—they fly with their hands in their ears, with shouts of laughter.

So far, we have followed the veracious chronicle, invention having almost nothing to do with the scene we have sketched; but there is one gentleman whose performances on the occasion of the races we nowhere find any allusions made to. We consider this unjust, and proceed briefly to speak of him.

He is a colored gentleman; perhaps as much as three feet and a half high. He wears a long coat, whose skirts drag the ground; he sucks his thumb occasionally; he rejoices in and is proud of the name of Crow, but prefers the more modest and friendly appellation, "Jeames." He has suffered unmerited misfortunes lately, but, like a great man, is not cast down, and has come to the races with the noble intent to struggle against the effect of those misfortunes. He has not betted largely, but no one has taken more interest in the horses. He has criticised them; admired them; openly and candidly extolled them,—acknowledged their good points with simple frankness. He has lost his all—three half-pence—upon Sir Archy, but is not cast down thereat. He rises above his bad fortune, and preserves a noble equanimity.

He provides himself with a dilapidated cornstalk, and looks on while the cudgellers play. He flourishes the cornstalk around his head gracefully, and when it hits one of the dignified grooms, Mr. Crow does not disdain to take to flight —averse as he is, from principle, to contention. When the wrestlers commence, he takes his cornstalk in his arms and struggles violently with it, and finally trips it up, and falls triumphantly on it. When the running begins he drops his

cornstalk foe, and, tying his long skirts before him, takes to running also, uttering enthusiastic "hooras!" He wins, in his own opinion, and takes off his ragged straw hat, without a rim, worn only on extraordinary occasions, and politely presents it to himself, and places it proudly on his head again—having fairly won it. When the maidens sing, he assumes a modest and bashful air: but with the advent of the fiddlers, his real representative powers begin to show themselves. He resumes his cornstalk: he breaks it in two, he grasps the shorter piece, and with his left hand inserts it under his chin. He then screws up the broken end to tune it, flourishes in his right hand the lengthier portion, and strikes the trembling lyre. As the fiddlers proceed, he proceeds also—fast or slow, enthusiastically with jerking head, shaking body, patting foot: or sentimentally, with his chin up, his eyes fixed upon the blue sky, with a die-away expression, his bow drawn slowly and rapturously over its counterpart. He finishes with the grand outburst of the twenty performers, and goes into ecstasies: his rapture passes all bounds: he sways, he shakes, he bows, he bends, he executes leaps, he turns somersets—still playing. But comes the cruel fate—he is not appreciated: he suffers from the effect of an uncultivated musical taste in the million. Mr. Crow in his ecstasy rolls upon a projecting boot—the boot rises up—Mr. Crow is hoisted—he disappears like a black snowball swallowed up in nothingness. He is gone—vanished—all the fiddles stop.

The day is wound up with a profuse banquet, at which the subscribers, their wives and daughters, refresh themselves with excellent roast beef and turkey, and a variety of wines. Perhaps a picture of the graceful and imposing scene would be worth drawing, but space fails us:—the eloquent discord of the twenty violins still drives our senses mad. We leave the dinner, therefore, to the reader's imagination: we leave him to fancy the merry talk, the allusions to the races, the congratulations offered Captain Waters, the praises of the fresh little country beauty Donsy Smith, the toasting of Captain John Smith, of old days, who landed yonder on the river when he came here—that immortal soldier to whom a monument should be erected, all declare—in whose honor a "Jamestown Society" should be instituted, to meet yearly in the month of May, and eat good dinners, fish and flesh and

fowl, in grand appreciation of his noble deeds. We leave all this to the reader's imagination, and can only say that the banquet, *sub Jove*, was a very merry and happy affair, and that the birds were of the same opinion that evening, when the brilliant party, having fled away, they picked up crumbs, and twittered gayly.

And so the brilliant party fled away, as all bright things fly far from us into the west, and dead days of the past. Where are they now, those stalwart cavaliers and lovely dames who filled that former time with so much light, and merriment, and joyous laughter? Where are those good coursers, Selim, Fair Anna and Sir Archy; where are black and white, old and young, all the sporting men and women of the swaying crowd? What do we care for them to-day? What do we care if the laces are moth-eaten—the cocked hats hung up in the halls of Lethe—the silk stockings laid away in the drawer of oblivion? What does it concern us that the lips no longer smile, the eyes no longer flash, the hands no longer move, the faces no longer laugh? What do we care for all those happy maiden faces—gallant inclinations—graceful courtesies—every thing connected with the cavaliers and dames of that old, brilliant, pompous, honest, worthy race?

They have gone away to the other world; their lips are dumb; their heads have bowed and their backs long bent, and they have carried away their loads and themselves to the happy or the miserable isles. We care so little for them, that the poor chronicler who tries to make them speak again to-day is scarcely heard: but still it is his province, he must speak in spite of all.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IL SEGRETO PER ESSER FELICE.

Mr. Effingham had not gone to the races for the same reason which had prevented Mr. Ralph Waters from attending the party at the Hall. The Captain felt an unconquerable repugnance to break bread under the roof of one who had

stood in such a relation to his brother and his cousin formerly; practising, unconsciously, the Arabic custom which he had met with in his travels in the East. In like manner, Mr. Effingham could not go and smile, and caracole, and laugh at the joyous festival; it was too diametrically opposed to his feelings.

We shall perceive more clearly what those feelings were by entering the Hall on the evening succeeding the races, ascending the broad pine stairs, and going into Mr. Effingham's room.

The sun was just setting, and a stream of bright rosy light streamed through the tall windows on the opposite wall, and on the occupant of the room, who was seated in a tall carved chair, such as our ancestors much affected, with that singular taste for the stately, the grotesque, every thing but the comfortable, which they possessed—at least in regard to furniture. Mr. Effingham looked even paler than usual, and his eyelids drooped, the dusky lashes reposing on his wan cheek. His hair, free from powder, and hanging down upon his shoulders, was brilliantly illuminated by the rosy ray, and the single diamond upon his white hand glittered. That hand hung listlessly, the arm reposing upon the red damask cushion, and the other hand supported his cheek.

As he mused, gazing at the bright flood of sunlight, a faint smile, like the reflection of the moon in water, dwelt upon his pale lips and in his weary eyes. Then a sigh escaped from the lips, and the breast heaved.

"Surely I have suffered much in my life," he said, in a low voice, with another weary sigh "The fates seem to pursue me; they will not permit me to pass any day, unless it is more or less clouded. What a career mine has been—how forlorn, how full of sad and unhappy events leaving so many painful recollections. My boyhood was pure and happy, and I laughed at care as the child heart laughs at every thing; incredulous, obstinately hopeful, I saw before me a long life of merriment, and I was never weary of the joy which flowed into my heart from the bright world. All things were *couleur de rose.* I had an open hand; a generous, loving nature—I could have taken in my arms the whole world from pure love and joy. I wandered through these forests singing; I ran gayly over the breezy hills;

I rode and hunted and lived an existence full of fresh and vigorous emotions: life to me was one long carnival. And what a carnival! What lovely masks—what picturesque and beautiful dresses—how many thousands of flambeaux seemed to flood the air with their bright flashing light! I heard wondrous music in every thing,—the trees, the streams, the very sky was vocal with those voices which are ever calling, in their clear, soft tones on youth, and telling it to enjoy! enjoy! enjoy! I loved a pure heart then—I thought she loved me."

Another sigh more profound escaped from the pale lips; the faint sad smile again lit up the face with its twilight.

"Oh yes! she loved me then," he continued in a murmur; "that is my pride and happiness, my quiet joy now in these weary days, when life seems wholly exhausted for me—happiness gone past never to come back. What golden hours we passed! Ah! men may talk of the love of children slightingly, and stroke their beards and say they cannot feel the sentiment in its full force. It is a fallacy. There is nothing in after life so wholly pure and strong and grand as the first love of a boy—as his devotion, tenderness, and sincerity. In this after-life, our passions come to be matters of calculation; we look to settlements—we estimate eligibility—of rank, or wealth, or age. Youth, with its grand blindness, looks to none of them. It sees but one object in the world—wants not the money or the station, asks but the heart!"

He paused: and then went on sadly.

"Yes, those were golden hours—very happy hours. How beautiful she was! I think there never was such pure and tender beauty in a human face! I remember, as though it were yesterday, the child's face beaming on me, while the birds were chirping in the trees and the brook laughing. I thought the birds were envious of her singing when she carolled clearly in the bright fresh morning. She wore a wreath of roses in her hair, and carried on her arm a basket full of flowers; how clearly I see all again—well! well!"

And the head drooped pensively again in the waning sunset.

"Then, in the after days, when I came back from Europe," he continued, sadly, "I loved her just as before—

but did not find her fill so completely my whole heavens. Still, it is true she rose for me like a pure, lovely star; but the hours had drawn on slowly, and other stars had risen which distracted my attention. Especially that fiery planet which whirled through its brief orbit and so narrowly escaped being quenched in blood!"

He looked gloomy for a moment: but very soon the old sad, weary smile came back as his eyes were raised to a book case in the corner. On this bookcase stood two statues: and by these statues lay some withered flowers. He rose, took down the withered nosegay, and sat down again in the same listless way. He looked at them sadly, and placed them against his cheek with a forlorn smile.

"She gave them to me one afternoon when we were walking hand in hand in the old garden," he murmured, wistfully, "and I told her they were not half so fresh and bright and purely beautiful as her face. I see her soft, tender blush—I feel her hand tremble: at that moment lifelong happiness was in my grasp—the brilliant pearl, a pure loving heart—well: I threw it away! It is gone: another has enshrined it in his heart.

"Well, this is but one more hope gone—one more memory to make my days and nights weary, to multiply these weary sighs. I cannot, do not complain—yet I loved her! loved her dearly: well, well, it is passed. She will be very happy: he is a worthy gentleman, a kind heart. She will not think of me often; I am not what I was. Poor sword!" he continued, sadly, looking at his weapon lying on the table, "you and your master have lost edge: you rust wofully. That master is no longer the gay and laughing cavalier whispering to ladies, and met every where with smiles—the proud heir of Effingham, living his life with nothing any where but those welcome smiles:—like these poor flowers he has withered; his freshness is gone."

A low voice singing came from the next room, and Mr. Effingham recognized Kate's accents. By a singular coincidence, she was singing, "The flowers of the forest," that sweet and plaintive air, which seems to resemble the sighing of the wind, the murmur of the flowers, the low trembling of an Æolian harp in a calm evening when the airs are almost dead.

"Yes, they are gone," said Mr. Effingham, his head drooping: "yes! yes! love, youth, every thing rosy, hopeful, brilliant is gone and withered away: and life has drawn near no longer any thing but a stern, hard reality. Yes, the flowers of the forest went away with the autumn—they withered like these I hold. Withered! that is a strange word—can it apply to a human heart?"

The tender voice of the child came from the adjoining room, and the fresh, pure accents pleased and quieted him: he smiled faintly.

"No, I believe my heart is not wholly withered," he murmured, "like my hopes."

And reclining in the tall carved chair, his sad eyes wandered to the sunset, waning slowly over the great forest with a pomp of golden clouds. His face was bathed in the rich rosy light, and his calm eye gazed steadily upon the blood-red orb. It was one of those real pictures which surpass the masterpieces of the greatest painters, and the flood of light poured upon it like a crimson stream. Strikingly handsome, pale, thoughtful, with chiselled lips, and long, waving hair, and rich, elegant costume—the mere externals would have rejoiced an artist: but no artist could have caught the sad smile upon the lips; the calm, uncomplaining sorrow in the eye; the posture so full of calm, almost languid repose.

As he gazed on the sunset, the shadow in his eyes disappeared in a degree: his brow cleared up partially; he sighed, but no longer so wearily with such painful languor.

"Well, well," he murmured, "there is the sun going down after running his course honestly, and giving light to all; warming the earth and quickening the germ within its bosom. The seed has started beneath this warmth; the leaves begun to bud; the birds have rejoiced in it, and the whole universe grown stronger, brighter, fresher since he rose this morning. And now he sets, quite calmly, having done his duty—ah! that is Kate's word! Duty? that is surely something, and it seems that the sun has not stopped shining ever because clouds interposed and dimmed him! Why should a man grow faint and murmur then, and fold his arms and be idle, because the world is not a fairy land of roses and perfumes—where a sweet do-nothing

reigns? That *dolce far niente* cannot be the secret of happiness: I feel that it is not—and I have always laughed at those Arcadian dreams of shepherdesses and shepherds with their crooks, making languid love, and sighing and dreaming the long days away in beautiful woodlands by the murmuring streams of fancy.

"No, life is not a bower to dally in, to be happy, careless, in; where all is sunshine. I feel it in my heart, and trample on that Epcurean philosophy which teaches such a doctrine. All things work—nature nowhere rests in these unhappy delights which lap the heart in down and tell us that the cold wind cannot reach us—that it should not. That wind—even though it be a storm-wind—is healthy, fresh, invigorating, like the breeze which stirs the leaves yonder in the sunset. The sun is going—slowly, gradually—he has done his duty, and will rise to-morrow to commence again! Have not men a duty?"

He paused with dreamy eyes gazing upon the sunset.

"I have suffered—I have enjoyed—I have tasted life—drained some delicious draughts, and been driven delirious by them," he continued. "Come, let me see if there is no way open yet for me to imitate the sun, and do some good in the world. Poor brain! I fear it is dulled now, and the heart no longer warm: but I will put away my flowers at least, and not sigh over the old days."

He replaced the nosegay on the book-case, and as he did so, he heard Kate come tripping along the broad passage singing. But this time it was a merrier song—one of those laughing ditties which have rung through so many houses, filling them with the contagious laughter of the singer. Mr. Effingham smiled, and was pleased to hear the fresh, merry voice.

"The little chirper," he said, "merry as usual!"

Kate came running on her tip-toes, and carolling that old ditty, in which the singer asserts that her lover, who is gone to the fair, has promised to buy her "a bunch of blue ribbon;" and if there had been a multiplicity of bunches of ribbon of all imaginary colors promised to Kate, she could not have carolled her little ditty with more contagious merriment.

She stopped at the door, and tapped. Mr. Effingham

leaning his arm on the mantelpiece, said, "Come in, Kate!' and his voice was much less sad.

Kate entered bright and sparkling, tripping, and running on her tiptoes, with her curls flying, and her eyes dancing.

"Oh my goodness! here you are all by yourself," she said "You mustn't be moping, now you know, cousin. I won't allow that."

"Pray, what right have you, madam, to command me?" was the smiling answer.

"I? Why you belong to me, you know. Gracious!" continued Kate laughing, "did any body ever?"

And the child put her arm round his waist, and drew him toward the door.

"Come now, cousin, and take a walk with me," she said

"I'm rather dull, Katy."

"You mustn't be."

"Suppose I cannot help it."

"But you shall."

There was no resisting her entreaties, and Mr. Effingham soon prepared himself for the walk. As they went forth in the clear, still evening of the month of flowers, the birds sang overhead, the streams ran merrily, the whole earth seemed lapped in soft repose. The bleat of sheep came from the hills, the cattle bells were tinkling as the long line came slowly back from the pasture, and the wagoners returning from their work, were singing their rude African songs, and jesting with each other gayly. Flocks of gay birds were circling through the sky, and filling the wide air with joyous carollings. The thousand tranquil noises of a country evening, gave a light and music to the time which cities never feel. And then the songs died away through the forest like a merry laugh; the sheep no longer bleated, but with lazy lips; the cattle drew near home; and the low tinkle of their bells was hushed. The birds, too, folded up their wings, and only chirped occasionally as they went to sleep. The night had come.

The tranquil hour, and all these quiet sounds, calmed the sad heart, and made it lighter; and he looked fondly on the little, bright-eyed face at his side. And Kate burst out joyfully singing:—

"When the flow'r is i' the bud, and the leaf upo n the tree,
The lark shall sing me home in my ain countr e."

Mr. Effingham gazed at the child smiling, and said:

"I know who is my lark, and I'm glad I am home in my own country to hear the songs she sings."

So they returned home through the quiet evening to the old hall, whose chimneys still glowed in the sunset, and sent up a golden flood of curling smoke. The dogs rose up and came to have a romp with Kate. The squire's face was smiling as he looked up from his newspaper; the house smiled not less brightly; and his face was sad no longer.

The healthful voice of nature had spoken to his heart, and he was calm.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOW THE SEIGNEUR MORT-REYNARD PREACHED AND PRACTISED.

That merry fox-hunter and incorrigible bachelor, Mr. Jack Hamilton, or as Captain Waters called him, Seigneur Mort-Reynard, was holding a confidential conversation with Miss Alethea in the library—when we say confidential, we mean personal—inasmuch, as the colloquy in question busied itself with the moral delinquencies of the identical seigneur, and especially referred to his reynard-hunting propensities.

When Mr. Effingham entered, he found that his friend was engaged in that forlorn and desperate undertaking—arguing with one of the opposite sex. Mr. Jack Hamilton was accustomed to plume himself upon his knowledge of the female character; to mention with pride and satisfaction the fact that he had always seen through them, as he expressed it, and been enabled by his splendid sagacity to detect and escape their wiles; in a word, he would often inform his Nimrod associates over their claret, after a jovial hunt, that he knew women perfectly, and that he was so old a fox that the swiftest of them could not run him down. And yet, with all this boasted knowledge of the sex, with all this profound insight into their peculiarities of organization, the unfortunate man was absolutely arguing a proposition with a lady. The poor fellow had really not learned the first and

most commonplace rules of the science which he boasted And how he did boast when he got Tom Lane, and Charley Cotes, and the rest, snugly seated at a jovial supper at the Trap!

"My dear fellow," this keen student of (female) human nature would say, with one arm resting on the table, the right hand holding to his lips a glass of claret, "you are not as old as I am, and will not take my advice, and leave the girls alone. Avoid them, sir!—this world would get on gloriously were it not for these women—with their sighings, and oglings, and flirting fans, and rustling flounces. All the trouble in the universe—more or less—is caused by them, and many a tall fellow—in the Shakespearian sense, I was reading him yesterday; a good writer!—many a fine fellow, brave, and holding up his head, has bit the dust before 'em!

"Just look! Here is a jolly companion, ready to run a fox to the death, to hunt deer on the coldest night that ever a fryingpan shone in, what I call a boy of metal, ready for fun, and joyous as the day! ready to clash glasses, to laugh at matrimony, to break through every thing which bothers him, and as brave as Julius Cæsar. Well, sir—the bottle stays with you!—just look now how the thing works! He goes to some ball or other, makes the acquaintance of a pair of blue eyes, lips to match—to say nothing of the rest. He looks—the infatuated fellow will not cut and run as a brave man may, when he knows the enemy can beat him easily—he dances with her—goes bowing and ambling, and mincing his steps and smiling through a minuet or a quadrille: he squeezes her hand—the poor, infatuated boy! Never squeeze a woman's hand, sir! by Jove, it is too ridiculous. Well, the unhappy victim of the eyes, does this more and more: he returns her ogles, he thinks her courtesies, as she holds out her silken skirt, the very sublimity of grace, by George! he feels a something creeping over him, that makes him feel like a thousand pins were sticking in him, and as if the black rascals, who are scraping away on their fiddles, are playing rainbow music, on moonlight violins, with bows made of flowers, by Jove! The reel finishes him, sir!—he dances it with her—her face flushes up, her eyes sparkle, her satins rustle, she shoots him down, by Jove! with her eyes, and

takes his heart, which he is holding in his hand, and puts it in her pocket—if ladies have pockets, which I doubt.

"Now, mark me, sir—not bad claret, this!—from that minute, he is gone! He leaves hunting—he passes over to the other side, when he meets us jolly fellows on the road; he frowns when we refuse to acknowledge that all the sense, all the virtue, all the brilliancy of the world, is found in women; and let any one dare to assert that his particular paragon is not the pearl of all—the top froth—the moonlight and flowers—the head and front of all. Try it! a cock-sparrow is nothing to him. He whips out his hanger, by Jove! his eyes blaze up, he makes a pass at you, and runs you through the gizzard, causing a large and affectionate circle to mourn your loss.

"All this, sir, is caused by women—from their passion for matrimony. Men, sir, are to them, what the fox is to us—they take pleasure in running them down and slaughtering them. No, I am wrong—they are not so easy as that: they are like cats, sir, when a mouse falls into their clutches. They tie the infatuated poor fellow to their apron-string—they watch, and smile, and simper, and die away: but try to escape, sir, under the impression that the enemy is lulled to sleep. By Jove! sir, the claw comes out from the velvet paw, and you are gone! You are married, sir!—you are led like a sheep to the slaughter, and you may bleat as much as you choose, by George! You are thenceforth a married man, and your bachelor joys are all gone. Try a fox hunt if you dare—madam will make you rue it: speak to your bachelor friends—she'll scratch you, sir. From that moment you are a joyless, married man, and your whole life is to be spent in working like a drudge for a set of little dirty-faced darlings, who make you get up fifty times in the night, and won't let you read your newspaper for crawling over you.

"That's it, sir: you are an unfortunate married man. You dare not ask your friends to dinner, or if you feel that it is a shame not to, you say in a mild and sheepish voice, Really, now, my dear Tom (or Jack, as the case may be), I am delighted to see you; your face reminds me of old times (poor fellow, so it does!) come and—I hope you can make it convenient—you are sure you have no engagement—I

should be happy—Do you know—my—wife?' And, by George! sir, he hangs his head, and looks like he had been caught stealing a sheep; for he knows that madam will sit up like a lump of ice, and make personal observations unpleasantly alluding to his past life with us jolly fellows, and when she has him, sir, alone, will make the watches of the night miserable with a lecture behind the curtains, in which she will prove, to his own, and her own, satisfaction, that he is falling back into his old abominable courses, when he used to commit the deadly sin of sitting up a-nights, and rattling the dice, and eating suppers, and chasing reynard with us jolly boys, by George! He knows she'll lay it all out to him, with that eloquence which she possesses in such a high degree; and no wonder that the poor fellow blushes, and hesitates, and hems! when he ventures to suggest that his old friends should visit him—the reprobates, as madam calls them. I, for one, would not go and dine with him—I should shake my head, and go on my way, in pity, not anger, and I would empty six bottles, and run down fifty foxes to get his face out of my mind. Yes, sir, that is the short and the long of it—your fate will be to find yourself henpecked! Avoid them in time, by Jove! never put yourself in their power, or you are gone—you are, indeed! Never laugh and talk with them—never visit them—above all, sir, never argue with them, for you are sure to get the worst of it. Lay this down as a general rule, that a woman will always have the last word; and, secondly, that no woman ever yet understood how a demonstration followed a fixed set of premises;—logic is not their weakness, sir, they don't understand it; but what they do understand, is jumping to their own conclusions, and sticking to 'em like grim death. One of their conclusions is, that all men of right ought to be caught, if eligible. Now, sir, you needn't resist—they will convince you: the only way is to do as I do—never go near them, and cultivate a bachelor life."

And after these diabolical sentiments, Mr. Jack Hamilton would empty his claret, pour out a second glass, and begin singing, "Oh, a jolly life for me–e–e! A jolly life for me!"

Let us return from this digression to the Hall, which we have left, to listen to Mr. Hamilton's advice given to his

bachelor friends at the Trap. But it is not our intention to report the words uttered by Mr. Hamilton and Miss Alethea. It is enough to say that the Seigneur Mort-Reynard proved his own philosophy to be perfectly correct, and was quietly unhorsed by Miss Alethea in every charge—that lady managing the weapons with her habitual air of prim and stately grace.

"Ah, here's Champ coming to the rescue!" cried the delighted seigneur. "I am in a bad way here, friend Effingham. Miss Alethea has been proving satisfactorily that I am a most hardened sinner."

Miss Alethea smiled, with a wintry look, but said nothing.

"I am glad to see you, Jack," replied Mr. Effingham suppressing by an effort the painful emotion caused by the sight of his rival; "how did I miss seeing you when you rode up?"

"Oh, I slipped through the lane by the stable; I wanted to get the nearest road to Riverhead."

"Ah!" said Mr. Effingham, coldly; but immediately suppressing this exhibition of feeling, he added, calmly, "present my best respects to the family."

"Including Clare?" said Mr. Hamilton, easily.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Effingham, austerely: and he picked up a book to conceal his emotion. Then conscious that this tone was a great injustice to his friend, he said, "I am rather unwell to-day—I hope you are as hearty as ever, Hamilton."

"I?" said the Seigneur Mort-Reynard, laughing; "why I never felt better in my life. We had a glorious—"

Suddenly the seigneur paused: he saw the eye of Miss Alethea fixed on him, and suppressed the remainder of his sentence with a sheepish look.

"I am going over to carry Miss Clare these gloves," he added. "She commissioned me to procure them in town for her."

"You know the size of her hand, then?" asked Mr. Effingham, not to have his painful silence observed.

"Her hand? I think so! The sweetest little hand. She laid it in my own buckskin one, and by Jove!—a thousand pardons, Miss Alethea!—and I measured it by laying

my fore and middle fingers upon it. They were just the width of her hand, and her thumb was the size of my little finger."

"Ah!" said Mr. Effingham.

"Yes, indeed! Now if the ladies only wore some species of covering on the lips!"

Mr. Hamilton paused with a laugh.

"On the lips, sir?" asked Miss Alethea, who was not quick at a jest.

"And I measured with my own, as I measured the hand!" said the seigneur, laughing.

Miss Alethea drew herself up: Mr. Effingham's face flushed. His friend did not perceive it, apparently, and went on.

"I really think I am becoming a lady's man," he said. "Here I am running about buying gloves, and flirting fans, and making myself useful in a variety of ways. I really should not be surprised if I ended by attaching myself to some fair lady for life!"

"A good resolution," said Mr. Effingham, looking away. "As for myself, I am growing more and more careless in these matters."

"That reminds me, Champ," said Miss Alethea, "that we are all invited to Mr. Lee's to-morrow."

"I shall not go."

"Why?"

Mr. Effingham looked at his sister, but suppressed his irritated feeling.

"I am not very well," he added, "please say as much."

"Now, Champ," said Mr. Hamilton, "permit me to observe that you do wrong in neglecting the ladies over there. They are really charming—and though I confess what I probably should conceal, that for certain reasons I am not an unbiassed judge between Miss Henrietta and Miss Clare, yet I assure you I think the former a most beautiful and lovely girl."

This speech was so plain that Mr. Effingham felt a pang shoot through his breast: he said nothing.

"They were talking about your neighborly behavior," continued his friend, coolly, "and Clare—Miss Clare, I mean—said that you had scarcely been near them since your

return from Europe. That is not friendly, and they think you are driven away by that Don Moustachio, Captain Waters, whom you do not like!"

We regret to say that this was a fib: the fox-hunter had no reason to suppose that the Riverhead family had any such thoughts.

Mr. Effingham replied:

"I do not dislike Captain Waters—we are good friends."

"Why then stay away?"

Mr. Effingham replied by the same look which had greeted a similar question from Miss Alethea. And the same suppression of his irritability ensued.

"I stay away because I visit nowhere," he said.

"Ah, you fear the bright eyes of Henrietta!" said Mr. Hamilton.

This quiet assumption that Clare could not be the source of fear from her peculiar relations towards himself—Mr. Hamilton—produced a painful effect upon Mr. Effingham. He began to feel some rising indignation, too, at these banterings from a man who had asked him with a twinkle in his eye, in a former interview, "if he had seen Clare?"—upon his return, the reader will remember. Therefore to Mr. Hamilton's bantering charge, that he feared Henrietta's eyes, he replied, coldly:

"I think you might have added Miss Clare Lee to the number of those I do not visit at Riverhead, from a sentiment of fear."

"Clare?" said Mr. Hamilton, with some surprise, "but, my dear fellow! she is wholly out of the question."

"How, sir?"

"Hum!" said Mr. Hamilton, looking mysterious, "perhaps I am not at liberty to speak: there are certain things which should not be alluded to, I believe."

Mr. Effingham turned his head aside, and his breast heaved:—his cheek grew paler. Then he conquered this emotion, so painful and trying: and turning to his friend, said, as he offered his hand:

"You are right, Hamilton, I will go to-morrow!"

And his head sank. Ten minutes afterwards the Seigneur Mort-Reynard rose and departed.

CHAPTER XXV.

GENERALSHIP OF DON MOUSTACHIO.

When the Hall chariot drove up to the residence of Mr. Lee on the succeeding day, it contained—in addition to the squire, Miss Alethea and Kate—Mr. Effingham. He was perfectly calm, though a little paler than usual, and greeted the ladies with calm and proud courtesy. Mr. Lee was delighted to see them,—exhibiting much more satisfaction, indeed, than might have been expected from one merely discharging the stereotyped duties of a host: and soon the squire and himself were engaged in an obstinate political dispute, which was carried on with various brandishings of the arms, contortions of the visage and flirting of the coat-skirts. But let not the reader imagine that because we have made the squire and Mr. Lee, whenever this narrative has brought them together, dispute vehemently, this disputing is a radical peculiarity of the country gentleman always,—no: he sometimes converses, and does not argue. But those were troublous times, and men's minds were agitated; and whenever the Virginia mind is agitated it brandishes the weapons of oratory, before donning the instruments of national warfare.

But there was another reason, at least in the case of Mr. Lee, for this propensity to talk. Captain Waters had not made his appearance since some days before the races, and the old gentleman missed the loud-voiced soldier. The "Virginia Gazette" and the talk of the girls was a bad substitute, and Mr. Lee now opposed every thing the squire said for the pure sake of talking. For it is well known that people who dispute talk the most and the loudest.

In the middle, however, of a lengthy and involved sentence, which was trampling disdainfully on Lindley Murray, Mr. Lee found himself greeted by a martial and courteous voice, which said:

"A charming day, sir!"

And Captain Ralph entered, caressing his moustache and distributing smiles. Behind him came Willie, who had

begged off from the parson and followed Kate with devoted love.

There was a general shaking of hands, and after some desultory conversation, dinner succeeded. After the meal, the various members of the party began conversing. Mr. Lee and the squire sat in the porch smoking their pipes and brandishing their arms, starting up and removing their legs from the balustrade when the fire of the pipes fell on them in the heat of debate, and from time to time replenishing, and lighting the cob pipes with a coal, brought by an *ingenui vultus puer ingenuique pudoris* of the African race, on a two-pronged fork. When the pipes were refilled, these politicians commenced puffing and arguing with new zest.

Mr. Effingham and Clare had walked out into the garden: the Captain, before issuing forth also with Miss Alethea and Henrietta, passed a few moments conversing with Kate, who sat by him on the sofa, the object of Willie's devoted regards.

"Ah, Monsieur Willie," he said, "I am pleased to see you: and you, *petite mam'selle*," he added with a laugh to Kate, "or signorina, or signoretta as the Italians say when they wish to address a very pretty, bright-faced little lady are you well—*bien aise?*"

"*Merci, monsieur! parfaitement!*" cried Kate, laughing, and to Willie's profound consternation.

"*Ah! possible?* you speak French?" said the delighted Captain.

"No, no, sir," said Kate, smiling merrily, "that is all I know: please don't speak to me in any thing but English."

The Captain liked the fresh child's face, and said:

"I will not, then: but indeed, little miss, I ought to be allowed to use French to describe to you the little Alsatian girls—charming little creatures—whom you resemble: especially in costume."

Kate assumed a delightful little womanly air, and replied primly:

"Oh, sir, that about the costume spoils all. Do they dress like me—in Alsatia? Where is that, sir?"

"On the Rhine, petite mam'selle, and the costume is like yours. Handsome colored dress, laced in front and ornamented with ribbons—fluttering, morbleu! like flags! skirt,

I believe they call it, looped back just so, like your own, and this skirt very short like your own again; hair, lastly, unpowdered and parted in the middle."

"Oh, my next dresses are going to be made long," said Kate, "and papa says I shall have my hair powdered."

"Ah! that will spoil the likeness! You should see your counterparts, Mam'selle Kate, with their water-jars on their heads, coming from the fountains singing."

"They must be very pretty," said Kate, and then she added quickly, laughing and covering her mouth, "indeed I didn't mean that! you know I did not, sir!"

The Captain laughed heartily, and saying, "parbleu! I think it very true, they *are* like you and are very pretty little creatures!" turned to the elder ladies.

Willie cast gloomy and jealous looks at Kate, and made signs to the effect that he did not admire Captain Waters, and would like to engage in single combat with that gentleman.

"Aint you ashamed!" said Kate, "to be doing so!"

"Who is this individual?" said Willie, with a grand air.

"Captain Waters, sir. You know that very well."

"Hum!" said Willie.

"You are jealous!"

"I aint."

"To be quarrelling with every body who speaks to me. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, and I like Captain Waters a thousand times better than you. He laughs with me, and you do nothing but quarrel."

Willie looked so much hurt and mortified at these harsh words, that Kate relented, and said:

"Now Willie—don't be angry—you know how much I like you."

Willie refused to be comforted.

"I didn't mean I liked him better than you."

Willie shook his head.

"For you know you are my sweetheart, added Kate with a fatal glance of her bright eyes.

Willie brightened.

"Am I?" he said.

"Yes indeed."

Willie put his hand into his bosom, drew out the true love indenture, and unrolling it, said solemnly:

"Sign it?"

Kate burst out laughing, and cried, "Oh no! no! I am not of age, sir! See they are looking at us and laughing. Oh Willie! and there's Mr. Hamilton."

Willie rolled up the contract with a deep sigh, and then followed Kate out into the grove.

Mr. Hamilton entered just as the colloquy ended, smiling, good-humored, shaking every body by the hand. The moment he made his appearance, Captain Waters, with consummate generalship, offered his arm to Henrietta, bore her off with a triumphant smile, and disappeared.

But two observations had passed between the gentlemen.

"*Bon jour, Seigneur Mort-Reynard!*"

"Why, good day, *Don Moustachio!*"

The former was uttered by the Captain, with malicious courtesy and a low bow; the latter observation was characterized by a defeated and humbled look, which we suspect was somewhat affected by Mr. Jack Hamilton. The explanation of all this was, that Mr. Hamilton had mentioned Miss Alethea among the list of ladies who were the enemies and lecturers of bachelors, in the Captain's hearing, a few days before; and now the Captain, by his rapid and consummate strategy, left him to make himself agreeable to the lecturing lady, while he, the soldier, with his head erect, his breast shaking with laughter, bore off Henrietta.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW HENRIETTA RETURNED THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

They descended to the lawn.

"I am glad you came, sir," said Henrietta to the Captain.

That gentleman assumed a delighted expression of countenance, and replied:

"Really, my dear Madam Henriette, you flatter me extremely."

"Flatter you, sir?"

"Yes, morbleu!"

"How, sir?"

"Why, when a lady says in a soft, charming voice, and with a tender glance, to one of the ruder sex, 'Ah! I am glad you came!' what can it be but an exhibition of extraordinary regard, and how can the rude individual aforesaid prevent himself from experiencing a sentiment of pleasure at such a flattering observation?"

Henrietta listened to this reply, and said, satirically, when the Captain had finished:

"You are slightly mistaken, sir—in two things."

"What are they?" asked the Captain, with great anxiety.

"First, sir, I did not speak in a 'soft, charming voice'—

"Ah, madam," commenced the gallant Captain.

"Let me proceed, sir: nor with a 'tender glance'—tender, indeed!"

And Miss Henrietta pouted.

"See now," said the Captain, "there is another illustration of a fact which I have always asserted."

"Pray, what fact, sir?"

"That we do not ourselves know the tone in which we speak—are wholly ignorant of the expression of our eyes, morbleu!"

And after this audacious bit of philosophy, the soldier looked around him, with a delighted and self-satisfied air, at the grass, the trees, the various pleasant objects visible on the well-kept lawn they were traversing.

Henrietta felt a strong disposition to take her hand from the arm of her companion; but this feeling of pique soon passed: she had almost learned to bear the soldier's banter by this time.

"I did not doubt, sir, when I denied having flattered you," she said, with a somewhat satirical expression, "that you would, with your extreme fertility of invention, find some proof of the assertion you made; but jesting aside, Captain Waters, I wished to see you; and that is the simple truth."

"There again!"

The young girl took no notice of this triumphant exclamation, and drew from her reticule the oblong morocco case, which we have seen her win upon the day of the race.

'About this, sir," she said.

The Captain perused the clouds.

"Yes," he replied; "nothing could be truer!—a charming afternoon."

And he looked around with great satisfaction.

"The necklace, sir—"

"I agree with you."

"Is entirely too—"

"Yes, they are equal to nightingales. As you observed the song of the oriole is as clear and musical as a silver trumpet!"

"I observed no such thing, sir," said Henrietta, piqued at the wanderings of her companion.

"Ah!" said the Captain, readily, "but you might have said it; for nothing could be more just. I have heard the Bendermere nightingales—the birds who love the roses so, you are aware, my dear Mademoiselle Henrietta, in Gulistan, which signifies, if I am not mistaken, 'Land of Roses.' Well, I give you my *parole d'honneur* I don't think they are much finer than that oriole."

"Captain Waters!"

"Yes, he's a glorious fellow—looks as if he was singing himself away into smoke. I expect to see him rise to the clouds in a moment, like the curl rising up from those graceful pipes yonder."

This beautiful illustration did not satisfy Henrietta, who was more and more piqued.

"Captain Waters, will you or will you not listen to me?" she said, pouting.

"Listen to you? How could you ask such a question?" said the Captain, gallantly.

"Well, sir, as it is so pleasant to hear my voice—"

"It is pure music!"

"Be good enough, sir—"

"Ah, I am very bad!"

"To listen while I speak ten consecutive words."

"Fifteen, fifteen," said the Captain, generously.

"Very well, sir—a little of your attention also. I trust ter words will be enough."

"I will give you twenty-five—thirty," said the Captain

with a noble and enlarged liberality; "I will even listen if you honor me by conversing throughout the ensuing night."

Henrietta uttered a little sigh, which meant plainly, "Was there ever such a provoking man to talk to!"

"I am dreadfully disagreeable, I know," said the Captain, translating his companion's sighs into words as usual, "but you are going to weary me to death about that miserable necklace. You are going to make me send it back to the port of New York to have it altered, re-set, something."

"No, sir."

"What then?"

"I wish you to send it back to be retained, or present it to some one else."

"How so?"

"I cannot accept it, sir."

"Accept!"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, you won it fairly; it is the spoils of a fair battle —of your bow and spear: you won it."

"No, I did not, Captain Waters. I laid a very ridiculous wager—of a trifle against a trifle, I thought. My stake—I believe that is the word—was this curl—"

"Which reminds me that I won it on the final result!" cried the Captain. "Come, pay your debts, morbleu! my dear Madam Henriette."

"For heaven's sake, sir, let me go on."

"You have finished the thirty words," said the Captain, with ready logic. "My curl! my curl!"

Henrietta, in a paroxysm of impatience, pulled down and bit the curl in two, and threw it in the direction of her companion. The Captain extended his hand and received it as it fell.

"Parbleu, 'tis far more valuable than I expected!" he cried; "as far more valuable as a row of pearls are than a pair of miserable and unhappy scissors!"

Henrietta could not retain a smile at this grotesque and ridiculous speech; which, like all the Captain's observations, seemed to be intended solely to defer the subject he wished to avoid.

"I am pleased to hear that my teeth are pearls," she

said; "I did not know it before, sir. And now—but for heaven's sake what are you doing, sir?"

The Captain, in fact, was holding his sword up before him, point down. He made no reply, but touching a little spring, opened the hilt, and deposited the curl in the cavity. After performing this remarkable operation, he lowered the weapon again, and twirled his moustache.

"That is my receptacle for title deeds, curls, and other valuables, *ma foi!*" he said; "that is to say, it will be if I ever get any title deeds. But I have made a good beginning!"

And he burst into laughter, significantly. Henrietta chose not to understand this laugh—perhaps did not—and said:

"When you interrupted me, sir, I was about to say that I laid a wager with you, and staked what I considered a trifle—"

"No, no!" interposed the Captain.

"Against what I thought was equally unimportant," continued Henrietta.

"The curl was much the more costly," said the Captain, "and morbleu! I will not now exchange."

"You exacted a promise from me," continued Henrietta, not heeding these interruptions, "that I would not open the case until I returned home. I did not, thinking it some trifle. Instead of a trifle it is a magnificent diamond necklace."

And opening the case, she drew out the necklace, which was of extraordinary beauty and value. The diamonds were very large, and set in the most tasteful manner. The bauble must have been worth at least a thousand guineas.

"Take it, Captain Waters," said Henrietta, "I cannot keep it."

"How vexatious," said the Captain very seriously; "what in the world am I to do with it? Besides, I am not entitled to it—you know very well I am not, madam."

"I do not consider the wager binding, sir; I cannot accept it."

"Answer, now, did you not confess the other day at Effingham Hall," continued the Captain, readily, "that I had caused you to break your own necklace?"

"Yes, sir."

The Captain looked triumphant.

"But, sir," said Henrietta, "that was in one of those piques which I am afraid I have indulged in very frequently in your presence."

"Yes, I am a terrible annoyer!"

"I meant to blame myself, sir," said the young girl; "I am somewhat quick, and I now embrace the opportunity to say that I trust you will pardon any harsh words I have been led to utter."

"Harsh! it is impossible that you could!" cried the soldier, delighted at getting away from the subject of the necklace.

"Very well, sir; I am glad you think so well of me. Now take the necklace."

And she held it out. The Captain became again despairing.

"Why you have a double claim to it," he said; "first, I broke your own; secondly, and lastly, you have fairly won this."

"My hand is almost tired, sir."

"What am I to do?" cried the Captain, disconsolately; 'if I take that back to my house it will lie about—be thrown here and there; Lanky will perhaps take possession, and Donsy Smith will be the ultimate possessor!"

With which words the Captain groaned.

"Lanky?—Donsy Smith? Who in the world are they?"

"The first is my servant, the second his sweetheart," said the Captain, ready to weep.

Henrietta burst into a laugh.

"Do you really mean that you would permit your servant to take such a beautiful necklace?" she said, admiring the glittering jewels.

"What could I do with them?" asked the forlorn soldier; "besides, I think they would become my honest retainer's sweetheart—Donsy. She is a charming little creature!"

"How? Do you know her?"

"Yes, indeed—very intimately. She had a pleasant ride with me the other day."

Miss Henrietta imagined a picture of Captain Waters in

the saddle, with the arms of a "charming little creature" round his waist as she rode behind, and was not much pleased with the effort of her fancy.

"Donsy is a fine, bright-faced girl,—very lady-like and pleasing; they would suit her," said the Captain, with a thoughtful sigh. "Yes, yes, she's a sweet creature, and I nearly threw Lanky into a fever some weeks since, by announcing my intention to enter the lists as his rival."

"You, sir?" said Henrietta.

This exclamation did not displease the Captain.

"Yes, yes, my dear madam, even me. She would make me a capital wife, and I assure you I am becoming tired of single blessedness. In one word, I want a wife."

Henrietta made no reply.

"Stop!" continued the Captain, "you must have seen Donsy, down there at the races!"

"I, sir?" said Henrietta, coldly.

"Why, yes! Do you not recollect a lovely little creature, of seventeen or thereabouts, who won the finely-bound volumes of ballads in the singing match after the race?"

"I believe I saw her," said Henrietta, with the freezing air of a duchess.

"Well, that was Donsy," said the Captain, apparently absorbed in the bright memory, and fixing his eyes thoughtfully on the clouds.

"And you would marry this little—"

Henrietta stopped; she could not find a word.

"Fairy?" suggested the Captain, cheerfully; "why I do not see any objection beyond the affection Lanky bears her. You know, my dear Mam'selle Henrietta, that I am not of very excellent family—as opinions go, for, frankly speaking, I think I am. My father is an old fishmonger,—the name applied derisively, you will recollect, by my Lord Hamlet, to the counsellor Polonius. Charley's a small farmer; Beatrice was an actress. Charley's my brother; Beatrice my sister. We are all poor, but honest," continued the Captain, laughing, "and I think the *bon père*—health to him!—is the most honest of all!"

With which words the Captain looked cheerfully, and with a fine light on his martial features, toward the west.

Henrietta, for a moment, made no reply, the hand hold-

ing the necklace hanging at her side. Then, looking at the martial face, which, with its high and proud look, and its warlike appendages, towered above her, flooded with the red sunset, brow, and eyes and cheeks,—the brow and cheeks browned by sun and wind,—the clear eyes, giving back the golden flush of evening, she said in a low voice:

"Captain Waters, why do you so incessantly allude to this subject of birth? Do you fancy for a moment, sir, that I do not consider you as true a gentleman as the noblest in the land? That I am blind to the fact that you are a brave soldier and a refined man, worthy of all respect? You cannot think that I consider you ashamed of your birth! Why, then, say this so often?"

"Ashamed of my birth? True, I am not, my dear Mam'selle Henriette," said the Captain. "The *bon père* is a nobleman; Charley's a seigneur—chevalier of the middle ages; and Beatrice,—parbleu! Beatrice is a born duchess!"

And the Captain burst into laughter.

"We are all sovereigns—for we're honest!" he continued, with a quick change in his expression to an aspect of noble pride. "My father, mam'selle, is brave and honest, and with a great heart—morbleu! a noble, kindly, generous heart; I am indifferent ready with my hand, to open it, or close it on a sword hilt,—that is my profession; Beatrice is a wealthy, golden nature, as true as she is beautiful, as good and pure as she is lovely; and Charley—tonnere! my dear madam, my brother Charley is one of those natures which are very seldom met with. I have seen dukes and generals, lords and ministers; I have heard all talk; I have seen all speak with those noble lips, the eyes: well, madam, I have never met a more powerful soul than Charley's. He has the strength of calmness;—but I am wearying you. Enough—no! you are right, my dear madam,—I, perhaps, have even too high an opinion of my family!"

And, after this outburst, which, every word of it, was spoken with a proud sincerity which lit up the martial features, like the sunset, Captain Ralph was silent.

Henrietta replied, in a low voice:

"This was not necessary, sir."

And she held up the necklace for him to take.

"Oh, heaven preserve me! I thought we had dropped that subject!" said the soldier, resuming his tone of vexation and humor.

"I cannot accept such a valuable present, sir," said the young girl, with some embarrassment.

"Then oblige me by keeping it for me," said the soldier. "I really have no receptacle for it."

Henrietta hesitated.

"You need not wear it, my dear mam'selle," he said.

Henrietta hesitated still.

"Well," said the Captain, "I suppose Donsy must have it;—morbleu! 'tis vexatious, for here your name is engraved upon it beneath here—at least, your initials, my dear Miss Henriette; and I must send back the bauble to have them erased. See!"

And pointing to a small gold plate, he showed her the letters H. L.; but these letters were so engraved that space was left upon the plate for another letter.

She understood; a deep blush suffused her face; her head drooped.

"Will you not keep it?" said the Captain.

"Yes," she said, in a lower tone than she had yet spoken.

A brilliant light illuminated the martial features of the soldier, and they walked on in silence.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TWO TREES.

Clare and Mr. Effingham, as we have said, had gone into the garden.

He had quietly taken her hand in his with a calm and mild look in his shadowy eyes, placed the hand on his arm and led her into the old garden, where they both had played in childhood, and talked merrily in the old days, whose every flower bed, and row of trim box, and towering tree, was old and familiar and dear. And she had followed him with some slight agitation, but a soft look of maiden diffi

dence, which made her more beautiful than he had ever seen her look before.

It was one of those evenings which seem to unite all the freshness of the spring, all the gorgeous wealth of summer, all the melancholy softness of the misty autumn, and the golden Indian summer, into one perfect whole. The perfumed breezes, laden with the odors of a million early flowers, came softly from the far south; the oriole hung on the poplar spray, and sung his soul away for joy; the leaves, and buds, and flowers, had all the tender velvety softness of the early spring; and over all the great sun poured the fresh crimson light of morning.

Mr. Effingham walked on for some time in silence. Then, pausing in a grassy nook, he pointed, with a mild glance at the young girl, to two trees which grew side by side.

"How long ago it seems!" he said, with a pensive accent, which was quite calm and unaffected.

"Yes," said Clare, in a low voice, "we were children."

"And now we are grown-up people," said Mr. Effingham. "We have almost wholly forgotten those old happy days when we planted those trees,—when, taking your hand in mine, I said, "Clarry, we will come here every day we live, and see how we are growing. Do you not remember?"

"Yes," she murmured.

"I at least have not kept that resolution; have you?"

"I have come very often," she said, in the same low tone.

He looked at her for a moment: and not a trait of the soft, tender face, the mild, dewy eyes, the innocent, artless lips, escaped him. She stood before him the loving ideal of his dreams; the memory he had summoned in that evening musing; the child-enchantress of his youth, who ever stood before his mind's eye, holding out her arms to him, her brow wreathed round with flowers, her eyes and lips murmuring, "Come!" He felt what he was losing, a contraction of his pale brow proved it, and the hand he laid upon his heart. But these exhibitions of emotion soon passed away, and his face regained the calm sadness which habitually characterized it

"When I asked," he said mildly, "if you had kept that

child resolution to come and look at these trees every day, I did not mean a reproach. Ah no! That is assuredly not possible from me to you. I came to speak to you quite calmly, as those who have been happy children together may speak to each other; and to open my heart to you. This is due to myself. It will make me happier, and I cannot lose the occasion to make my lot somewhat brighter."

He paused for a moment, and continued in the same low, mild voice.

"What I have to say is a confession, Clare—there is no harm in my calling you by that name now—a brief confession, which will explain much in my career, which I doubt not has made you look unhappy when my name ever was mentioned in your presence. And let me speak first of those days which we passed here. Now, it seems, long centuries ago. I loved you dearly as a child: you were my saint, my ideal—nay! Why blush, Clare? You must have known it from my eyes; yes, my heart spoke to you much more plainly than my lips could speak. I say again you were my ideal, all my world was full of you. I dreamed, and sang, and thought of you alone. The old romances took a glory from your smile, and I understood for the first time what the 'love of ladies' meant, and how the old chevaliers willingly perilled life for their idols. You gilded my existence with a new, undreamed of light; the future expanded before me like a boundless horizon where all the glory of the sun, all the perfume of the breezes, all the fairy melodies of whispering pines and flowers were mingled into one harmonious and perfect ideal of warmth, and joy, and beauty. I saw only you in the wide universe—you were the star that guided me upon my way—you kept me pure—and your eyes seemed ever on me; still and calm and innocent eyes that blessed me. I recall you now so perfectly, that my frozen heart beats again and again. I am a child. I recall all those happy days; you were a merry, bright-eyed child, full of tenderness and joy! and the breath from that far past comes to me again—faint, like the odor of those spring flowers yonder in the grass, but strong as fate. I see you as I saw you then—an incarnation of pure grace, and tender joy, a fairy from the far land of dreams—my love—my blessing.

"Well, well: you will tire of all this prosing: let me

pass on. I loved you. I asked nothing better than to live and die with you; for I thought I could not breathe without you. I grew older, and I loved you still with the same pure feeling, and the child's heart was grafted into the wild boy's breast; and in all his wild pranks and dissipations you were in his heart, softening and blessing him, and making him more pure. I changed for the worse, somewhat—you, if you changed at all, for the better; your childlike innocence was all the more striking in the girl; your face assumed the tender seriousness of incipient womanhood. I could not love you more than when we were child-lovers; but I loved you with more strength and calmness. I thought that feeling would remain unchanged through all shocks and changes. Well!"

He paused again, and looked at the two trees thoughtfully: his brow was slightly overshadowed.

"Well," he continued, mildly still, "I went to Europe, that changed my life, and made me lose sight of my innocent star. No longer near you, I was a worse, a less pure man. I plunged into every species of dissipation; I felt developed in me that fiery character which I inherit from my race. Aroused, you know, we pass all bounds. Draw the curtain over that mad time, when, nominally at Oxford, I lived in London; that may be omitted.

"I returned to Virginia, here, with the heart of a worn-out gamester. Nothing interested me. I was, as far as my capacity to enjoy simple things, completely exhausted. Every thing wearied me; life was a lame and tedious comedy which I played without caring for the hisses or the applause. I passed my days in idle lounging; I slept long, and passed my whole time in a terrible mental indolence, the most dreadful of all. I had lost sight of you—you were no longer in my eyes; but I now feel and know you were in my heart.

"I came and brought to you my weary air and exhausted feelings. You did not draw back on finding the man so different from the boy; you held out your hands to me with the old, frank, childish kindness and affection, and my heart was touched. The past came back to me, and I was not so gloomy. That was the crisis of my life—the turning point; every thing was balanced; a hair in either scale would have turned it

"Fate decreed that your innocent face should not shine on me; a rude hand struck the balance, and all was over. That strange young girl came to Virginia, and I became infatuated. You know the unhappy history of that delirium; the family blood again. I do not hold down my head and blush, and say forgive me—no! I say that my actions were those of a madman; that I was infatuated; that I now regard that whole drama as some wild dream. I say further that I have cruelly suffered, that I have bitterly expiated my offence; that the pang that tore my bosom more cruelly than all, was the thought of you; for I have lost you. Well! After that mad, wild dream, I went to Europe again, and had my despair and suffering in due season, and then came home again as you see me, almost apathetic. I have done with feeling, I shall never love again."

He stopped; his bosom heaved: he went on.

"My tedious talk, no doubt, has wearied you; but it was my duty, Clare, to come and tell you by the trees which we planted in our happy childhood, why I had not remained faithful to that vow we made. I have shown you how cruelly I was tortured by a mad infatuation; how my headstrong passions drove me to commit actions which I regard now with horror; how through all my unfortunate career, that golden childhood I have spoken of, was shrined in my heart of hearts. There was no impropriety in my telling you this, for I know all. He is my friend, and has a noble heart. Well! well! I will try not to suffer too greatly; and here under the shade of these trees we planted, amid the scenes of all our childhood joys, I ask God to bless you, Clare, and thank you for the small share of purity I have left, and say to you, 'I will love and cherish your memory always, as that of the tenderest soul, the warmest, purest heart that ever was in human bosom.' No! do not speak—enough; here comes little Kate, who resembles you, for she is good and pure. I have spoken with difficulty; it is not easy to be calm when all one's hopes are gone for ever; it is better that you should not speak."

And placing her hand upon his arm, he led the trembling, blushing, weeping girl away, and to the house. He was outwardly calm, and all the way back to the Hall he remained quiet and silent. It was the silence of despair; that scene had overcome him, and his heart was faint.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY DESCENDS TO THE LOVES OF CORYDONS AND PHILLISES IN ARCADY.

"LUGY!"

"Did you address a observation to me, Cap'n?"

"Yes, sir; on a former occasion I stated that you were a villain and a wretch; I now add, that you are a poltroon!"

"Oh, Cap'n! Cap'n!" cried Lanky, who being wholly ignorant of the meaning of the word *poltroon*, naturally considered it something infinitely worse than *wretch* and *villain*.

"Yes, a poltroon!" continued the Captain, "and I will wager a hundred pounds that your benighted ignorance is such, that you do not know what it means."

Lanky scratched his head.

"Come! say now, you rascal."

"A poltroon?" said Lanky, studying the table; "is it an individual who is broke into a hen-roost, and wringed the necks of the cock-a-doodle-doo's, Cap'n?"

"No, you villain: you will never guess, at that rate."

"Oh!" cried Lanky, "it's a feller who plays upon the fiddle and don't know how!"

"No, sir."

"Then I give it up, Cap'n: but I ain't a poltroon—*I* ain't—that is, if it's any thing bad, leastways very bad."

And Lanky was silent.

This conversation took place three or four days after the scenes we have just related, in the mansion of the Captain. The sun was declining—it was a pleasant afternoon, and the waves of the James were lapping with a long swell upon the shore beneath the cottage. The Captain occupied his habitual seat, formerly used by old John Waters, and smoked his meerschaum; Lanky sat doubled up upon his cricket, his hands clasped around his knees, his fine new fiddle lying near; his pine-knot head, and enormous feet, and striped stockings and brilliant fustian waistcoat, all illuminated by the joy shining from his eyes. Something had evidently occurred very pleasing to Lanky, and his thoughts were plainly agreeable thoughts

After his reply to the Captain, Lanky would have continued his meditations, but this his master was by no means willing to permit.

"You say," continued the soldier, pouring forth a cloud of snowy smoke, "that my charge against you, you scaramouch, cannot be any thing bad,—'leastways very bad,' as your elegant dialect has it. Now, sir, I will let you know that 'poltroon' is *not* a flattering expression. It means a coward, sir!"

"Oh me! a coward, Cap'n!"

"Yes."

"Me a coward?"

"Yes; I understand, sir, you are pluming yourself upon overcoming one of the clergy the other day. Are you not ashamed, you villain, to attack a holy man in the conscientious discharge of his dignified and ennobling duty of training up the youthful intellect in the paths of virtue and exalted purity?"

And having addressed this stern reproach to Lanky, the Captain smoked faster than ever. Lanky's face assumed an expression of consternation.

"Why, Cap'n," he said, "you called him a *gobmoush*, yourself!"

The Captain frowned.

"I am not you, sir," he said, "and I am surprised that you place yourself on a level with me. The parson was an old fellow-soldier, and we can interchange these small compliments; but you, sir, are bound to regard him as a noble spiritual guide."

Lanky scratched his head.

'I say you are a poltroon, you rascal," continued his master, "in spite of your ferocious attack upon a man only armed with a stick of wood, while you had a sword."

"Oh! Cap'n, he was a-presumin' to threaten Donsy."

"There—that is where you are a coward."

"Oh, sir!"

"Donsy is the word."

"Cap'n?"

"Ah! you don't understand. Well, sir, I say that you are a coward because you have not attacked and reduced to submission that citadel."

"*Me*, Cap'n?" said Lanky, with a self-satisfied smile, like the sunshine on a pine knot.

"Yes, sir and that in spite of every thing I have done for you."

Lanky smiled again.

"I gave you a seat in my coach by your sweetheart,—I drank some execrable rum for your sake at that Mr. A. Z. Smith's, the villain; I have done my best, opened the trenches, fixed the scaling ladders, and when the word to advance upon the fortress is passed to you, morbleu! you hang fire, and lie down in despair like a sleepy dog.'

Lanky burst out:

"Oh, I ain't done it!"

"What do you mean?"

"I fit it out," observed Lanky, triumphantly

"Speak, you scaramouch! how have you done—have you really charged the enemy?"

"Yes, sir—leastways, I been a-courting Donsy," said Lanky, with simplicity.

The Captain burst into laughter.

"Have you really?" he said.

"Yes I is, Cap'n."

"Tell me how it was, and if I find that you have acquitted yourself bravely, I'll retract that unjust aspersion on your courage."

Lanky seemed nowise averse to complying with this request, and said:

"You know, Cap'n, Donsy and me had a nice Saturday together, after the things 'at took place at the Oldfield school."

"Do I know it? not a whit of it, master scaramouch. Speak."

"Well, sir," said Lanky, with an expression of modest pride at his own generalship, "we had a nice fish that day, and we had a walk, yestiddy, down in the woods."

"You unconscionable rascal—not content with water scenery, you must explore the woodland, too."

"Yes, Cap'n: that's just what we did; we 'splored the woodlan'. On the previous 'casion we had a good time; but oh, Cap'n, that wa'nt nothin' to the other."

"You had a pleasant fishing frolic, did you?"

"Yes, sur; 'fore we went away in the fine coach, Donsy and me made a bargain to go on the next day a-fishin' together. Well, Cap'n, we went thar—and I 'tacked the enemy all the time. I remembered what you told me, sur, and I kept my chin up and my eyes straight—for, you see, havin' reskied Donsy from the parson, I was proud."

"Very well, sir."

"Donsy did'nt laugh at me much, I tell you; but she was quite still, an' good, an' we fished all day; and when we come back, she giv' me both her hands, and said, in her nice little voice, 'Come again, soon, Lanky.' I feel like a villain talkin' 'bout it," continued Lanky, "but you ain't hard to talk to, Cap'n."

The Captain appreciated this compliment and smoked on.

"Then come the races," continued Lanky, "and you know, sur, me and Donsy both got a prize; she got the quire of ballads, an' I got the fiddle."

"Well, sir."

"I got the stockin's, too, said Lanky, proudly, "and they was to be giv' up to the han'somest girl upon the ground. 'Course, sir, I giv' 'em to Donsy, *I* did."

"Of course; I'd have liked to have seen you presume to give them to any one else."

"Well, sur," continued Lanky, embracing his knees and not heeding this interruption, "Donsy liked that, and I think it made a impression on her, Cap'n. 'Tai'nt every day that girls get silk stockin's, I tell you, and they like 'em accordin'."

"A profound remark, sir," said the Captain, "and quite true. I admire the moral and philosophic sentiments with which you adorn your discourse, Lanky; you are a man of sense."

Lanky received this compliment with a modest expression, as who should say, "Well, I believe I am," and so continued:—

"Them stockin's walked into her 'fections, Cap'n."

"You mean, sir, that she donned the said stockings and walked into yours, eh?" said the Captain.

"Oh, sur, she done that long before I giv' her the stockin's."

"Well, proceed."

"She smiled so sweet on me that day, sur," continued Lanky, proudly, "that I thought I'd make a 'pintment with her, and put the question 'mediately."

"Quite right, Lanky."

"I thought I heard somethin' a sayin' to me, 'Go in, Lanky—go in an' win;' I'm—"

"Exactly what every great man would tell you—not excepting the grand Frederic."

Lanky was proud of this comparison, and proceeded:

"So I tol' Donsy I was comin' next Saturday—bein' last Saturday, sur—to walk with her in the woods and play my fiddle."

"Ah, you rascal! not content with personating Mars, the god of war—you are ambitious to excel Apollo, the god of music."

Lanky felt prouder still at this nobler compliment than the first.

"Well, sur," said Lanky, "she said she would—and promised to bring her quire o' ballads; it's mighty purty, sur, an's got a picture in the front that beats the world—all of lovely ladies an' han'some gentlemanses a playin' in the woods."

"Ah—really?"

"Yes, sur; and they've got long waistses, and carry things with a crook at the top, and ribbons are flutterin' every where, and they are a smilin' an' simperin' an'—makin' love," added Lanky, after hesitating a moment.

"Making love! that's why you like the Corydons and Phillises so much! Go on, sir."

"Well, Cap'n," continued Lanky, clasping his hands round his knees, twirling his thumbs one over the other delightedly, and gazing at his feet, "well, sur, me an' Donsy went—and oh! we had such a time. Would you b'lieve me, she had brought a whole bundle of red ribbons; and when we got to where we was to eat the snack—"

"Snack! you horrible and atrocious wretch! Did you mix up snack with love? Lanky, you are a dreadful fellow!"

"Oh, sur, you know we was hungry; but Donsy didn't eat much—nuther did I: and she only nibbled off a little piece o' biscuit, like a pretty mouse, you know, Cap'n."

"Rascal! to compare your sweetheart to a mouse!"

"A *vretty* mouse, Cap'n," said Lanky, correcting his maste , "but, howsomdever, I'll go on. I broke a cake in two, and says I, 'Donsy, that's my heart, if you won't love me.' She laughed, and took a cake and eat it like a heart. 'This is mine, Lanky,' says she, blushin.' 'May I have it?' says I; and she didn't take away her hand,—only she started up, droppin' the cake into my hand."

"And what did you do with it, sir?"

"I eat it, sur," said Lanky, with great simplicity.

"Go on!" said the Captain, shaking with laughter.

"Donsy started up first an' told me she would sing, and I must then play. Oh! what a voice she's got, sur! It makes me feel like honey was a droppin' down from the sky, and a feller had his mouth open!"

"A fine sentiment," said the Captain, generously.

"Well, sur, then I played my fiddle, and you may be sure I made it say, 'Donsy, I'm a dyin' for you.' I didn't play any but the mournful chunes, an' I made 'em talk to her, and she understood, for she sort o' blushed, sur. Well, I got through, an' then Donsy, laughin', took up the ribbon, an' pointin' to the picture in the book, said I must have ribbon knots tied all over me, sur. I didn't keer, an' she tied 'em—on my coat, my breast, my elbows, my hair: and then she did herself so too. Oh, sur, how she looked! I felt a sort o' tremblin' when I saw her beautiful hair all flutterin' with ribbons; the body of her dress covered; her shoes with big rosettes in 'em; and, if a feller might be allowed to say it, the silk stockin's I giv' her, on. Oh! she looked so bright an' red an' laughin'; and when she give me a sort o' crooked thing, and took one herself, she looked like the lady in the picture. She stopped a little then, an' I see her blush. 'You shall be my shepherd, Lanky,' she said, in her melojus voice—and I answered quick as lightnin', 'Then you must be my shepherdess, my dear Miss Donsy,' and she blushed agin! I knew the time had come, sur," cried Lanky; "I recollected your advice, an' I put the question right to her!—and made her a speech!—and it's all arranged!—and she's agreed to marry me!—and she's the sweetest creatur in the world!—and I love her to dis-

traction!—and I feel like a villain, and a rascal, and a hen roost thief for tellin' 'bout it!—and—"

Lanky burst into tears, and swayed about, and laughed and cried. The recollection of his happiness had brought on an access of joyful tears in the honest fellow: and the Captain laughed no longer at him.

"Lanky," said he, "if the Corydons and Phillises of antiquity were as honest lads and lasses as you and Donsy, the old Arcadian days were truly happy!"

And Lanky only said:

"Oh, Cap'n!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

VISITORS.

Captain Ralph did not laugh at Lanky again, for he respected the sincerity and truth of his rude, boorish retainers, highly. He knew that Lanky, at that moment, loved Donsy as purely and delicately as the highest gentleman in the land—and one of Captain Ralph's rules was, never to deride sincere emotion.

"Well now, Lanky," he said, "you tell me that Donsy has consented to marry you?"

"Yes, sur," said Lanky, in an inarticulate tone.

"Are you fixed to marry?"

"I'm 'fraid not, sur."

"Hum!"

"But Donsy says she'll wait a thousand years for me, sur."

"That would be too long," said his master.

"I know she'd do it, sur."

"No doubt: but then she would be a thousand and seventeen years old; much too antique to enter into matrimony. She is seventeen, eh?"

"Nearly eighteen, sur."

"And you?"

"I was nineteen last month, sur."

"All right, morbleu! and now, what would you say if I set you up in the world?"

"Oh, Cap'n!" cried Lanky—literally *cried*.

"That would be an expressive observation," said the soldier, looking kindly at his retainer; "but I mean how would you like to farm?"

"Oh, sur!"

"You mean you would like it very well?"

"Oh, Cap'n! me an' Donsy would—"

And then the honest fellow stopped, unable to proceed: the splendid vision overcame him.

"Suppose I were to give you a lease of the cottage here, with all appurtenances—carts and every thing—the fifty acres, and the boats: the rent to be paid out of the proceeds at your leisure?"

"Oh, sur!"

The Captain smiled.

"Do you think, however, that Smith will consent?"

"I dn'no, Cap'n."

"Have you asked him?"

"For Donsy? no, sur."

The Captain shook his head.

"I'm as good as he is, sur," said Lanky, proudly; "an' my mother was a real lady, sur—old farmer Brock's daughter. I never could git to talk right—but I loved her, sur, mor'n any thing. That's what Donsy said, sur—says she, 'Lanky, I like you because you loved your mother so:' that's what she said, sur."

And Lanky cried.

"Well, well," said the Captain, "listen now. I will try and get friend Smith to consent. Don't be cast down, *mon ami*—there is no reason. *Diable!* many an honest fellow has had harder times than that to get his sweetheart. I repeat that I'll try and make Donsy's *bon père* give his assent. And now, I return to the cottage."

"Oh, sur!"

"I want some splendid palace to live in. *Diable!* what is life worth if one is not an emperor?"

Lanky nods affirmatively.

"I must have an empire!"

Lanky nods again, quite sure that if his master really wants it, the empire—which is an ambiguous thing to him—will assuredly come.

"Having bought a chariot and horses, I naturally want some place to put them in," continued his master, smoking.

"Oh yes, Cap'n."

"Perhaps, like you," continued the soldier, "I may some day, get a wife: I am wearying of this bachelor existence—and who knows what may happen?"

"Who knows?" echoed Lanky, philosophically.

"Therefore, I may give up the cottage for the time: the bon père and Charley are with Beatrice up there, and when they wrote spoke highly of the land, and wished to remain: strange they have not written lately," added the soldier, his clear eye looking toward the west.

"The mail ain't safe, sur."

"Yes: that accounts for it. Well, all this goes to explain, Lanky, that I shall probably become an emperor—and then, I promise you this place as long as you want it, at a nominal rent, to pay when you can—to the *bon père*. Should he wish to return here, you must pack up and go, bag and baggage: but don't fear, I will provide for you."

"Oh, Cap'n, you are mighty good to me!" said Lanky, gratefully.

"Good to you? *parbleu!* no retainer of mine shall ever suffer."

"Donsy 'll be delighted, sur."

"Parbleu! I almost envy you your bride!" laughed the Captain; "she is a charming little creature."

"Then she's so good, Cap'n."

"Yes, I don't doubt it."

"Are *you* goin' to get married, sur?"

The Captain laughed.

"Doubtful!" he said.

"The lady 'll git the kindest sort o' husban," said Lanky, with grateful sincerity.

"Now, sir, you flatter me!"

"Oh no, sur."

"You say the *lady*.

"Yes, sur!" said Lanky; "the finest lady in the land needn't be 'shamed to marry you, sur!"

"Why, dear Lanky, perpend! You are as good as I am."

"Oh, Cap'n!"

"All honest men are worthy; and, *morbleu!* I think Donsy will have in you a better husband than she would find in me. I am a roving soldier, clattering along, always ready for the field, *morbleu!* and impatient of control: while you—you are a most respectable looking citizen, with that splendid pine-knot head, and see-saw movement. *Basta!* you will become a squire;—but who comes here? two horsemen at the door! *Diable!*—see to them!"

And Captain Ralph rose. In fact, two gentlemen ha reined in at his door: they now dismounted, and Lanky holding their horses, with many bows, came toward the cottage door.

The Captain met them on the threshold.

CHAPTER XXX.

UTOPIAN DREAMS.

He who came first, was a man of about thirty, but looking much older. In his keen eye could easily be discovered the strong and excitable character of his intellect: across his high forehead extended the lines of incessant, brooding, anxious thought: around his grim mouth, were two semi-circular furrows, which gave a rigid and iron-like expression to the whole lower portion of his face. Captain Ralph needed but a glance at this man, who was clad in a suit of plum-color, with silk stockings, and who wrapped himself in an old red cloak, to perceive that he was in the presence of one of those born leaders, who burn up, with the fires of their genius, all that opposes itself to them.

His companion was taller, and carried himself with elegant simplicity. His eye was mild and benevolent—the features comely, and full of character—his head covered with a curling flaxen wig, and his dress plain, but rich.

The man in the red cloak came forward, and made a curt ducking movement with his head, and extended his hand. The captain grasped it hospitably, and then, in the same manner shook hands with his smiling companion, whose greeting was very plain and courteous.

"Can Mr. Charles Waters have gone elsewhere to live?' said the man in the red cloak, sitting down, and speaking in a strong, rough voice of sincerity and open plainness, "I came to visit him, sir."

"My brother—my name is Ralph Waters, sir, a captain in his Majesty's Prussian corps, formerly," explained the soldier; "my brother is now residing in the mountains, and will regret not seeing you."

"Yes," said the man in the red cloak, "we are old friends."

The other visitor had, meanwhile, taken his seat in a corner, and with a courteous, "Will you permit me, sir?" to Captain Ralph, in his clear, silvery voice, had betaken himself to perusing a legal record. "I trust the urgency of my business will excuse this seeming discourtesy, sir," he added, "I am much pressed for time in a very important case."

And soon his smiling face was buried in his record.

The Captain turned again to the man in the red cloak.

"I think we have had the pleasure of meeting at the Raleigh tavern, formerly, *mon ami!*" he said, "pray were you not there in the autumn of '63?"

"Yes," said his visitor, "and I now recollect you."

"Charley has spoken of you frequently; and even has used some very extravagant terms in praise of your acute and vigorous intellect."

The stranger smiled grimly: the circles around his mouth growing deeper.

"Did he?" he said.

"*Morbleu!* yes! he was quite extravagant—though observe, companion, I do not say that he was too much so.'

"You are complimentary."

"I never compliment."

"Well, sir, I will then return you my own opinion of Mr. Waters. I found him one of those clear, vigorous minds, which carry all before them—in debate, in thought, in battle, whether that battle be of words, or of swords. He will harden into an intellectual giant. I tested him."

"Ah, you have a keen eye!" said Captain Ralph, twirling his moustache, "you are, peradventure, some sorcerer who can read men's minds by merely looking at them."

"In a degree, sir."

"And when you hear them talk," continued the Captain laughing, "what then?"

"I have found out as much of them as I need."

"*Diable!* 'tis a great talent. Say, now, what do you find in me, sir?—for you have both seen me, and hear me talking now."

"I do not pretend to sorcery, Captain Waters," said the stranger, in his strong, rough voice, "but I think I can divine your character, without much difficulty."

"Ah, well! speak then, sir: I assure you, you interest me greatly."

"You are frank, sir."

"Ah, *morbleu!* I believe I am."

"Perfectly sincere."

"Thanks, thanks!"

"And you would strike in a good cause with that sword upon the table, until it fell from your hand."

"*Ma foi!* so I would."

"Well, sir, I read that very clearly in your face—in your eye—in your lip; for they are all full of martial fire and frankness. Beyond this, I cannot speak: but I saw more in your brother, for I knew him longer."

"Ah! well, speak now of him!"

"Willingly; it gives me pleasure: for I found in that young man, sir, the mind I had been looking for to help me in the work which I see before me. I gauged him from the first, and my object from that moment was, to dive into the depths of his soul, to study line by line, joint by joint, articulation after articulation, the character of his genius. We went to the root of government—he taught me: I commenced by laughing—I ended by feeling the flood in my eyes as he spoke. I studied that young man, and I think I understood him."

"Why he is as open and transparent as the day: your study was thrown away, it seems to me, *mon ami!*"

"No, sir: and the proof is that I wished to talk farther with him, for which reason I came by with my friend from Caroline. No, sir, you are mistaken; that young man is not transparent, or, if so, 'tis the transparency of the tropical seas, where the eye pierces hundreds of feet, to the far

depths which seem very calm, till the wind lashes them to fury. There is the man in that illustration, sir," said the stranger, drawing his old red cloak about him, and appearing to take a peculiar delight in speaking of Charles Waters, "very calm, very pure, very simple and limpid, so to speak: but once roused, I fancy he would be more dangerous than the most furious—as the calm sea, lashed by the wind, becomes more fatal than the noisiest brook. His weakness however, in one point, was great—in his heart. That is too soft and easy: it will interfere with him in the struggle, I foresee. But the intellect, the reason, ah! sir, that is so powerful in its humility, so strong in its weakness, that I predict it will grow up gigantic, if God spares him for twenty years. At present—excuse me, sir, but I find a strange pleasure in speaking of that man—at present, his mind is in the transition state: he is too full of love for humanity, not to say it profanely;—he wants hardness: his ideas are too grand, he cannot bend them down to common things wholly—he cannot mount step by step upon that ladder which reaches to the sky—he would soar. As a proof of this I have but to mention his political theory: will you listen, sir?"

"Parbleu! I am delighted to hear you talk," cried the Captain, "and yours is a face, mon ami, which promises ideas."

The stranger smiled grimly.

"I am only a poor member of the House of Burgesses," he said, "but let me tell you one of Charles Waters's grand ideas; those grand ideas, as I said, are his weakness. He commences by saying that the present bond with England cannot last—"

"The devil!" are you sure of that, companion?"

"Perfectly sir, but to continue. Next, Mr. Waters uses the word Republic."

"A grand word, but—"

And the Captain shook his head.

"Next, while I listen attentively, he begins to speak of that republic, and his scheme is, that the free white people who have reached their majority, should wield all power."

"I doubt the feasibility of that," said the Captain.

"Next," continued the stranger, "he explains the re-

public which he imagines. Follow me now, sir—that is his idea. The people shall elect the sheriffs, the clerks of courts, the justices, the burgesses, even the governor of the State."

The Captain again shook his head doubtfully.

"That is not all," said the stranger, "he has gone further. Virginia, he assumes, will not be the only colony which will cast off the chains. All the rest will follow—all as far north as Massachusetts, which will arm its very slaves against England. Then, sir—for with his grand confidence, he assumes our success in the struggle—then he has arranged what he styles the federation of the colonies, in the shape of a league offensive and defensive, to be known as one nation, as the 'Federated Colonies,' or the 'United States,' or by some other name which shall denote the terms of the compact. And now mark the conclusion of his scheme. Having made all offices and dignities spring from the people in this colony of Virginia, he says that the officers of this federated government should also be elected by votes. He would have a great supreme justice of the peace, to be called a protector or president; a great senate, and a lower house, also elected by the people; a great national court, also elected by the people; one grand national organization, partaking of the character of an empire, and a league of sovereign countries. His Utopia is complete, perfect, not a rod or a wheel wanting in the machine, not a flaw in the work; it is only a pity that 'tis but a Utopia, for of course such a monstrosity can never exist."

The stranger paused a moment, then added:

"This is one of the grand weaknesses of Mr. Waters which I mentioned, sir; those splendid Utopian ideas which will disappear as his intellect matures, leaving it all steel. But I have even respect for his fallacies, for they spring from a man of trained intellect, and impassioned, political genius. Yes, sir, from a brain of rare fertility, and power, and strength, for it is humble; from a soul that goes up to the upper air, and looks down calmly above the mist and rain. The hours spent with him impressed me so profoundly, that I have come hither to say to him, 'Now is the time, sir—this is the crisis—you promised to assist me—keep that promise.'"

"To what do you refer?" said the Captain, "to politics?"

"Assuredly."

"The stamp act?"

"Yes."

"You believe it will pass?"

"I know it."

"And you count on Charles to render you assistance of some description?"

"Yes, sir, a great assistance."

The Captain shook his head; the stranger's glance interrogated him.

"I very much fear you have forgotten the old maxim, that where love enters, every thing else disappears," said the soldier.

"Love, sir?"

"Charley's married."

The stranger reflected for a moment, and replied—

"Well, sir, marriage makes a man stronger. One is not a perfect citizen until he has given to society those hostages of fortune, which Lord Bacon speaks of."

"I doubt much whether his mind is as full of political ideas as formerly, *mon ami*," said the Captain, "he has never lived, he writes, until now."

The stranger reflected.

"He is in the grand mountains yonder, with a wife who, morbleu! has never had her equal; he says the country is a paradise, and that the world is dead to him."

The stranger shook his head.

"In one word, he is happy and contented, sir," said the Captain.

The stranger uttered a sigh, which seemed to say, "all is over then."

"I will send him any message, companion," said the Captain, "or if you want a good arm for any active service, why, for Charley's sake, my own is yours."

The stranger rose, shaking his head.

"I trust 'tis no disparagement to say, sir, that you cannot supply his place," he said. "When the time comes I know you will be at your post, Captain Waters; but your brother is different. You may think all this very strange, but I repeat that I need all the lights to guide me on the dark path I shall soon tread; and this torch I came to seek cannot have its

place supplied by another. I fear that 'tis gone from me—that I must go alone. I see many noble lights around me," continued the stranger, with his high, calm look, and glancing at the gentleman seated in the corner poring over his brief, "but I do not think they will guide me as far as I wish to go; again sir, let me say that the impression made upon me by Mr. Waters, must be my excuse for this strange conversation."

"Not at all! not all!" said the Captain. "I am most happy to hear Charley praised; and he will, I am sure, be glad to hear of your visit."

"Well, sir," said the stranger, "when you write again say that I remembered his words, 'If God decrees revolution let it come!' Say to him, that this decree of God has gone forth; that he is needed."

And bowing with his old, awkward bow, the man in the red cloak, refusing to stay and sup, took his leave, followed by his companion, who exchanged a cordial and smiling farewell with the Captain.

In ten minutes they had disappeared in the direction of Williamsburg.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HOW THE PARSON CURSED THE CAPTAIN BOTH IN LATIN AND FRENCH.

Captain Ralph Waters was one of those men who have too high a regard for themselves, not to keep their word in the amplest and most perfect manner. Having promised Lanky to arrange his matrimonial affairs if possible, he mounted Selim on the morning after the visit of the strange man in the red cloak, and set out for Williamsburg, *viâ* the Old Field School.

It was one of those days in May which drive away, by simple force of their own brightness, every care and annoyance. The sky was blue; the streams ran merrily, sparkling in the sun; the woodland rustled gayly in the warm spring breeze; and far up in the clouds the lark made himself an invisible song, which filled the air with music.

All nature seemed to be laughing and singing—not the streams, and skies, and birds alone—the very flowers which gemmed the glades and sunny hillocks, turned smiling faces to the merry sun, and plainly knew that May—the month of flowers—had come.

The soldier was not behindhand; his mood did not clash with the joyous season. Naturally, life was bright and joyous to him, with his strong, hearty senses, that drank in brilliant colors rapturously, and took delight in pleasant odors, and felt the world was happier for the singing birds. And not to neglect his own duty, he added his own joyous "tirra-lirra!" to the concert; in so loud and hearty a voice, that the oriole who was shaking his trills down on the blue air from a lofty pine, paused with a pleased surprise, and listened.

Thus the Captain drew near the school-house and slowly approached the door.

"Ah! not a palace of education like the European Academies," he said, "and even not quite equal to 'William and Mary' in the town yonder. But morbleu! 'tis not on that account to be despised. It seems to me that there is a large amount of excellent information to be acquired in these log houses, even though the source of the stream be muddy as it is here. I have a notion that the Colony of Virginia will some day turn out a number of distinguished men,—at least it is probable; and then the Old Field School will be rendered honorable, as the forest lyceum where the young patriots drank in their first ideas. A man gets a better knowledge of life in these places, ma foi! with the birds singing, the trees rustling, the sun dancing along them:—they look *free!* In the old world all is battered up between hot brick walls, in crowded thoroughfares. The only misfortune is that *I* got neither one or the other."

And as if in defiance of the agency of fate in this particular, Captain Ralph began singing lustily his song again, and ended with a loud "tra la! tra la!" that shook the forest.

This song attracted to the open window of the school-house a number of faces, among the rest that of Miss Donsy Smith. Without dismounting the Captain approached and touched his hat gallantly.

"Ah, Miss Donsy! delighted to see you," he said, "do you know me?"

"Yes, sir," said Donsy, blushing, for the Captain's laughing eye very plainly said, "I know all."

"Well, Miss Donsy," said the soldier, lowering his voice as he leaned down to Donsy, who bent her head through the window, "Lanky has been making a clean breast of it!"

And he laughed. Donsy blushed crimson and was silent.

"'Tis a *bon garçon*," continued the Captain, restraining his hilarity, "and he will make an excellent husband. I have promised him to go and see your respected father, mam'selle, and I thought I would call by and gather strength for the attack from your bright eyes. Ah! I think Lanky is very fortunate, parbleu!"

"Oh, sir!" said Donsy, with tears in her eyes, "he is so good you know—I am not good enough for him."

The Captain admired the fresh, sincere face, the earnest voice, and said, laughing:

"*Diable!* I think then that all is arranged, if you have such a mutual liking. As for Lanky, he is dying for you, Mam'selle Donsy; and I really begin to think that I should acquiesce in the old saying, 'love conquers all things,' and leave you and Lanky to fight it out, morbleu!"

And the Captain again burst into laughter. Donsy only blushed more deeply still, and gave him a look which said "Please see my father and ask him to consent; I never could speak of it to him."

"Well, well," said the Captain, twirling his moustache, "I will go on then in my course and do my best: but really I think the shortest way will be to whisk you through this window, carry you off to my robber strong-hold, capture the parson, your pedagogue, and force him to tie the nuptial knot at a word. How would the venerable man look, think you, seated behind me, jolted up and down as I galloped? Faith! he would make a picture!"

And, enamored of his own fancy, Captain Waters burst into a roar of laughter.

"Who are you talking with there, Donsy Smith!" cried a pompous and severe voice suddenly from the interior.

The Captain put his head through the window.

"With me, parbleu!" he said.

The parson, who was seated in state upon his rostrum, hearing a class recite and occasionally ferruling the delinquents, started back as the martial head, with its long black moustache, sparkling eyes and brilliant smile, appeared. Behind this warlike visage, surmounted by its Flanders hat with its dark feather, was seen the fine spirited head and flowing mane of the Arabian. The appearance of this vision nearly took the parson's breath away, and he murmured:

"*Vade retro sathanas!*"

"Ah, your reverence!—*bon jour!*" cried the Captain laughing.

"Good day, sir," muttered the unwilling parson.

"I trust your reverence is well to-day; charming weather—and a charming sight to see you sitting there teaching the young idea, instead of, as you formerly were in the habit of doing, following the tuck of the drum, behind some warlike captain."

"*Anathema!*" observed the parson, who, afraid to vituperate in English, selected the Latin language for that purpose.

"Ah?" inquired the Captain politely.

"Nothing, sir."

"I am going to town, your eminence, any commands?"

"No, sir."

"I trust your reverence has not had an indigestion; you look badly—sour, if I may say so."

"I am reasonably well, sir."

"Delighted to hear it; you would be a loss to the parish."

And the Captain turned again to Donsy, whose fresh face was not many inches from his own.

"Well," he said, "I am going."

"Thank'ee, sir," murmured Donsy.

"I will do my best, morbleu!"

"I am sure you will," said Donsy, in the same low grateful voice.

"I have promised Lanky the cottage we live in.'

"Oh, sir!" said Donsy, looking at the soldier gratefully "you are very kind."

"Not in the least."

"Indeed you are, sir.

"No—I expect to be paid,"

"Paid, sir?"

"Do you think I intend to neglect my business to go gadding for you and Lanky, ma'mselle, to say nothing of giving up my mansion to you, without any reward?"

"Your reward, sir?" murmured Donsy.

"Yes: do you refuse it?"

"What can it be, sir?"

"Answer—do you refuse?"

"No, sir."

"Very well, then, I will exact payment in advance!" said the Captain, with his joyous and loud laughter.

And bending down he brushed the girl's cheek with his huge moustache, which caused that portion of Donsy's face to turn the color of her lips—which were crimson.

The parson saw all, and rose up, brandishing his ferrule and muttering an unmistakable "*Sacre!*"

"Take care, your eminence, I understand French!" cried the Captain, "objurgate me in Latin, not in the *Français!*"

And before the parson could reply, the head exchanged a confidential look with Donsy, and disappeared. In five minutes the forest again resounded with the "tirra lirra!" which slowly died away in the direction of the town of Williamsburg.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HOW THE CAPTAIN PROVED THAT LANKY WAS A GREAT NOBLEMAN IN DISGUISE.

The Captain continued his way, quickly forgetting this little incident, and soon reached the town and the shop of Mr. A. Z. Smith

In this history, which aims at presenting in a brief and rapid manner, some view, however slight, of the various classes of individuals who formed that Virginia of 1765, it would be unjust to wholly omit, after touching upon the peculiarities of the Crows and Lankys, all mention of the *factors* as they were then called. These men were the agents of English merchants, and their business was to arrange the shipping of tobacco from the various wharves; to negotiate for

its purchase in London or Liverpool; and to receive and transmit to the planters the price received for the great staple They willingly undertook, also, to attend to any commissions for goods from England: and the planter had only to deposit with his factor the measure of his person, the size of his extremities, and the style of garments he wanted, to ensure a suit from London direct, by the best maker. The factor did all this, and more, for a very small percentage.

The factors were of the opinion, for the most part, tha life was an agreeable institution, the chief end of which was to make money throughout the week, and on Saturday finish the week with a carouse around a bowl of punch or lamb's wool: they practised this habit at least; and one of the most zealous advocates of this mode of life was Mr. A. Z. Smith, who, as we have seen, kept a small shop on Gloucester-street, not far from the "Raleigh."

Without further digression—for this worthy will scarcely reappear in our history—we shall proceed to follow the Captain.

He drew up before the door of the shop, and Mr. A. Z. Smith made his appearance, smiling and rosy as usual. The attrition of the lamb's wool seemed to have made his countenance red; and its owner at the same time very good-humored. Smith took the Captain's outstretched hand with the air of a man who feels himself greatly honored.

"Ah, Captain, you do me a great pleasure—really now," he said, with that polite air he had caught from the noble aristocracy.

"Basta!" said the Captain, hitching his horse to a rack before the door; "don't make me talk until I have tasted your Jamaica. I'm as thirsty as a leviathan, *seigneur bourgeoise.*"

The factor smiled, as a man smiles when rosy visions rise in his mind.

"Come in, come in, Captain," he said.

And they entered the shop.

It was very small, and the goods for sale were of the simplest description. Onions hung in strings from the rafters—flitches of bacon kept them in countenance—buckets and tin pans and whips were suspended in graceful and artistic relief. On the small counter stood open boxes of

tobacco, and a number of household utensils; and beside these smirked the round face of a single shopman. Behind the shop was a small private room—and this was the real counting-house—where Mr. A. Z. Smith received his noble visitors, and where a huge safe and pile of ledgers testified to his usefulness in the community, and his well-to-do condition in life.

To this private room he led the Captain, smiling; and from a secret receptacle under his desk drew out a flat black flask, which contained his favorite Jamaica, which was excellent. He placed this before the Captain, with some glasses; gave his visitor the seat of honor, and without solicitation drank to his excellent good health.

If the factor was rosy and cheerful, Captain Ralph was moody and dispirited. He shook his head, after the first sip of rum, and almost groaned.

"You are not unwell, Captain?" said Mr. A. Z. Smith.

"Yes, yes," murmured the soldier.

"You are sick?"

"Mentally so, my dear fellow—I feel a sentiment of great remorse."

"Remorse, Captain?"

"Yes, my dear companion, real remorse, and you have something to do with it."

"I, Captain?"

"Yes, indeed; your rum has caused it."

"My rum?"

"Yes, yes; do you not remember my visit the other day?"

"In your splendid new chariot, Captain? Oh, yes! It would not be easy to forget it; it is one of the finest in the colony."

"Delighted that you are pleased. Well, on that occasion I drank some of this Jamaica."

"Yes, Captain."

"Well, companion, now listen to the enormity I have been guilty of. I went home, sir, after drinking some of this nectar—yes, this liquid ambrosia, and like an ill-humored fellow called it—what do you imagine?"

"Not *bad*, Captain?" said Mr. A. Z. Smith, turning pale; "not *bad?*"

"I called it *execrable*, a much worse word than bad, mon ami."

And the soldier groaned.

"Never mind, sir," said Mr. A. Z. Smith, affected profoundly by the Captain's painful feeling of remorse; "never mind, sir, you have changed your opinion; have you not?"

The Captain swallowed a mouthful, and looked rapturously at the ceiling. That was enough—no reply was needed—that look said more than words.

"Let us speak upon more cheerful subjects," said the Captain, sighing; "I have just had the pleasure of seeing your daughter Donsy, *mon ami*."

"Donsy, Captain?"

"Yes, yes, at the Old Field School yonder. A charming little creature, *ma foi!*"

"She's a good girl," said Mr. A. Z. Smith, with a cheerful look; "the light of the house."

"And that made me hesitate, comrade," said the Captain, "before visiting you to-day."

"Hesitate?"

"Yes, indeed; you would be loth to part with her, I know."

"To part with her?"

"Yes."

"With Donsy?"

"Yes, yes, companion."

"I do not understand you, Captain,' said his host, smiling.

"I had some idea lately of asking Miss Donsy's hand."

"Oh, captain—a great honor!"

"Honor? Bah! I say, sir, that the man who gets Ma'mselle Donsy will be fortunate."

"Indeed he will, sir; I have not been twenty years at work without laying by a plum."

"There you are, with your eternal commercial ideas."

"Oh, sir," said Mr. A. Z. Smith, afraid that he had committed something in bad taste—than which nothing horrified him more.

"You think I mean 'fortunate' in a pecuniary sense. You cannot understand the divine sentiment, morbleu!—really, friend Smith, I am ashamed of you!"

Mr. A. Z. Smith looked contrite and murmured an apology.

"I thought of applying for Ma'mselle Donsy's hand myself," replied the Captain, "but I am not at present in a condition to marry—her; and besides, I am now aware of the fact that ma'mselle's affections are engaged."

"Engaged, Captain?"

"Yes, sir, she loves devotedly one of my best friends—morbleu! a noble fellow."

"Oh Captain."

"A heart of gold—a glorious boy—you know him, or I am mistaken."

"Who can it be, Captain?"

"My friend Mr. Lugg."

The factor whistled. "What! Lanky!"

"Yes, sir."

The factor repeated that astounded noise with his lips and said:

"He a friend of yours?"

"Yes, sir."

"He a noble fellow?"

"Nothing less, sir."

"He a heart of gold—a gentleman—your friend?"

"Yes, he is all that."

"Why, Captain, he's a mere country bumpkin; Donsy shall never marry him—by George, sir, she shall not speak to him again."

"Friend Smith," said the Captain.

"Sir."

"You're a booby; permit me to make that observation to you in a friendly and appreciative spirit, and to tell you that, considering the length of time you have been in this wicked and woful world, you are no better than a child, morbleu!"

Mr. A. Z. Smith, instead of getting angry at this plain and unmistakable charge, held down his head.

"Donsy shall not marry so much beneath her," he said "that I am resolved on."

"Beneath her?"

"Yes, Captain."

"How is Lanky beneath Donsy?"

"Why, he's as poor as a rat."

"He is no such thing."

"Why sir, he is a common farm-worker—was with Mr Waters, your relation, I suppose."

"Who, the bon père? Certainly, he is my relation," said the Captain, with great good sense.

"Well, sir, how can you say Lanky is not poor? He's an honest fellow, I don't mind saying that, but I know that he is as poor as a church mouse."

"I don't believe church mice are poor," observed the Captain philosophically, "and if they were, I deny the application to Lanky."

"He not poor, sir?—Oh!—"

"Listen, *mon ami:* I am rich. As rich as Crœsus and all the monarchs of antiquity put together, from Sardanapalus, king of some land or other, down to the present time. I roll in wealth—I don't know how to spend it. I can't find an outlet for it—I am painfully overburdened with gold and land."

"Oh, my dear sir!" cried Mr. A. Z. Smith, looking respectfully at this gigantic proprietor.

"Now, observe: Lanky is my friend—and I have taken up the idea that he will be improved by marriage. I questioned him—he replied that he was exceedingly willing—having secured the affection of your daughter, Ma'mselle Donsy."

"He!" cried Mr. A. Z. Smith.

"Yes, indeed—Donsy is passionately in love with him—he with her—I have determined to see them married."

"Never, Captain!"

"Because he's poor, eh?"

"He is not only that, but his family is not good," said Mr. A. Z. Smith, with a self-satisfied air.

"His family!"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, he came over to Virginia—his ancestors, I mean—with your noble forefather Captain John Smith, the Chevalier."

The factor reddened with delight: his highest ambition was to be considered the descendant of the great soldier—and in fact half of his liking for Captain Waters, sprung

from the fact, that that gentleman bore no bad resemblance, with his long black moustache, to the picture of Captain Smith, hanging up in his counting-room. So that when his visitor said that Lanky's family came over with the conqueror—that is to say, Captain Iohn Smythe—the factor replied in a much calmer voice:

"Really, did they now, sir?"

"Yes, indeed, *mon ami*," said his visitor; "Lanky's father was the shield and mace-bearer of the Captain, and always held his lance and helmet. He buckled the arms on his charger—the Captain allowing no one else to do it—when the worthy Smith ran a tilt with Sir Powhatan down there upon the tournay ground near York."

Mr. A. Z. Smith looked dubious.

"Do you doubt it, sir?" said the Captain; "here is the herald's coat of arms of the Lugg family. Here you will see that they spring from the great family of the Lugdunenses who formerly owned all London, for which reason that place was called originally Lugdunum, Sir Ernanton Lugdunensius was the founder of the house, and the Chevalier Villiers de Lugge was the one who came over with your ancestor, companion—he was first cousin to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham."

Mr. A. Z. Smith then saw the Captain unroll a parchment, and hold it before his dazzled eyes.

"What is that, sir?" he murmured, overcome by the prospect of having such a son-in-law.

"Why, the genealogical tree."

"Lanky's?"

"To be sure."

"I can't read it, sir."

"No wonder, as it is written in Arabic—done when Captain Smith and Sir Villiers were together in Bessarabia fighting the Turks. It is further continued by another hand—and you will observe that Lanky's immediate ancestor was Selim Lugg, Esq."

Mr. A. Z. Smith, as was quite natural, failed to comprehend the pedigree of the Arabian, and the Captain soon rolled it up again.

"Now I have disposed of that," said the soldier; "the

family is superior, or at least equal, to your own: and now sir, to speak of the money part."

"Oh, Captain Waters!" said the little factor, with a remonstrating gesture.

"Let me go on," continued the Captain.

"Well, sir."

"I have—or I will—put Lanky in possession of the cottage on the river yonder."

"A very good house, sir, and some few improvements would make it elegant."

"Yes: and the land—fifty acres— is not bad."

"Excellent, sir!"

"Lanky shall have all at his own terms—and by heaven, if he wants a thousand pounds he shall have it."

"You are very liberal, Captain."

"Do you be, also."

"Hum!"

"Give him Donsy, comrade."

"Oh—I don't think we can spare her, Captain."

"Bah, you will not be separated, the cottage is a mere step, companion."

Mr. A. Z. Smith was evidently struggling between two opposing forces.

"Do you say he shall be set up in the cottage?" at last he said.

"Yes, *morbleu!*"

"And he loves Donsy?"

"Passionately, *ma foi!*"

"And Donsy him?"

"Donsy will have no one else in this world, companion. The house of Smith will be extinct—for she'll be an old maid."

"It's hard to lose her!" sighed the factor, who really loved his daughter exceedingly.

"She will not be the same happy sort of sunbeam, companion," said the Captain; "give your consent and make her happy. Come, now, and pledge your consent in a cup of this delightful Jamaica, and your brave ancestor up there shall witness the compact—and if he could, I am sure he would twirl his moustaches in the excess of his satifaction.

This double attack finished Mr. A. Z. Smith:—his pride

in his Jamaica, his pride of family, and in addition his love for his daughter had been brought in play, and he succumbed.

"Well, he shall have her," he said; "Lanky's a good boy, and though Donsy might a' looked higher, he'll make her a good husband."

And the factor sighed.

"That's well," said the Captain, rising; "and I knew you would place more stress on that honesty of Lanky, friend Smith, than on this question of lineage, about which I have been telling you the most unconscionable amount of lies. *Diable!* sir, I honor you! and I promise that you shall have the commissions of my whole family and estate, when I have the former—now, *bon jour*, companion: I'll go see Lanky, parbleu!"

And the Captain set down his empty glass of Jamaica, and went out humming his old song.

In half an hour he had conquered his enemy

CHAPTER XXXIII.

GRAND MUSTER OF THE CORNSTALK REGIMENT.

Instead of returning homeward, the soldier determined to proceed to the office of the "Virginia Gazette," and purchase a number of that journal: and also stop a moment at the Raleigh, and look to the condition of his horses there.

He rode into the yard and to the door of the huge stable, which was much more capacious than that one at Beanksome, where "a hundred steeds fed free in stall." The stable of the Raleigh would have accommodated more still: and at present it was quite full, the honorable the members of the House of Burgesses beginning to arrive in attendance on the opening of the House. Captain Ralph surveyed the bustling throng of stable-boys and grooms with much pleasure—bent his neck into the stable and saw his four glossy horses, delighting their souls with an abundant supply of oats—delivered a pistole into the hands of the hostler, with the promise of another, if the appearance of the animals

pleased him when he came again, and the promise further that he would spit the said hostler with his sword if their condition betrayed neglect:—and after these agreeable and cheerful ceremonies, bent his way to the Gazette office.

He rode up to the door and received his paper from an urchin of inky hue, placed there to sell the journal at sixpence per copy, and then, turning Selim's head toward home again, dropped the bridle on his neck, and went along, perusing the paper.

"'Arrival of the *Lucy*,'" he read; "'parliament—stamp act introduced—speech of Colonel Barri opposing it; ministers—Townshend—Grenville; sums raised to be expended in America; post roads—hum! hum!—public sentiment in the colonies exaggerated—no real opposition—hum! hum!" Thus the Captain continued glancing over his journal, when suddenly he heard a loud, shrill squeak, a rattling drum; and raising his eyes found himself opposite the "Raleigh" and in the midst of a popular gathering. This gathering was of every conceivable description of individuals—but these individuals were for the most part juvenile, and the negroes had decidedly the preponderance. To describe the costumes of these latter would require much more genius than we possess. Hogarth, in a golden mood, might have succeeded; but what pen can adequately portray an under tunic fluttering *en arrière*, after the manner of a flag;—what mere description can paint a pair of unmentionables held up by one suspender, made of leather, and worn at the knees in a manner painful and shocking to behold?

It was a crowd of this description in the midst of which Captain Ralph now found himself; and which Selim pushed his way through with the unimpressed air of a child of the desert whom nothing astonishes.

But the cause of the crowd? Ah! that is worth seeing. It is nothing less than a muster of the entire "Cornstalk Regiment of Virginia Volunteers," Captain William Effingham commanding.

The regiment are as picturesque as ever in costume and equipment:—they hold their heads up proudly, and shoulder their guns, or the substitutes for guns, described formerly—with an air which says, "We are proud of ourselves, our cause, and our commander;" they march on, in single

file, to the sound of a drum and fife, the former uttering an incessant rattle—the latter a deafening scream.

Captain William Effingham precedes the whole—even precedes the music; and his head is bent backwards, with proud satisfaction, as, sword in hand, and sugar-loaf cap on head, he marshals and directs his brave companions.

In front struggles a youthful gentleman,—it is Mr. Barkerville, the artist,—under the weight of a tall pine sapling, from which floats a silken banner, which utters a joyful flapping noise when the wind strikes it, and causes the great artist to reel and gasp. Upon this banner, which has been presented to the Cornstalk regiment by Miss Kate Effingham, of Effingham Hall, the work of whose fair hands it is—upon the banner is inscribed in letters of golden silk the thrilling motto:

NO STAMP ACT
FOREVER!
LIBERTY OR DEATH!!!

and whenever the youthful soldiers gaze upon it, they shout tremendously, and utter wild hurrahs, and waver about in the excess of their hot patriotism.

We have dismissed the bold musicians too briefly: let us look at them. Is not the fifer an old acquaintance? His coat is much too large and long for him; he wears a straw hat innocent of rim, and much dilapidated; he has bandy legs, protruding lips, a woolly head; he no longer possesses any thing but the remnant of a shirt. It is Mr. Crow—Crow in his glory; Crow rejoicing; Crow patriotic, and full of grand ideas, hostile to tyranny,—especially to the Stamp Act. This hostility causes him to surpass himself; his fife utters cries of rage and triumph which are fatal to surrounding ears; his eyes dance like meteors; his cheeks are puffed up to the size of squashes; his rugged sleeves are agitated; and his gait is the mixture of a jump, a dance, a hop, and a run, which we have once described. Mr. Crow is at the summit of human felicity, and when he pauses in his fifing, and, with a noble gesture, silences the drum which one of his relations has been promoted to at his solicitation,

he takes off his ragged hat, and waving it, utters a "hoora! drowning all the rest.

Captain Ralph, pausing at the door of the "Raleigh,' saw the grand procession, with its following of ragged black urchins, and vagrants of every description, sweep on. As he was about to go onward again, laughing, toward home, he heard a grave and strong voice beside him say:

"Give you good day, Captain Waters; we are well met!"

He turned, and saw the man in the red cloak, whose face still wore the grim smile with which he had been gazing at the Cornstalk soldiers.

"Ah! *bon compagnon!*" cried the hearty soldier, holding out his hand; "good morrow! delighted to see you again."

"We meet, sir," said the stranger, whose face had resumed its rigid expression, "on an occasion which recalls the topic of our conversation yesterday. Did you read that banner?"

"Yes, faith! 'No Stamp Act for ever,'—meaning, I suppose, eternal opposition to that measure; then 'Liberty or Death'—*ma foi!* that, at least, does not admit of a supposition. It is grandly unmistakable."

"You are right, sir," said the stranger, whose eyes again seemed to grow full of his eternal predominant idea, and to blaze—so to speak—with that idea; "'tis a grand sentiment, and I assure you, sir, that this banner, boyish as it seems, speaks the sentiment of the whole colony."

"Parbleu! perhaps," said the soldier, dubiously.

"Who gave them their ideas, sir?" continued the stranger. "Urchins do not read parliamentary debates and boil over politically without some instigation. Their fathers, sir! Their fathers have spoken of that infamous measure—and see the indication of men's opinions in the actions of boys."

The soldier nodded his head in sign of acquiescence.

"Those boys will be men soon," continued the stranger, "and will wield vigorous swords; that fife and drum will yet sound on grander occasions, I predict."

Then, breaking off suddenly, the stranger said:

"Any news of Mr. Charles Waters, sir?"

"No," said the Captain, "and—egad! I think the mails are no better than they should be. Bad, this, very bad.'

"I see the 'Gazette' in your hand," said the stranger, drawing his old cloak around him and smiling grimly; "have you not read how the proceeds of the Stamp Act are to be applied to the improvement of the post roads? But, sir," he continued, "I detain you. When you write to Mr. Waters, place at the bottom of your letter the words. 'Come! come! you are wanted!' Now, sir, I must go to pay a visit which I have promised to a young friend of mine, named Jefferson, at the college—a young man of much promise, with a strong political genius. I want these sort of men; I wish to see their faces round me when I rouse the storm; I wish, above all, to have men like your brother near me. Good day, sir."

And wrapping his old cloak around him closer still, spite of the mild May morning, the stranger made his awkward bow and disappeared in the crowd. The Captain looked after him a moment, muttering, "an odd fish, that!" and then touched the Arabian with his heel. Selim went on down Gloucester-street, and was soon out of the town.

Half a mile from the place, Captain Ralph discerned two figures approaching across the fields; they were a young man and a girl, and, as they drew nearer, he recognized Lanky and the mistress of his heart. The soldier smiled as they came up, bowing to him.

Lanky hung upon his countenance; taking hope or despair as the Captain smiled, or looked gloomy. We are sorry to say the soldier amused himself with Lanky's anxiety in this manner for some time, and he refused, for some moments, to reply to Donsy's appealing glances.

At last he burst into a laugh, and cried:

"Morbleu! 'tis easy to see that you foolish children are in love. Basta! was there ever such a folly as you have committed. You, Lanky, you villain, going and falling up to your ears in love with a pair of blue eyes; and you, Miss Donsy, with a pine-knot, surmounting a pair of striped stockings. It is alarming! But, not to keep you longer in suspense, monsieur and ma'mselle,—I have encountered the enemy—the parent of Phillis consents to an alliance between his daughter and her Corydon; in a single word, my dear Miss Donsy, your father consents to your marriage."

And, before the enraptured Lanky could impress a kiss

upon his sweetheart's cheek, Captain Ralph bent down and relieved him of that trouble, after which, he rode on, laughing and singing, toward home.

"Parbleu!" muttered the Captain, as he rode along, with his arms hanging down, "a good day's work for those silly folks there, standing under the tree, still,—by Jove! she's in his arms! Well, well; if I am so good a strategist in another's cause, should I not make some headway in my own?"

CHAPTER XXXIV

HOW MR. CROW WAS TRIED FOR UNOFFICER-LIKE CONDUCT, WITH OTHER INCIDENTS OF A FOREST PICNIC.

"This is a wicked world," says the author of the MS., "and, in his pilgrimage toward a better, man must meet with many things to shock and anger him. But there are many pleasant things to look upon as well. I think one of the pleasantest sights in the world is the innocent joy of children. It is not necessary that a man should grow old before he can experience this feeling of happiness, at seeing young persons enjoy themselves; it is not necessary that the head should grow white, the heart calm and philosophical, the senses dulled to those delights which strong and excitable youth takes such delight in. No; this feeling need not await the annihilation of the fiercer passions, the dulling of the heart,—to come then merely as a forerunner of old age, which takes children on the knee and sighs over them, and, at the same instant, over that bright childhood which, in them, rises up again before the grandsire's eyes. I hold that man made of coarse and rude stuff, who does not feel his heart stir with pleasure at the innocent laughter of a child,—who does not see in the child character some of that primal light which streamed on Paradise, from the blue heaven, yet undimmed by any cloud. Mr. William Shakespeare has said, in his matchless writings, that the man who has no music in his soul should not be trusted; and far less would I trust the man who did not find, in the gay prattle of children, a music sweeter than the harp of Æolus."

Thus does the worthy author of the manuscript, from which we take these veracious events, discourse upon his love for children, which, as the reader may have observed, has elsewhere appeared in this history. The sentiments of the worthy gentleman are very well in their way, but we may be permitted to doubt the propriety of prefacing with such grave reflections, an excursion of the Cornstalk regiment into the Effingham woods, for the purpose of holding therein a picnic. Still, we have preserved this little paragraph of our respected chief, and, having accurately transcribed it from the discolored manuscript, will proceed to speak briefly of the festival.

Sure never morn dawned clearer than that Saturday! The very skies seemed rejoicing, and the birds were positively delirious with delight. The streams sang too, and rattled the diamonds in their beds with ceaseless glee, and jumped up to the boughs which drooped down toward them, and ran laughing by. In the fields the colts gambolled for joy, the sheep tossed their heads, the cattle bells were tinkling, tinkling, tinkling, and playing without musical notes to guide them,—from mere improvisation—merrier melodies than any in Don Juan or the Barber of Seville. The merry May was laughing everywhere, and, not to be outdone, the members of the Cornstalk regiment, stretched under the lofty trees in a glade of the forest, laughed louder still.

They had been marshalled before the portico of Effingham Hall, by that noble commander, Captain William Effingham, who made them a speech, as usual. In the midst of this speech, he had found the attention of his auditors grow distracted: and then Captain Effingham had perceived, at a glance, the cause of this movement. There issued from the broad portal, a bevy of fair ladies—very youthful—and at the head of them Miss Kate Effingham, whose face was brighter than all the rest together. Miss Kate was clad in a charming little dress of green, and on her glossy curls was perched a snow-white gipsey hat, with fluttering ribbons her companions, rosy-checked like herself, were quite as happy looking, and all brightened at their approach, for the noble Cornstalk regiment was gallant and chivalric to the echo. There was one gentleman who displayed a joy far more extravagant than all the rest: Crow was his name, o.

noble lineage and ancient ancestry; of undeserved misfortunes, yet a noble soul: in a word, one of that great class of poor gentlemen, of which Virginia has been proud always. The joy of Mr. Crow may require explanation, for however great his gallantry, that sentiment could not prompt the enthusiastic somersets which he turned as the young maidens issued forth. Behold the cause! Behind them came a young African, bearing upon his shoulders a huge hamper—a hamper which said plainly, "I am full of cakes, and pies, and apples, and a thousand cates"—which positively groaned for very fulness—which weighed the bearer down for very joy. This made Mr. Crow rejoice: this filled him with sublime anticipation—this caused him to utter the shrill scream upon his fife, which made the little maidens stop up their ears, and shout with laughter.

And so they have reached the glade in the forest, and played by the stream, and laughed and ran, and gathered flowers, and held the yellow butter-cups beneath their chins, and blown away the thistle-down with puffed up cheeks, and chased the striped ground-squirrels to their rocky nests; and played, and laughed, and danced, and sang, until the very forests echoed with their joyous shouts, their merry carol, their exuberant, overflowing, wild, delirious, childlike, merry, gay and joyous mirth, delight, and ringing jubilant laughter.

Tommy Alston is there, and many other Toms, and Roberts, Williams, Johns and Jacks; and numberless Fannys, Susans, Carrys, Ellens, Phœbes, Marys, and a Cynthia to add her morn-like softness to the May. Mr. Alston and Willie have forgotten their league offensive and defensive against our poetical friend, the noble Earl of Dorset: they are rivals: and they struggle for the privilege of waiting upon Kate, and hunger for her smiles more than for any hamper-smiles; and gather flowers for her, and pick out apple seed for her to name, and when the candy with its poetical mottoes is produced, contend who shall bestow upon the little beauty the verses most indicative of burning love, and everlasting, fond devotion.

For now the hour of noon has come, and they are stretched upon a sunny bank, beneath a noble oak, whose leaves but half shut out the sunlight; and the jolly hamper sits upon a mossy rock, the centre of all eyes. They rifle it

with joyous laughter—taking out first a noble pie of birds and fowl. They plunder this of its jellied contents, and without solicitation the young maidens eat away, very unlike the heroines of romance. This does not lower them however in the opinion of their Corydons, who also bid adieu, for the moment, to romance, and plunge their pie-crusts into willing mouths, and talk inarticulately for that reason. Then they pass on to the sweet things, and the pie is generously abandoned to Mr. Crow, and his relative who beats the drum—which useful instrument is hanging on a tree above them Mr. Crow's mode of eating is not so elegant as we might expect in a gentleman of such high birth, and with such grand and noble political ideas. He takes the brown crock, which contains the picturesque debris of the rifled pie, and carrying it to some distance, deposits it upon the ground, and then sits down, extending his lower members upon each side of it. Thus fixed, he can look down rapturously into the recesses of the crock, and plunge his fingers in without difficulty. He does this, and the rich savor causes his eyes to roll like stars, his mouth to grin, his body to shake with laughter. He sees approach, crawling, the disconsolate young drummer, whose flag—but we refrain: he perceives a hand held out: he hears a beseeching voice—but all these things are unregarded. His rapturous eyes fixed on the trees above, he does not deign to see. The drummer crawls up to the pie with cautious movement; he extends his hand—he grasps the finest morsel—ho! the hand of Mr. Crow darts between—the eyes of Mr. Crow flash terrible lightning—the face of Mr. Crow is charged with fury, and a gloomy rage: the unfortunate drummer must wait until there is no longer any thing left but a morsel of crust and a little gravy. This much is generously abandoned by Crow, who, having finished his first course, arrives at the laughing group stretched near, by a series of somersets. He reaches the group just as Kate, who is laughing rapturously, is about to put a small lump of French candy into her mouth. Here was the opening for genius: he squats behind her; he extends his hand; the candy disappears, and Mr. Crow's eyes roll with delight, and his cheek protrudes like that of a monkey who has stolen a hickory nut, and endeavored to conceal it in his mouth.

This feat of Mr. Crow is considered audacious by the

indignant gallants: they lay violent hands on that gentleman: but they call a drum-head court-martial, at the request of the delinquent.

The criminal is arraigned according to the the rules of war: he is called upon for his defence by the uproarious group.

This call is not unanswered: Crow mounts upon a fallen tree: he looks around him with the air of a great orator: he scrutinizes the features of the Court of Inquiry and calculates the chances of an acquittal: the chances are of an azure hue.

Kate is called upon to testify, which she does laughing, and to the effect that the prisoner is guilty. Crow endeavors in vain to exclude the testimony, on the ground of incompetency in the witness: his point is overruled by the court.

Other witnesses testify: the case is made out: he is declared guilty, and then called upon to say why the sentence and punishment should not follow.

Crow brightens at this: there is a last chance: and his ideas are quickened to astonishing vigor by the sight of the executioner trimming a grape vine.

He stretches out his hand persuasively: assumes a grave and lofty attitude, and commences his defence. He bases it upon three points:

I. He wanted the candy.

II. He liked the taste of it.

III. He did not take it.

He elaborates these points; makes a tremendous speech; and winds up with a burst of eloquence which he fondly hopes may avert the impending fate. In vain; popular prejudice has warped the members of the court; he is declared guilty of unofficer-like conduct; he is unanimously sentenced to receive the bastinado.

Crow writhes, struggles, beseeches; in vain: he is tied to a sapling with handkerchiefs, all the time uttering piercing cries of anguish. He repents, he says: he do; he calls upon Miss Kate Eff'nam to intercede for him, but that young lady's prayers are unavailing; the grape-vine is raised; Crow makes himself as small as possible; the instrument of torture is about to descend; the crowd laugh; the punishment for unofficer-like conduct is about to begin, when sud

denly Mr. Crow utters a loud exclamation, to the effect that. " Ef there ain't Johnny Booker wid his old banjo ! "

All eyes are suddenly turned to the spot indicated by Crow's outstretched hand, and there, indeed, is seen Mr. Booker passing, with his banjo beneath is arm. Crow reaps the reward of his presence of mind, for the crowd immediately rush towards Mr. Booker, and take him prisoner. Mr. Booker is a relative of the fiddler at the Hall, and lives at the Bowling Green. He is as great a master on the banjo, as his relative is upon the violin. His face is the color of ebony ; his eyes roll; his lips protrude; a huge shirt collar saws his ears.

He is good natured, and willingly consents to "rattle on his banjo" in consideration of a portion of the feast. He partakes of the remains of the hamper, assisted by Crow, who has untied the handkerchiefs, and escaped; between them they dispose of all that is left; then Mr. Booker tunes his banjo and commences.

The party join hands and fly to the hilarious music around the oak; the forest is full of laughter; the banjo player rolls his eyes, sways about, pats his foot; the air is wild with the uproarious rumble, as the flying fingers dart across the strings. By and by Mr. Booker becomes wild with delight at his own performance; he executes a pirouette over Crow, who lying on the ground is rapturously imitating him with the assistance of a piece of fence rail; he commences singing the song which has brought his name and his dwelling-place down to modern times, encircled by a halo of glory; he plays so fast that the furious dance runs over itself, mingles its performances in inextricable confusion, and finally stops from pure inability to proceed.

The young ladies, half reclining on the ground, pant and laugh, and declare that they never before had such a dance. Mr. Booker bows in appreciation of this compliment, places his banjo under his arm, seizes a chicken's leg, and goes on his way rejoicing.

As they are still laughing and panting, they see a stalwart gentleman riding upon a beautiful horse ; and this gentleman, who is singing and further amusing himself with twirling his moustache, makes a most gallant salute with his hand. Kate cries that it is Captain Waters, her friend and admirer,

and runs to shake hands with him, an infliction which the laughing Captain submits to with great equanimity, after which he disappears, singing.

Kate comes back and finds Willie furious; she quarrels with him. Will repents, and solicits the favor of a reconciliation, which is granted as soon as asked. Will, emboldened by this, draws out his true love indenture, and requests the favor of her signature. Kate laughs, and says Willie is a goose; and as Jemmy Alston at the same moment requests a song from her, she strikes up merrily:

"I'm ower young to marry yet!"

and all are delighted with her arch eyes and laughing voice even down to Crow, who turns somersets for joy, and makes the forest echo with his stunning laughter, and his wild "hooras!"

Here let us leave the party as we found them—laughing; and if the present history returns no more to that great regiment with patriotic souls, and splendid banner, and immortal fife-player more than all the rest, the reader must not think that we have been guilty of neglect. Considering the number of personages whose fortunes we must finish narrating, the great regiment has occupied space sufficient. In some future history, we hope to chronicle its warlike achievements, and heroic deeds; especially the campaigns of Mr. Crow, that great leader and fife-player of the Revolution.

At present, we must bid the Cornstalk regiment, even Mr. Crow, a long farewell.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE SEIGNEUR MORT-REYNARD TAKES HIS REVENGE UPON DON MOUSTACHIO.

We shall follow Captain Ralph.

He was received by Mr. Lee with open arms, that gentleman not having had for some days an opportunity to exchange ideas with any one upon the various exciting political topics which were beginning to agitate profoundly the minds

of all men in the colony of Virginia. The soldier was an excellent outlet for the flood of communication which had been dammed up for some time, and the old gentleman took exclusive possession of him the moment he appeared; they then talked uninterruptedly until dinner, when the Captain had an opportunity for the first time to address a few observations to the young ladies, and to Mr. Jack Hamilton, who had "just dropped in," as he expressed it, in passing. This breathing space, however, did not last very long, and when the stamp act, the navigation laws, and the meeting and probable action of the House of Burgesses had been exhausted, Captain Ralph was called on to discuss the various events of the seven years' war, and to illustrate those events by diagrams drawn as before, upon the table with a drop of wine.

The Captain escaped finally to the ladies in the parlor, whither Mr. Jack Hamilton followed him, and he tried to converse with Henrietta. But he found it for some reason very difficult; he could not extract from Miss Henrietta much more than blushes and "yes's," and "no's," and he finally gave up in despair, and took his leave with a decidedly gloomy feeling. Looking as we do calmly upon the scene, we may very easily discern the cause of Miss Henrietta's blushes and constraint,—of the soldier's consequent gloom. For the first time, he had grown blind.

Mr. Jack Hamilton followed the soldier, and they rode on together. The Captain endeavored to return to his habitual good-humor, and after a time succeeded in producing something resembling a laugh.

"Ah, *mon cher* Seigneur Mort-Reynard!" he said, "it seems to me, that you are practising finely all those beautiful precepts which you enunciated in my hearing some days since?"

"What precepts, my dear Don?" replied Mr. Hamilton.

"Why, your woman-avoiding doctrines."

"Hum!" said Mr. Hamilton

"It is really laughable," continued the soldier, "to observe how great the difference is between the preaching and practising of human beings in this wicked and sinful world. Now here are you, my dear Mort-Reynard, uttering the grandest and most philosophical sentiments—sentiments which

cause your friends to regard you with a mixture of respect and admiration, and basta! no sooner are our backs turned than you go, morbleu! and practise just the reverse."

"Hum: you think so?" observed Mr. Jack Hamilton, 'you are very keen-eyed, Don Moustachio. Come, how have I erred?"

"How!"

"Yes, indeed."

"Are you not making desperate love to Miss Clare, par bleu—are you not going to change your bachelor condition?

"Hum!"

"Answer!"

"Well, if I did."

"Well, if you did, indeed! Egad! you will turn your coat. Never have I heard such an enthusiastic tirade as you uttered the other day. Oh, by heaven! *you* would not fall into the snare! *you* would not be caught by a woman, a pair of blue eyes, I think you said. We young and inexperienced fellows might fall victims to the *belle passion*, but *you*? Not the Seigneur Mort-Reynard, whose days were to be sacred to the pursuit of foxes, and to the disappointment of all individuals of the divine sex who laid traps for the Seigneur Jean Reynard Hamilton! Ah, *mon ami*, you are one more victim—you are an unfortunate specimen of the trapped—the bamboozled—the defeated—the circumvented! You will ever be to those who know you, parbleu! a shining instance of the fallacy of all human calculations, of the overwhelming powers of the sex—of the truth of your own declaration that when a woman has once determined to marry a man he need not resist—that there is no hope—that he might as well go to the altar, like a lamb to the slaughter!"

And the Captain twirled his moustaches and laughed triumphantly. He did not see the twinkle of mischief in the Seigneur Mort-Reynard's eye;—he did not see the joyous look, which indicated the power of revenging himself upon his reviler.

"Well, well, my dear Don," said Mr. Hamilton, "I confess there is something in what you say."

"You acknowledge it?'

"Yes, yes."

"Poor fellow!"

"True, I am very unfortunate, but how could I resist such a pair of eyes?" said Mr. Jack Hamilton, plaintively.

"Quite right," replied the Captain, "they are much too blue and bright."

"Yes, yes."

"Your favorite color."

"Precisely."

And Mr. Hamilton sighed.

"Don't take it too much to heart, *mon cher*," said the Captain, still laughing, "many a stalwart fellow has suffered the same misfortune."

"I know it, Captain."

"No one can resist."

"No one," said Mr. Jack Hamilton, disconsolately; "and even such a strong-hearted cavalier as yourself must not think to entirely escape; you have not, I think."

"I?"

"Yes, indeed."

"You think I am trapped?"

"I do, indeed."

"Madam Henrietta, you mean, perhaps!"

"Yes, my dear friend."

"Hum, hum!" said the Captain, in his turn.

"Do not understand me as blaming you for falling a victim to her brilliant eyes," said Mr. Hamilton, "it is quite natural."

"It would be, I confess," said the Captain, cautiously.

"Come, don't deny it."

"Deny what, *mon cher?*"

"That you are over head and ears in love, my poor friend.

The Captain uttered a sonorous "hem!" and said:

"Really, you are, I think, mistaken."

"No, indeed."

"I in love!"

"Yes, Don—desperately—profoundly; and there is only one thing in your condition which makes me sorry for it, as your friend. Her affections are engaged."

"Engaged!" cried the Captain, betraying by his downcast countenance the secret he would conceal.

"Yes, indeed!"

She engaged?"

"Her affections I said."

"Her affections!"

"Why Don," said Mr. Hamilton, "you must be blind. Have you not observed Mr. Effingham's attentions?"

"Mr. Effingham!"

"And the manner in which she receives them?"

"No," said the Captain, moodily; and too much cast down to observe the twinkle of triumphant mischief in his companion's eye.

"Why then you must be high gravel blind."

"*Diable!*" cried the Captain, to Mr. Hamilton's great delight.

"You see therefore your chances are not so good as you thought."

"Hum!" said the Captain, measuring himself in thought against his rival.

"Effingham is her cousin, and you know cousins are proverbially dangerous."

The Captain made no reply, preserving a gloomy silence.

"I thought I'd mention it," said his companion, in a friendly and commiserating tone; "for we have taken so many foxhunts together, that I naturally feel an interest in all that concerns you."

"Effingham!" muttered the Captain, buried in thought.

"Yes, yes; I say again you really must be blind—you cannot see."

"This troubles me, Hamilton," said the Captain; "and I don't mind telling you that I do admire Miss Henrietta."

"Right! perfectly right!" replied Mr. Hamilton, shaking with triumphant laughter; for one of the greatest delights this worthy gentleman could experience was in the perpetration of what is called a practical joke.

"You are quite sure of what you say?" continued the Captain, gloomily twirling his moustache.

"Sure? can you ask!"

"Morbleu! 'tis too bad," said the soldier; "I thought Effingham was remarkable for staying away from the house."

"Ah! a mistake, my friend; you are not there every day."

"True," replied the Captain, with the same gloomy look.

"Now, do not attribute," said Hamilton "to any bad

feeling at your own bantering, this little piece of information. Of course I never deal in jokes of a practical nature —oh no, my dear Don Moustachio—utterly impossible with my frank and unsophisticated nature."

And Mr. Jack Hamilton smiled with irony and triumph.

The Captain continued to think gloomily over what his companion had just said, and they rode on in silence.

Hamilton could scarcely contain his laughter; and once or twice was on the point of betraying himself. He felt some remorse, too, and this also was near causing him to inform the Captain that all this story was a mere effort of the imagination. But suddenly he remembered more than one joke of a practical and horse-play nature which Don Moustachio had played at his expense, and his heart was again hardened. He determined to leave his companion in ignorance for two or three days at least; then have a party at the Trap; relate the Captain's jokes at himself, and then detail his revenge.

They reached in silence the opening of the road which led from the main highway into Effingham Hall. Hamilton drew rein.

"I must go in here, my dear Don," he said; "come and see your rival."

"Thanks, sir," said the soldier, gloomily, "but no, I prefer proceeding on my way."

Hamilton smiled.

"Ah, you are gravelled," he said.

"Not at all," said the Captain, frowning.

"You are angry."

"Morbleu, not at all!" said Captain Ralph, looking daggers.

"Well, that is right!" said his friend, ready to explode with pent-up laughter; "don't suffer these little trifles to disturb your equanimity. You are a bold cavalier, my dear Don, and I should feel a dreadful amount of trepidation were you my rival—had you selected in place of Miss Henrietta—well, well, we will not speak of that. Do not think that I bear you any grudge, and have been jesting; of course I have not; we are boon companions, jolly hearts, lads of metal, sworn friends;—bear up! Perhaps you

stand some slight chance yet, and a powerful exertion of your warlike strategy might possibly end in defeating the enemy, who, however, I should tell you as a friend, is a very dangerous antagonist. He is her cousin—he is pale and interesting—he is a man whom a woman may both admire and pity; and you know very well, my dear Don, when a woman experiences a sentiment of pity for a man what it proverbially leads to! Don't be cast down, however. Let me see you in a day or two."

And shaking with laughter Mr. Jack Hamilton bowed to his companion, who rode on moodily, and took his way toward the Hall. When he had lost sight of the Captain, he uttered a shout of laughter which made the wood echo again. He had taken his revenge at a single blow; and we shall see what came of it."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE SEIGNEUR MORT-REYNARD CATCHES A TARTAR.

The triumphant Mr. Hamilton went on laughing, as we have described, toward Effingham Hall. He soon reached the mansion, and tying his horse, walked in, whistling merrily; he seemed to be at peace with himself and all the world—to be revelling in the quiet pleasure of a man who has an excellent conscience, and has just overcome by pure force of genius all opposed to him.

He found the front door open, and without ceremony entered, and proceeded to the library, where he did not doubt he should find some one of the family. He was not mistaken; seated languidly by the window he saw Mr. Effingham.

Mr. Effingham was looking out of the window, and so profound was his gloomy reverie, that he was not aware of the entrance of his visitor. His brow was even paler than usual—his lips were more weary—his head drooped, and his eyes were half closed and full of shadow. His posture, too, was very indicative of his mood; it betrayed languor, indifference, utter prostration of spirits.

Mr. Effingham was not aroused from his gloomy and

absorbing thought until the fox-hunter laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Why Champ," he cried, "thinking eternally? Really you will get your blood in such a state with this keeping in the house, that even running a fox won't set it going."

Mr. Effingham shrunk from the hand, and replied coldly:

"I am not very well."

"Not well!" cried Hamilton; "that's because you don't ride out."

"No, it is not," said Mr. Effingham.

"I tell you it is," said Hamilton, who honestly believed what he said.

"Well," replied Mr. Effingham, in the same cold and calm voice, full of constraint, "have it as you will."

Hamilton was not quick at observing moods, and engaged in contemplating a picture of the winning horse at the last Derby races, which the squire had just received from England, did not pay much attention to his companion's accent.

"Ah, well!" he said at length, "perhaps not—perhaps you are really unwell, but what a splendid second thigh that fellow's got, by George!"

Mr. Effingham made no reply, gazing out of the window again. Mr. Hamilton looked at him.

"Why, Champ, you really don't seem well to-day," he said.

"I am not."

"You are brooding over something. By Jove! your eyes are as deep and gloomy as Bob Ashell's after his losses at the Jamestown races, where tnat consumed little horse of Waters' beat Sir Archy. Bob had bet heavily on Sir Archy, and he cursed Captain Waters' racer from Dan to Beersheba."

"Ah?" said Mr, Effingham.

"Yes, indeed! and Howard said no less. They couldn't deny that the Captain had complied with all the rules—given them a full trial of his horse before the races—shown Selim's pedigree, and all that; but it seems the Arabian didn't begin running until the second heat on the race-day; and then you ought to have seen him. By George! sir, he fairly picked up the miles and tossed 'em behind him, and Waters

might have got a thousand pounds for him after the third heat."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Effingham, with the same cold and constrained air.

"Yes, indeed," continued Hamilton, carried away by his mental contemplation of Selim, "but the Captain absolutely declined—where the devil does he get all his money?—and prefers riding him. By Jove! just think of a man's riding a horse worth a thousand pounds every day!"

And Mr. Hamilton groaned at the Captain's extravagance.

"I have just left him," he continued, "and I ran a good joke on him, which I'll tell you another time—by George! it will make you die a-laughing."

And Mr. Hamilton burst into a roar of laughter, which did not relax Mr. Effingham's face, however, in the remotest degree.

"The villain has been overcoming me lately on a variety of occasions," Hamilton went on. "The last was the other day, but I had better not mention that: the explanation would be awkward."

And Mr. Hamilton laughed again.

"We have been over to Mr. Lee's," he continued, "and you never did hear such an infernal clatter as those two men kept up, with their wearisome political discussions."

"Indeed?" repeated Mr. Effingham, like an icicle.

"Yes, sir, by George! they nearly drove me crazy. Nothing but the Stamp Act this, sir! the Stamp Act that, sir! the Stamp Act the other, sir! the Stamp Act, here, there, every where: in the middle, all around, on both sides! In the same way it was the Navigation Laws this, that, and the other! The opening of the House, and the Governor's speech! The seven years' war, which I was in hopes had all been fought and forgotten! Then it was this nightmare of the Stamp Act again! By Jove! when the time comes, I shall be ready to fight if need be, but where is the use of this eternal wearisome discussion? Don't it weary you?"

"I am not fond of politics," said Mr. Effingham, more and more coldly: he was about to add a "sir" to his sentence, but refrained.

"By George!" said Hamilton, "I believe you are fond of nothing on earth."

"You are mistaken."

"Of what are you fond?"

"Of quiet," said Mr. Effingham, in a freezing tone.

Hamilton did not observe it.

"Ah, that means you do not like to engage in these eternal discussions. Well, we sympathize then."

Mr. Effingham inclined his head coldly, making no reply.

"It don't follow, however, that you need engage in them when you visit Mr. Lee," continued his visitor; "a man is always at liberty to escape to the ladies."

Mr. Effingham was silent.

"There is Henrietta always ready to discuss fashions, travel, books, every thing but politics."

Mr. Effingham continued still silent, but his breast heaved.

"Of course Clare would not amuse you," Hamilton went on, "absorbed as she naturally is in our approaching—hem! see what a fellow I am!"

And Mr. Hamilton seemed to wish his tongue in Guinea, Jericho, or other remote place, where it would not easily be got at. Mr. Effingham turned away his head, and his brow darkened.

"Clare is a woman out of a thousand," continued his visitor, "just the girl for a jolly fellow, not too soft and lackadaisical, but quite soft enough to smooth down those bachelor asperities which interfere with a fellow's standing in society. She is a finer girl than any within fifty leagues, though I say it.

He did not observe Mr. Effingham's frown.

"You would be benefited now," continued Mr. Hamilton, "if you would go over there oftener, and not persist in shutting yourself up here so secluded and lonely. By George! you'll expire of weariness."

No reply: but the brow grew darker.

"Come, tell me how this ridiculous habit has grown on you?—why don't you go and see Henrietta?"

Mr. Effingham's eye flashed.

'She's a splendid girl."

No reply.

"Of course I don't speak of Clare: by the bye, you used to pay her some attention—"

He did not observe the flush rising in the cheek.

"You were even sweethearts in childhood. How things change in this world: women don't continue to like a man because they were fond of him when he was a boy."

Mr. Hamilton was treading upon dangerous ground: Mr. Effingham was losing his self-control rapidly, as his heaving breast, and eyes filling slowly with a lurid fire, plainly indicated.

"Strange! isn't it?" continued Hamilton, "that after having at her feet so many elegant fellows, Clare should—well, well, where am I rushing? I can't keep any thing secret. But the more I study these women, the more I am puzzled. I can understand you, now, and 'most any man—but a woman? By George! that's beyond me—they're too deep. Now, I should have thought Clara would have liked—some people, better than, well, say, *other people:* that's non-committal. By George! you are pale, Effingham! How this staying in the house is hurting you! You are growing a perfect girl."

Mr. Effingham was indeed pale, but this pallor sprung from rage: every word that Hamilton uttered was another dagger plunged into his heart, and these were poisoned daggers—poisoned with contemptuous coolness.

Hamilton assumed a commiserating air, and said with a cool and easy smile,

"Why do you stay from Riverhead? Clare's present relation toward a nameless individual should not keep you from the house. Come, tell me why!"

The measure was full.

Mr. Effingham rose to his feet, and said haughtily, and with flashing eyes,

"Mr. Hamilton, be good enough to shape your discourse in such a manner, that I may not be compelled to insult you in my own house!"

"Insult me!" cried Hamilton.

"Yes, sir! your air of astonishment does not deceive me—I am not the dupe of your good-humored surprise at my address. You know well, sir, that I have cause to insult

you. Not content with making me wretched and miserable beyond conception, by depriving me of the heart of the only woman I have ever really loved, you choose to come here, and, under the protection of this roof, utter your insulting and ironical speeches in my very teeth! By heaven, sir, I will not endure it! I am not sudden in quarrel, sir, and have no desire to engage in any altercation; but, beware, sir! Woe to the man who strikes me, as you have done, through the heart!—let him not count upon a very lengthy forbearance! You affect to feel surprise, sir—you look shocked! Very well, you are at liberty to assume any expression of countenance you fancy! I have endeavored to prevent my feelings from mastering me, sir—I have more than once curbed my rage, and my despair—yes, in my despair, it is humiliating to say it, but I wish to be frank—I have more than once concealed the emotions produced in me by your unfeeling and unworthy allusions; but I now say to you, sir, that my patience is exhausted. I shall not always put a rein upon my anger—I will not attempt it. Go, sir! and laugh at me with that lady who has chosen you in my place, as she had the right to do. Go, sir! and mock, deride, sprinkle your ambiguous voices, and despise me to your heart's desire But beware, sir, how you come hither to taunt and jest at me—to make me the butt of your wit and humor—to insist that I too shall join in the laugh at myself, and wait until you have gone, before I tear my breast and curse you!"

It was impossible to describe the passionate emotion with which these words were uttered; Mr. Effingham looked dangerous; his eyes flashed; his lip writhed; his haughty brow was covered with perspiration; and his teeth were clenched. As he uttered the last words, he surveyed Hamilton with one of those haughty glances, which seem like flashes of fire, and for a moment hesitated whether he should add any thing to what he had uttered. The struggle was brief; he restrained himself, and bowing with cold dignity, he left the room.

Hamilton for a moment continued gazing after him completely dumbfoundered, and in no little anger. Then as he disappeared, the fox-hunter rose, hesitated a moment, grasped his hat and whip furiously, and hastily left the house.

"By Jove!" who would have thought it?" he said. "I thought, however, it was wrong. This joking will ruin me!"

And uttering a prolonged whistle, indicative of anger and dissatisfaction, he mounted his horse and rode away.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A COUNTRY CHURCH IN 1765.

If the reader will deign to cast his eyes back, he will see that the events we have just related, occurred on days immediately succeeding each other. Captain Ralph had finished Lanky's business on Friday morning; the picnic in the woods had taken place upon Saturday forenoon, that day being holiday for the Cornstalk regiment; then this same Saturday had seen the soldier on his way to Riverhead, and had witnessed his defeat by the fox-hunter. Lastly, the scene we have this moment related, occurred in the afternoon, at the Hall, as the reader knows.

We now beg leave to continue our history, with the events of the next day—Sunday; and for the purpose of connecting the narrative by links so plain that they will need no commentary at our hands, shall accompany the Effingham Hall carriage to church.

The chariot drove up to the old edifice, which was gilded by the fresh light of the pure May morning, and deposited its freight at one of the doors, at which stood a group of young men, whose self-imposed duty was to assist the ladies from their chariots when they arrived. The chariot contained the whole family from the Hall, who looked very calm and happy, with the exception of Mr. Effingham, whose face was unusually pale, and all entered the old church and devoutly knelt. Perhaps a word of description would not be inappropriate here; for these old houses of the Lord differed, we need not say, materially from those of the present day and generation. Christ Church was an old building of discolored stone, and above it waved the boughs of a great elm; the windows and doors were surmounted by little roofs, so to speak, supported by iron rods; a stone slab lay before

each door. Within, the feet trod upon flag stones, and the pews were enormously high, and with perfectly straight backs. In these, the audience were almost buried. On the walls of the chancel were inscribed the ten commandments—gilt letters on an azure ground; and below the reading desk and pulpit, stood the box and bench of the "clark," whose duty was to make the responses. The pulpit was very lofty, and in the shape of a tub; it was reached by two circular flights of steps, and above it was stretched a canopy, on the nether side of which a golden star irradiated, while upon the summit, a dove expanded its wings, symbolizing the spirit of the Holy Ghost.

The old edifice, as we have said, was overshadowed by the boughs of a great elm, and beneath this elm were a number of monuments, which told the virtues of those who slept beneath. Some of the tombstones were adorned with coats of arms, and flourishing panegyrics, which make the dead more noble and perfect than the great father of Manrique; —many an *armiger* was made matchless and superior to Bayard the reproachless knight; many a noble lady had her charities narrated in that grand eulogistic rhetoric of the past, and still lived in the eyes of all, through the veiled head carved on the stone, with clasped hands. But then there were other memorials which more deeply impressed the beholder—plain stones, indicating the resting-place of some child, with those simple inscriptions which affect men so strangely as they wander through these resting-places of the dead; for all that is sublime is simple. Great feeling does not rant; and these small white headstones seemed to have more of the other world about them, so to speak, than the fine monuments which, though the feeling of those who erected them were doubtless quite as pure, yet seemed to cling still to the pomps and vanities, dead now to those who slept.

The tombstones, white, against the green velvety grass, made the churchyard pure and happy, not gloomy. They looked calm and peaceful; and the good Mr. Christian's flock listened more attentively, as they murmured the responses more devoutly, for having before their eyes those memorials of rest and peace. And children played about them: men came and read the inscriptions, and mused. thinking of

the holy dead; and even the birds singing above the old edifice seemed better pleased to have the marble headstones there. So the old mansion rested quietly beneath its whispering elm, among the graves. It looked calm and hopeful, giving promise of another world.

Mr. Christian's sermon was upon humility, and the danger of pride and vaingloriousness—of those moods of mind when the heart and brain fancy themselves equal to every thing and so spurn all humble thoughts. He spoke of that sublime humility of our Saviour, when he washed his disciples' feet; and the low, eloquent voice was full of soothing, tender emotion. He then presented the evils arising from a haughty and overbearing spirit, and denounced them with impassioned vigor: he branded the proud and self-willed man until the picture grew hateful and repulsive; he then depicted the strength and greatness of humility, even in a worldly sense: the overwhelming power of conscious weakness. Finally; he enforced his doctrines by the Saviour's command to men, to grow like little children in humility if they would enter into the kingdom of heaven. All this the worthy pastor enforced with a mild strength which produced a strong impression upon his hearers. When he raised his hands to bless his flock before dismissing them, all hearts felt purer for his teachings, and charity and humility were in every face.

Then succeeded that lengthy shaking of hands and interchange of neighborly gossip which characterizes, we believe, all country churches. And so while Miss Alethea was inquiring about a variety of interesting matters within, with her lady friends, the squire laughed without, strutting about in his fine Sunday suit, and not imagining for a single moment that he wanted humility:—the preacher's sermon was meant for other people.

Mr. Effingham leaned against the trunk of the great elm, pale, haughty, and only half returning the bows made to him. Once, however, he did rise suddenly erect and make a proud and ceremonious inclination of his head:—Mr. Hamilton had bowed to him in passing. Beyond this, he showed scarcely any consciousness of where he was. Absorbed in his gloomy reverie, he paid as little attention to the brilliant groups of fair ladies, who looked with no slight admiration

on his pale, handsome face, as he had done to the sermon. That sermon had not produced the least impression on him—he had not heard it even; for near him sat Clare, and all his gloom had returned at sight of her.

He loved her now a thousand fold more than ever: she was dearer to him than all the world beside: the sight of her brought back to him every happy day he had spent in the past—the knowledge of the fact that she was lost to him renewed his most passionate anguish. It was a singular spectacle which he presented, standing thus in the middle of the gay, laughing crowd, as perfectly isolated as if that crowd did not exist, and nothing were around him but the calm white tombstones. His brow, as we have said, was pale, his eyes were shadowy, his lips compressed; he might have been taken for one of those characters of romance who throw their fiery passions and wild natures into the tranquil stream of ordinary life, and lash it into foam. And, in Mr. Effingham's case, this, as we know, was not very far from the fact;—he had defied society for a woman, carried that woman off, and done many other things which much better suited heroes of poetry or opera grandees, than a plain Virginia citizen;—and now we see in his face the ravages of that wild, passionate character, so dangerous when aroused.

The congregation slowly dispersed, and the Riverhead carriage and that of the squire drew up together. Mr. Effingham saw a form that made him tremble pass before him. His hand for a moment sustained the white arm, covered only with a diaphanous lace, as he assisted her into the chariot, he knew not how. A shadowy mist seemed to envelope all from which a pair of soft blue eyes, and a young girl's blushing cheeks emerged—and then the four horses were whipped up, he heard distinctly the crack of the lash, and the vision disappeared. He saw two cavaliers, one riding upon each side—the one was smiling the other gloomy. The smiling one was Mr. Hamilton, who was talking through the window to Clare, and looking back occasionally at Mr. Effingham, who ground his teeth. The gloomy cavalier was Captain Ralph, who had caught a smile directed by Henrietta towards Mr. Effingham, and totally unseen by that gentleman.

We may hazard here the observation that lovers are

wholly destitute of conscience, magnanimity, common sense, and ordinary courtesy. Mr. Hamilton was laughing at his friend, the Captain was quarrelling with a smile of simple courtesy.

Mr. Effingham entered the Effingham chariot with the squire, Miss Alethea, and Kate, and Will mounted his pony. The old sexton locked the church, and, putting his spectacles away, tottered homeward. Church was over.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE CHILD AND THE PORTRAIT.

The great clock at the Hall has just struck ten; and those echoes, which seem to wake as mortals go to sleep, answer it through the shadowy apartments.

Mr. Effingham and Kate are seated in the library reading; a few twigs in the great fireplace crackle and sing as they crumble into white ashes; the burning embers slowly donning those snowy hoods which shroud them when they are about to die. A faint blue smoke occasionally curls upward, and the old grotesque brass handirons cast shadows.

For a time, nothing is heard but the singing of the fire, which has not yet mastered one or two sappy twigs.

At last Mr. Effingham lays down his book, and utters a sigh which attracts Kate's attention.

The child raises her head from the Sunday-school volume she has been reading.

Their eyes meet: she gazes at him wistfully—at the pale brow, the sad lips, the weary eyes: his head droops.

The child closes her book, softly approaches him, and lays her hand upon his shoulder. Mr. Effingham smiles sadly, and passes his hand slowly over the bright locks of the child.

"What is the matter, cousin?" asked Kate, "I don't like to hear you sighing so."

"Nothing," he says.

"I am afraid you are not happy," Kate says, wistfully 'and I cannot feel happy if you are not."

Mr. Effingham only presses the little form more closely with his encircling arm.

Kate continues, laying her cheek on his shoulder, and looking up softly into his shadowy eyes:

"I don't think you are well, dear cousin, and it grieves me. Indeed, indeed it does."

"I am not sick—no, not sick," he murmurs, "but—"

And his hand unconsciously seeks his heart and rests there.

The child understands at once, with the marvellous instinct of affection.

"That is the worst kind of sickness," she says, in a low, tender voice, "heart-sickness."

"Do you think my heart is sick?" he says with a wistful smile, his head drooping more and more.

"I don't know," the child answers, turning aside her face.

"I should be very unhappy were that so," he continued.

"Yes," murmurs Kate.

"And still more unhappy, if you, dear, ever felt what—"

He does not finish—the form of the child is agitated slightly.

"Men can bear having their hopes all disappointed,—their affections chilled,—their lives rendered dark and gloomy by those afflicting trials, which they must pass through in existence," he goes on thoughtfully, "but children should not feel them;—were you to be distressed, Katy, I think I should find it harder to bear than all."

The child's face turns away still.

"I pray you may never feel the afflictions I have gone through—formerly," he says.

The head nestles closer and the tender form shakes.

"What is the matter, dear?" he asks, observing this.

Kate makes no reply.

"Have I made you feel badly? See how thoughtless I am! Why, Kate—crying?"

She leans upon his shoulder, sobbing; her eyes are full of tears.

"I can't help it, cousin," she murmurs; "I know it is very foolish; I am only a child—don't mind me."

"Only a child, Katy? Ah! if I could go back to the

time when I was only a child. I am a man now—but don't cry, dear?"

"I won't," says Kate, sobbing and wiping her eyes; "it is not right to cry, but you know I can't bear to see you distressed."

"I have got over it—if I was so," he replies, caressing the child's hair; "come, now, Kate—don't cry."

"I will not," says the child, and she dries her tears, and slowly becomes calm again.

"I am very foolish," she murmurs, "but I won't give way any more. It is not right for us to give way to all our feelings, and I didn't think I should. But I was thinking of what you had suffered, and I couldn't help it. I'm done now, and don't mind me, cousin Champ. It is all over."

The low words die away in the quiet room, and there is a silence, the man's hand still thoughtfully caressing the child's hair.

"Kate," he says at last, "I think I would like to hear you read a little from your Bible; I did not listen in church to-day."

"Oh! yes," says Kate, "I will get it presently."

And in a moment she has returned, and is seated in his lap, with the book open.

"Will you hear this?" she says, with a soft look of her dewy eyes, and pointing as she speaks to a passage on the page.

"Any thing, Kate," he says.

And the child, leaning her head on his breast, commences reading in a low, earnest voice, slowly and feelingly:

"'But he was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.

"'All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

"'He was oppressed and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.

"'He was taken from prison and from judgment; and

who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.'"

The soft low voice paused, and the child seems to be absorbed in thought: her eyes go back, and she reads lowly:

"'He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and we hid, as it were, our faces from him: he was despised, and we esteemed him not

"'Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

"'He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities;'" repeated the child, closing the book and fixing her eyes thoughtfully upon the fire; "'bruised for our iniquities.'"

The low, earnest voice dies away into a whisper, and she is silent.

He looks at the thoughtful little face for some moments, and says:

"Katy, I wish you could make me good."

"I? I, cousin Champ?" she says.

"Yes, indeed; like yourself."

Kate shakes her head sadly.

"I am not good," she replies.

"If you are bad, what am I? The idea is not agreeable," he murmurs.

"What did you say, cousin?"

"That is just what I wished to hear you read," he says, sighing; "and now, Kate, remember what I asked you once upon a time!"

"What, cousin?" says the child, thoughtfully.

"I asked you to tell me what heaven was—what you thought it was."

"Did you?—but I don't know."

"What do you think?"

"I think it is a place where every body loves God."

"Yes," he says.

"And that's why I think it must be happier than this world, where we don't love him enough. Oh! cousin Champ," she goes on, thoughtfully, "what a happy place heaven must be. I think of it in this way. I think of the

people and things I love best in the world, and of all the happiest things we have. And then, when I feel so calm and grateful, I say to myself: 'all this is nothing to heaven! For in heaven, you know, nothing can ever hurt us: here we have to suffer, and sometimes the people we love do not love us, you know, and we are afflicted and distressed; or they change, you know, from loving us, and don't care for us any more: or they grow sick and die; and all this interferes with our happiness. It is not so in heaven, the Bible says. There we love God, and you know God does not change if we obey and love him: he will always love us dearly if we love and fear him. There is no sickness in heaven, and no affliction—and then, again, think of eternity! Eternity! I don't know how to think about it, but the thought of eternal happiness seems very plain to me. In this world, we can't live very long, you know, and no matter how happy we are, we must soon die and give all up In heaven, we won't die ever, you know, and we will not suffer, but be happy and love every body for ever and ever."

Kate is silent; she is thinking.

"I try to be good," she continues, thoughtfully, "and I pray mamma to look down on me and keep me good if she can; but I'm afraid I'm very bad. I don't think about God enough and the Saviour, and I am too thoughtless, as we were in the woods yesterday, you know—when we had our picnic. But I can't help laughing when I feel like it easily; but I mustn't be too thoughtless. I try and think about heaven, and how happy mamma and papa are, you know; and how good Jesus was to us, to be 'bruised for our iniquities. Oh! think," repeats the calm, low voice, "he was *bruised* cousin Champ—'bruised for our iniquities.'"

And the child is silent again.

He looks at the tender, thoughtful face, and from it to the portrait over the fireplace.

"Strikingly alike!" he murmurs, and then adds aloud:

"Yes, dear, we are very bad to forget it—as I do always: well, well, you have made me feel much happier, and now you had better go to bed."

Kate raises her head, kisses him according to the Virgin

ia custom, and after leaning her face affectionately on his shoulder for a moment, slowly retires.

He looks after her for some minutes: raises his eyes again to the portrait: looks at the little Bible: hesitates, buried in thought. Then he rises suddenly, goes to the table, opens his portfolio, and taking a pen and a sheet of paper, writes:

"My dear Hamilton:

"I regret the harshness and passion of my address to you yesterday. I trust you will not permit it to remain in your recollection. I have no calmness on that subject, and for this reason must ask you never again to allude to it. I am afraid of myself. For God's sake! don't arouse the devil in me when I am trying to lull it, at the risk of breaking my heart in the attempt.

"I have nothing more to add.

"Your friend,

C. Effingham."

"*The Hall, Sunday night.*"

Then folding up this note, he directed it to Mr. Hamilton, placed it on the mantel-piece, and with a long, gloomy sorrowful look, regarded the portrait of his mother. That portrait seemed to smile on him—the mild eyes to bless him: those eyes seemed living once again, and the lips almost moved.

A profound sigh shook his bosom, and his head drooped: but when he retired his heart was not so heavy, and that sombre bitterness of mood had passed away. The old, sad look came back again, and the moon lit up the pale countenance with its light, and smiled.

The weary heart slept tranquilly.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOW CAPTAIN WATERS WAS CHALLENGED TO MORTAL COMBAT.

"The manner in which Captain Ralph vituperated Lanky, upon that occasion, was positively shocking. In the first

place it was uncalled for; in the second place it was ungenerous, considering Lanky's inoffensive character; in the third place, it was too great an expenditure of genius upon an humble personage, and an ordinary occasion.

"The Captain swore philologically, and with an eye to ethnology. He proceeded geographically, first exhausting that department of Spanish and Portuguese, after which he went on to France, and swore that oath-loving land quite through, from Gascony and Provençe to Normandy. He did not neglect Germany and Prussia, and paid due honor to Italy, where the science has perhaps arrived at its climax. And in all this flood there was no mixture of the deeply impure. The Captain's expletives were of that pleasant and humorous description, which are not inconsistent with a very charitable nature, and we may in a single word describe the handling of this great master, by saying that he swore poetically and from the imagination, not coarsely and from envy and hatred.

"Having exhausted Syria and Persia, the Captain modestly paused: he had not travelled further, and great as was his ill-humor, he would not trespass on his fancy. Instead of doing so, he seized his sword, and placing himself in position, called on Lanky to defend himself. Lanky replied by mentioning his master's military title, with an 'Oh!' before it; and this not being satisfactory, the Captain lunged furiously at him, and several times grazed the unfortunate Lanky, who uttered cries of despair and terror, as he shrunk and curled himself up to avoid the imminent sword point, flashing like a fiery serpent's head before his breast."

Thus far the author of the MS.

It is scarcely necessary for us, in explanation of Captain Ralph's ill-humor, to do more than refer to the scene between himself and Mr. Hamilton, narrated in former pages of this history. The present outburst occurred on the Monday immediately following; and in it the Captain poured out all the wrath which had been slowly gathering, like a storm, for forty-eight hours.

When he had nearly terrified Lanky out of his wits, he calmly restored his sword to its scabbard, and sat down.

"Oh, Cap'n," said Lanky, "did anybody ever see—"

"Basta! you villain, don't appeal to me!"

"Oh, Cap'n!"

"Off with you!—I'm in a man-eating humor. Stay if you dare, you rascal, and I'll fry you!"

"Fry me?"

"Yes, morbleu!"

Lanky meditated for a moment, and thought how he would feel if this terrible threat was carried into effect. The idea was disagreeable in the highest degree, and he made a step towards the door.

"Stay!" thundered the Captain, "the sight of that pin knot head, you Scaramouch, keeps me from having a fit of the blue devils."

"The blue devils, Cap'n?" asked Lanky, pausing.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you subjic to 'em?"

"No, you rascal: but I am threatened with them. One thing consoles me, however: threatened men live long."

Lanky inclined his head, in token of acquiescence.

"Sim Trabbles said he was goin' to cut me up into sossige once," said Lanky, "an' I aint cut up yit."

"Well, sir, what do you fancy I care for you and Mr. Trabbles? Sink Trabbles! you rascal!"

"Oh, Cap'n!"

"Dance, there!"

"Me dance, Cap'n?"

"Yes, this moment."

Lanky looked around, groaning.

"They aint no music. Oh, Cap'n," he added, "what's the matter with you?"

"I'm in an ill-humor, you Scaramouch—terribly angry."

"Cap'n," observed Lanky.

"Sir?"

"What is a Skarrymush?'

The Captain regarded his retainer for a moment with contemptuous pity.

"Look in that mirror," he said.

Lanky obeyed.

"Well, sir?" said Lanky.

"You have all the reply I deign to give you! Now take yourself elsewhere, you gobemouche."

"Gobmush!" cried Lanky.

The Captain aimed at him with a volume that was lying

on the table, and Lanky took to his heels, and disappeared, deeply wounded at being called those two dreadful names, ending with "mouche."

Left alone, the Captain twirled his moustaches, and relapsed into gloom again. It was a splendid day of May, but the Captain did not see the sunlight; the birds sang among the forest boughs—the Captain did not hear them: the river lapped upon the shore, the white-capped waves laughing for joy: the Captain did not heed them. For the worthy fellow was troubled; he had, for the first time, found opposed to him a dangerous rival; he was doubtful what course to pursue, for, perhaps, the first time in his life—that life so filled with shocks, and blaring trumpets, and quick blows.

He remained silent and motionless for half an hour; then his eye suddenly lighted up, and rising he opened a drawer, took out pen, ink and paper, and dipping the goose-quill into the inkstand, began to write, in large, heavy letters, and with great rapidity.

Let us look over his shoulder: these words appear beneath his flying pen:

"My dear Companion:

This is an unhappy world, and devious are the ways thereof. Man—especially a rude fellow, morbleu!—knows not what to do often; he is puzzled; he hesitates and stands still. Do you ask me what I mean by this small moral discourse? Parbleu! I mean that I am the rude fellow and the puzzled man.

"If you were an ordinary rival, basta! there would be few words. I would solicit the honor of being allowed an opportunity to pink you; and there 'twould end. I'd go on in my course or fall: and so finish. But I can't well run you through. *Diable!* I should say not. You are her cousin, you are a *bon compagnon*, you smile when we meet. See the difficulty.

"Ah! were you only not unfortunately so placed—for how can I act? I put it to you as a man of sense and rea son, is there any opening? Indicate it, my dear companion—zounds! the sword shall not touch my hand unless I am compelled.

"See, now, I am a rude soldier, a mere war animal, a

fighting hack, or if not a hack a military personage—I think I can venture on that general description. Well, now what can I do? I beg you, *mon ami*, to give me your ideas:—what say you to a bargain that we shall see the charming mademoiselle only on alternate days? to avoid collisions, you observe. These little matters are disagreeable, and often end in an appeal to the toasting iron, morbleu!

"For me, I don't conceal the fact that I shall prosecute the war with vigor. I have advanced to the trenches, and the next movement will be to hoist the ladders: then, the trumpet and the assault. I know nothing beyond this—I'm a mere baby—*tonnere*! I am as innocent as a child. Therefore, my good companion, come to my assistance. We are rivals—basta! don't let us have any ambiguities, or concealments. I would conquer, I would see you defeated; *Voila tout!* But I would do so without placing myself in position—you understand—I am tired of fighting every thing out: I am becoming decidedly a man of peace, a quiet and moral citizen—I wish, even, as you may understand, to become a respectable married man.

"I thought the chances were tolerable, but *diable!* I find I have a rival whom I cannot despise if I would. You are a good-looking, gallant fellow, morbleu! and just the man to interest a woman, as a friend of mine observed lately. I honestly confess that I'm afraid of you. Observe again! You are her cousin; parlous adds companion: yet I do not despair.

"I write this—which I send by Lanky, simply that it may not resemble an invitation to the duello—I write, I was going on to say, to ask you, *bon ami*, *bon compagnon*, how we are to arrange the matter. I'm weary of cut! thrust! and then blood.

"Send back your answer by the Scaramouch who brings you this *Toute à vous.*

"RALPH WATERS."

Having read this letter over hurriedly, and finding it express his ideas with tolerable distinctness, the Captain summoned Lanky, who made his appearance with an air of dreadful apprehension, for the vision of himself frying had produced a more and more disagreeable impression, the more he

thought upon the subject. He was much relieved to find that he was only wanted to officiate in the character of a messenger—not at an *auto da fe*.

"Take this to Effingham Hall, and deliver it to Mr. Effingham," he said. "See here upon the back 'Mr. Effingham, Effingham Hall.' Then wait for an answer, you villain."

Lanky placed the letter in his pouch, put on his hat, and mounting the cart-horse, set off.

The Captain sat down again, listless, and venting morbleus: and very doubtful whether his letter would answer the desired object.

"But what could I do!" he said, "parbleu! I am checkmated. I don't want to fight Effingham—I don't want to have any further altercation with one related to Ma'mselle Henrietta; ah! but I wish still less to be beaten. Morbleu! was there ever such an unfortunate event!"

And the Captain relapsed into silence and thought.

He was aroused by the sound of hoofs, and looking out saw Lanky dismounting. Hours had passed without his being conscious of the fact.

"Well, well, the answer!" he cried impatiently.

"Here it is, sur," said Lanky; and drawing forth a billet he politely presented it to the soldier. Captain Ralph tore it open and read:

"SIR,—

Your letter is offensive—I will not make any deroga tory agreement with you, sir. I would rather end all at once, and I hereby call on you to meet me, sir, this very day at the Banks' Cross-roads. At five o'clock this evening, I shall await you.

"I have the honor to be, sir,

"EFFINGHAM."

The Captain stood aghast—read the letter over, then crushing it in his hand, fell into a rage, which caused Lanky the most dreadful trepidation.

"Morbleu!" cried the Captain, "fighting is his forte, is it!—he would end the matter so, would he! Very well, we shall see."

And seizing his sword he buckled it on, and ordered

Lanky, in a voice of thunder, to saddle his horse. Lanky obeyed, trembling, and in a quarter of an hour Captain Ralph was on his way to Hamilton's, where he expected to find some second, in case Mr. Hamilton was engaged to act for Mr. Effingham.

CHAPTER XL.

ON THE GROUND.

The fox-hunter displayed the most unaffected astonishment at the Captain's communication, and would at once have revealed the trick he had played; but a sight of the letter stopped him.

After reading it over twice, he shook his head mournfully, and said it was a most unhappy affair—but really, he did not see any other mode of settling it. Then he hastily left the room, and a roar of laughter succeeded; immediately after which Mr. Hamilton's voice was heard reprimanding the servant, who had no doubt uttered this disrespectful sound —in a tone of dignified astonishment.

Soon afterwards, dinner was announced, and Hamilton advised his friend not to drink much, as it would unsteady his hand in the coming encounter.

'I will not conceal from you, Captain," he said, "that I think it will be a mortal duel. Effingham is a bitterly passionate man, and hates you profoundly. Come now, my dear fellow, set down that glass of claret."

The Captain drank it off.

"Basta! I've tried all sorts of fighting," he said, "and there's some reason in what you say. But a glass of claret? Morbleu! I believe you are laughing."

"I would not be guilty of laughing, at such a crisis," said Hamilton, "when one, or perhaps two, of my friends are about to fall.'

"Well, well," said the Captain, 'we shall see."

And he remained quite composed until the hour of half-past four had arrived. Having the duel thus forced on him, the worthy fellow's mind was quite at ease.

Hamilton had the horses brought, and the two men mounted.

"Banks' Cross-roads is a good place for a duel," said Hamilton, sighing.

"Ah?" said the Captain, twirling his moustache.

"Yes, my dear fellow—yes," replied Hamilton, "it is a most eligible position to fall upon—gracefully, you know."

"I hope to stand up," said the Captain.

"Well well, it is possible you may not be killed," continued his companion, with great commiseration in his voice. "Effingham is probably out of practice, and you stand some chance."

"Some chance? I?" said the Captain, "why, Hamilton, just as sure as you sit in that saddle, I shall kill or disarm him. Basta! he has forced it on me."

"I am glad you are so confident," said Hamilton, "but I think it my duty to say that Effingham was considered one of the best swordsmen in London."

"Was he?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad;" replied the Captain, "all the more satisfactory. Let us get on, comrade!"

And putting spurs to his horse, the Captain galloped onward followed by Hamilton, who looked at him—when their eyes met—with pitying regard.

They reached the cross-roads just as the Captain's repeater indicated the hour of five.

Mr. William Effingham, with his friend Thomas Alston, Esq., was standing on a grassy hillock at the point where the ways meet.

"Well, my little man," said the Captain, goodnaturedly, "did your brother send you to announce his coming?"

"Did you address me, sir?" asked Mr. William Effingham, arranging his diminutive frill.

"Morbleu!—I certainly did, *petit monsieur*."

"Be good enough to allow our respective seconds to arrange the preliminaries of the combat," observed Mr. Effingham, with an important air.

"Our seconds!—the combat!—the preliminaries!" cried the Captain. "Where is Mr. Effingham?"

"I am he, sir."

'You!"

"Yes, sir."

"You wrote me that answer?"

"Yes, sir."

The Captain laid back on his horse and shook with laughter. Hamilton echoed it. Master Will looked hostile and indignant.

"*You* received my letter!" cried the Captain.

"I did, sir."

"*You* answered it?"

"I have replied to that question already, sir!"

"Why, it was directed to your brother, *monsieur*."

"It was directed to 'Mr. Effingham,' and that is my name, sir."

"Lanky gave it to you, then?" said the Captain, rolling about with laughter.

"He sent it in by a servant, sir, and I returned my reply through the same channel."

The Captain remained silent for a moment, then bursting into a roar of laughter, louder than any previous roar, cried:

"Well! mine has been a wild life, full of odd adventures, but it was left for this day to bring the most splendid comedy to light I ever acted in! Basta! Did any one ever—"

"Never!" cried Hamilton.

"And you were ready to fight me with that huge sword!" cried the Captain to Mr. William Effingham, who indeed had buckled around his waist his brother's largest rapier.

"I was, sir," he said.

"And on what quarrel?"

"We are rivals, sir," said Will, "you confess it in your letter."

"Rivals!"

"Yes, sir."

'How, in heaven's name?"

"I am not ignorant, sir," replied Mr. William Effingham, with lofty dignity, "of the advances you have made to my cousin, Miss Catherine Effingham. I have not been blind, sir, to the fact, either at the Hall on a former occasion, when she rode behind you, or at Riverhead, the resi-

dence of Mr. Lee, when you were pleased to compliment her costume, nor last Saturday, sir, when she hastened to you as you passed upon horseback, near our party, and gave her hand to you. You seem to be about to deny this, sir: it is useless: the death of one of us will end all. Mr. Alston will arrange the terms of the combat with Mr. Hamilton."

And Mr. William Effingham drew himself up and assumed an air of noble dignity.

The Captain and his friend had nearly expired with pent-up laughter during this discourse. But the soldier suppressed his agitation: when his opponent had finished, he replied with a low bow, and in a voice of respectful solemnity:

"I beg to assure you, Mr. Effingham, that your suspicion that I designed, or now design, paying my addresses to your beautiful cousin, Miss Effingham, is wholly a mistake. Much as I admire that fair and lovely lady, I should never place myself in your way."

"Hum!" said his enemy.

"I therefore repeat, and here declare in the presence of yourself, of Mr. Hamilton, and of your friend, Mr. Alston, to whom I beg leave to present the assurance of my highest regard, and most distinguished consideration—I repeat, I say, in the presence of all here assembled, that I renounce all pretensions to the hand of Miss Effingham from this time forth. If any paper is necessary to be signed, I will sign it: I will, "*parole d'honneur! morbleu!*"

And Captain Ralph bowed again, stuffing his frill into his mouth.

"That is perfectly satisfactory, Captain Waters, and I offer you my friendship," said Will, brightening up.

"I accept it with delight," said the Captain: and bending down, the mortal opponents shook hands.

"And now I think my hoax has proceeded far enough," said Hamilton, laughing.

"Your hoax?" said his friend.

"All I said the other day, returning from Riverhead, was a pure invention," said honest Jack, laughing triumphantly, "and now, my dear Don Moustachio, it seems to me that I have paid you for all your practical jokes upon myself, at a blow."

With which words honest Jack Hamilton laid back and shook triumphantly.

For a moment the Captain looked indignant: then his face brightened: then he burst into a loud laugh, and cried, holding out his hand:

"Was ever such a villainous plot so perfectly successful! *Morbleu!* Hamilton, I acknowledge you are my master! Any feeling of spite, *mon compagnon*, is lost, *parbleu!* in admiration of your strategy!"

The Captain stopped to return, with great respect, the bows of Mr. Effingham and Mr. Alston, who, mounting their horses, rode off with graceful dignity.

The Captain looked after them—waited until they had disappeared, and then burst into a perfect roar of morbleus, —laughter, and delighted appreciation of the whole joke.

"Tonnere! Hamilton, you are a great genius!" he cried, "would any body have suspected from your face, on that ride, that you were tricking me! *Morbleu, mon ami!* I consider it equal to any thing in ancient or modern history."

Mr. Hamilton assumed a modest and deprecatory expression.

"No—no," he replied, mildly.

"There you are!" cried the Captain, "your face is like a woman's, when she says, 'I will consider your proposal, sir —la.' *Diable!* let us start equal again: after this, war to the death!"

And the Captain rode onward with his companion, toward the Trap.

"To-morrow—well, we shall see!" he muttered, as he rode home that evening, "the scaling ladders are ready!"

CHAPTER XLI.

WHICH THE READER SHOULD BY NO MEANS OMIT READING.

"THE reader will, no doubt, be able to comprehend without difficulty, what Captain Ralph meant when he informed himself confidentially that the scaling ladders were ready

The malicious communication of the Seigneur Mort-Reynard had made him feel very doubtful whether he could plant the instruments of assault securely: he looked through the Seigneur's spectacles and saw a dangerous enemy upon the citadel, ready to pour down on his devoted head, fire and boiling oil, and all deadly implements of warfare.

"But now all this had been cleared away—the enemy had turned out no enemy at all: and that was the explanation of the Captain's speech.

"On the next day, he donned his most dangerous weapons, and cased himself in his most war-proof armor; then with trumpets sounding, and banners flying, advanced to the assault."

Thus does the author of the manuscript, in that practical style of which he is so fond, chronicle the fact that Captain Ralph Waters set out for Riverhead with the intention of making a matrimonial demonstration. We suspect that the "dangerous weapons and war-proof armor," were only smiles and (hair) powder, and moustaches gallantly curled: that the "trumpets sounding," were simply the soldier's habitual ditty, ending in "ta, la! ta, la!"—lastly, that the "banners flying," were a pure figment of the author's imagination.

It is not now necessary to chronicle the details of the interview: we shall more directly arrive at its result by looking over the Captain's shoulder as he writes—having returned in the afternoon from Riverhead, with an expression of countenance far from downcast.

Seated at the rude table of the cottage, and making a tremendous scratching with his pen, which he handles much after the fashion of a sword, the soldier writes these words: while Lanky, seated in a corner, his day's work finished looks on admiringly.

"Dear Sir, Friend and Companion:—

"Not simply 'sir,' because you are what I have written—friend, companion. Let me out with what I would write at once—and in the best manner I can write it, being but a rude soldier, unused to handling the pen.

"With great respect, dear sir, and companion, I would

ask permission to pay my addresses to your charming daughter, Henrietta.

"This may surprise you, and"—the Captain cursed a '*morbleu*' here—"and I confess you have some reason: but I have not fought all those battles, Glatz and Lissa and the rest, with you, and found no enemy myself, but a courteous host. Alas, *mon ami!*—I am defeated wholly: can't hold up my head, and come to you and say I am conquered.

"Let me speak of myself first—that, it seems to me, is necessary, being almost a stranger in the land. You know my family—an honest one, I think, at least I am accustomed to regard it such. I am not ashamed, rather proud of it—thus much in justice to myself.

"I was quite young when, led by the spirit of adventure which God plants in the bosoms of the youthful, I left Virginia, to which land, through all my wanderings, my heart turned with filial devotion. I went to Europe. I entered his Majesty's service, in which I continued until the peace of Fontainbleau, with an intermission of two years—two years which now live in my memory as the brightest period of a rude, wandering life, crammed with a thousand vicissitudes, a host of emotions, for the most part emotions of glad triumph and success.

"Those two years saw me married to a good wife, a tender heart,—one of those natures which God sends upon this earth to bless the lives of us rude soldiers and soften them. I had the unhappiness to lose my wife; the hand of Providence took her from me, and, to my great regret, I had no children to remind me of that so long-loved companion. Well well, let me pass on: that wound has healed—or nearly.

"I plunged into war again.—I exhausted its delights, and they are not slight, sir, with all the blood and wounds, and suffering. I returned hither to Virginia, led by the never-dying sentiment of love of country. I only sojourned in Europe; this was my home. All that I retained of those years of battles and marches, and countermarches, was the title by which I am usually addressed. I was discharged. I left his Majesty's service, which I heartily rejoice and thank heaven for, the great Frederic not being a commander to my taste.

"Upon her death-bed, my wife,—whom God bless and

make eternally happy, as she made me happy in this life, often pillowing my rude head, when I was wounded, on her bosom —my wife charged me to marry again, saying, that marriage made me better, curbing my natural propensity to wander, and making a quiet citizen of me,—which is true Ah! sir, she was a good wife and I am a better man, for that brief dream of happiness. Enough!

"In relation to my worldly goods, let me adopt the European custom and omit nothing. I am not poor, thanks to some guilders gathered in my profession and what my wife *left to me.*

"I, therefore, ask that my addresses may receive your sanction; I am convinced your daughter does not regard me with indifference, and this I had abundant proof of on this very day. Enough of that; but this I add, that before addressing myself to you, I would receive no avowal from Mademoiselle Henrietta, binding her. I trust 'tis what every honorable man would do.

"You have it all, friend and companion; you know me for what I am,—a rude soldier, but a loyal man. Speak.

"Always your friend,

"RALPH WATERS."

The Captain wrote this letter without thought, as he would have spoken: and sealed it without reading it.

He then summoned Lanky, and placing it in his hands bade that unfortunate messenger deliver it to none but Mr Lee himself, waiting an answer.

Lanky returned in three hours.

"Well?"

"Answer to-morrow, sir."

"Good!"

And Captain Ralph sat down composedly, and leaning his head upon his hand, seemed to be thinking of some old days,—upon the Rhine it seemed, and of a woman; for his lips murmured: "a good wife—God take her to himself!"

Early on the next day a servant brought a letter, which the Captain tore open at once. It contained these words simply:

"I accede to the request of Captain Waters. I know

him for a brave soldier, and a most honorable man. I ask nothing more. The rest lies with my daughter.

WINSTONE LEE."

The Captain raised his head, and Lanky started back at the radiant expression of his countenance.

"Oh! Cap'n!" he murmured.

"Lanky, my dear fellow," said the Captain, "I think your chances for the cottage are bad—very bad."

"Oh! Cap'n! why?"

"I am going to be married myself," said the soldier, "go and saddle my horse!"

And Captain Ralph twirled his moustaches with a look of such triumph and happiness that Lanky was consoled.

His master's joy was his own.

CHAPTER XLII.

HOW CAPTAIN RALPH AND HENRIETTA TOOK A DRIVE TOGETHER AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

As we did not consider it necessary to relate the particulars of the Captain's last interview with Miss Henrietta Lee, so we shall for the same reason omit any description of the final and decisive assault, to adopt the phrase of the author of the manuscript from which these events are taken.

We can only say that when the soldier issued forth from the mansion of Riverhead his countenance was more radiant than ever, and that he twirled his moustaches toward the eye with an obstinate vigor which caused them to yield in spite of themselves and assume the killing air in absolute perfection.

On the very next day the gallant Captain might have been seen again before the door of Mr. Lee's mansion, this time seated in a handsome curricle drawn by his handsome roan. It was a beautiful morning, and the white gravelled walk glittered in the sun, the firm heel of the soldier clashing on it, as with jingling spurs—his old habit could not yield to change—he entered the wide portal.

In half an hour he emerged again, and this time with

Miss Henrietta on his arm. That young lady was as radiant as the morning:—her eyes shone brilliantly, and her rich dress was dimmed by the bright color of her cheeks.

The Captain assisted her into the vehicle, followed, and, gathering up the reins, set forward towards the cottage.

For some time they rode in silence: nothing was said but at last Captain Ralph shook his head and sighed.

"It is not agreeable," he said; "no, it is repugnant."

"What?" she asked in a low tone, looking inquiringly at his disconsolate face.

"This thing of taking you from the abode of wealth and comfort—morbleu! from the bower of ease and elegance, my dear Miss Henrietta, to the humble cottage which I—unhappy that I am!—inhabit."

And the soldier groaned.

"I thought we had dismissed that subject," she said in the same low tone.

"Yes," said Captain Ralph, sighing again, "I understand. You, my dear wife to be, are one of those noble natures who can adapt themselves to any thing. Yes, I fully believed you when you said yester ay with that charming sincerity which, parbleu! is the most graceful and delightful trait of your charming and admirable character, *ma chère*, when you said you would not marry for mere wealth: and if the man of your choice had it not, that you would forget all and follow him—to the world's end, you said: alas!"

And Captain Ralph uttered a groan which seemed to indicate an overburdened heart.

"Yes," he continued, "I understand how it is that having cast a favorable regard upon the poor soldier, and seen that he is honest and loyal, and likely to be faithful for ever and the day after, my dear Henrietta—I can understand that you with your grand abnegation of self, weighed his worldly position as nothing: which, morbleu! is oftener done by our honest Virginia girls than people can be brought to admit. I can comprehend all that: but the fact of my abject poverty none the less wounds and mortifies me."

With which words the lady's companion twirled his moustache forlornly.

"You make me feel badly by speaking thus," said Henrietta, turning aside her head.

"Badly?"

"Indeed you do," she murmured.

"I am sorry." he said, crying; "but it is proper for me to say a few words more, *ma chère!* Do you see that horse?"

"Yes," she said, in a low voice.

"Does he look human?" continued the Captain, discon lately.

"Human?"

"Like a man," explained the soldier.

The lady looked at him in astonishment.

"Ah, I see," said the Captain, "you don't understand That horse, *ma chère*, is a man."

"A man!"

"Yes, and his name is Von der Dank," said the Captain gravely.

"Oh!" said Henrietta.

"Nothing but the truth. Does he not belong to that respectable merchant of Rotterdam, and am I not in fact driving the worthy Von der Dank in harness? 'Tis positively unchristian."

And nettled at his own bad feeling, the Captain laid the lash across the representative of Mynheer Von der Dank, who tossed his head and flew along gallantly.

"Then not content with driving Von der Dank," continued the soldier, "I must commit the further impropriety of running the pasha Omer at the races. Selim, my dear Henrietta, is an Arabian whom I stole in the Orient from the pasha—it is humiliating to confess it: but there should be no secrets between us."

Henrietta looked at her companion with wide eyes.

"True, every word true," said the Captain, sighing; "and to drive Von der Dank in harness, and run the pasha Omer for the amusement of a crowd of Christian dogs—as they call us—seems to me nothing less than sheep stealing or what my servant Lanky fancies the highest disgrace—henroost robbing."

The Captain's head drooped.

"You are jesting," murmured Henrietta; "surely—oh how foolish I am to mind you."

"Jesting? I wish I was: 'tis too sad a subject however. And that is not all."

"Not all?"

"Do you see that necklace around your neck? But of course you do."

"Yes," said Henrietta, scarcely knowing what to say.

"Well, my soul! that neck ace represents Simpkins & Co., of the port of New York. You are wearing Simpkins around your neck—his arms encircle you. Just think of it!"

And the Captain groaned with jealousy and mortifi cation.

"Don't answer me," he continued, "my feelings are poignant enough already. Let us get on to my hovel which you see in the distance yonder. Von der Dank, proceed my friend!" and he lashed the worthy merchant; "the pasha awaits you in the stable, and you carry, in addition to your master and his bride, the firm of Simpkins—that I should be alive to say it!"

The roan seemed to be very well content with his enor mous load, and the bright curricle flashed on under the green boughs and through the sunlight: and ere long stopped be fore the door of the cottage.

Lanky stood there, louting low, his cap in his hand.

The Captain assisted Henrietta out, and pointing to Lanky, who was holding the animal, said:

"That, my dear Henrietta, is the gentleman who made my fortune."

"Then you have a fortune after all," laughed the young girl, good-humoredly.

"No, no, I mean that Lanky was the means of my win ning you—my pearl, what do I say! my rose, my dia mond!"

"Pray how?"

"He is the lover of Donsy."

"Donsy?"

"Donsy Smith."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, yes," said the Captain, "and but for him I should have laid my heart—perhaps, who knows?—at that charming young lady's feet."

"Indeed!" said Henrietta with something like a pout

"Yes, verily and in truth—*en verite*, as they have it over yonder. But his affections having been engaged by the said Donsy, you may fancy that I was far too honorable to interfere. Honor is all I have left now," the Captain groaned.

And he led the young girl into the rude house.

"Look around," he said.

Henrietta obeyed.

"Is it not humiliating?"

"No," she said.

"Look at that table."

"Yes."

"Contemplate those chairs."

"Well," repeated Henrietta, in the same good-humored voice.

"Deign to survey those rafters, from which—heaven preserve us!—dangle strings of onions, and material, unpoetical bacon flitches."

"They look very nice," said Henrietta, laughing.

The Captain groaned.

"And to take you from your wealthy and elegant abode to such a hut," he said.

"I suppose I am content," she said, cheerfully.

"A lady eat onions!" cried the Captain.

"I did not promise that," she laughed.

"A lady partake of bacon!"

"I believe a great many ladies do daily."

"A lady sit upon chairs like those at such a table as that!"

"They are very nice to rest in, and my wrapping is very well here," said Henrietta, sitting down, and laying her silk pelisse upon the rude pine table.

The Captain shook his head, sighing piteously.

"That is all affectation, *ma chère*," he said, forlornly.

"Indeed 'tis not."

"Yes, yes."

"I am perfectly contented."

"With your future abode?"

"Yes," she said simply.

The Captain uttered a sigh.

"It wounds me," he said, "to the very heart thus to drag down the star of my life. But how can I help it?"

"I am glad I am a star," said Henrietta, smiling, "but I do not feel as if I were dragged down."

"All devotion—grandeur: it springs from your woman's nature. Just look around—just look at that pine knot at the door."

"Pine knot?"

"Yes, yes; at my scaramouch—at Lanky."

She laughed.

"This is your future mistress, Lanky," said the Captain.

The pine knot louted low.

"I am very glad to see you, Lanky, and to make your acquaintance," said Henrietta, holding out her hand, with a charming smile.

Lanky colored, and did not dare to take the hand.

"Won't you shake hands?" said Henrietta, smiling.

Lanky trembled and approached.

"Oh, ma'am!" he said.

And he found his huge paw inclosed in a soft white hand, like velvet, which pressed it kindly.

Lanky disappeared, staggering with delight.

"Look at him!" sighed the Captain; "see the difference between that ridiculous country bumpkin, in his striped stockings and fustian waistcoat, and the well-fed butler you are accustomed to see, Henrietta."

"I like Lanky the best," she said, smiling; "he seems very honest."

"Yes, yes, a *bon garçon*, and would die for me."

"Then," said Henrietta, simply, "I shall like him more than ever."

The Captain's martial face was illuminated with a look of pride and happiness which changed it instantly, and made it radiant.

"*Morbleu!* Henrietta," he cried, "you are the pearl of your sex, the queen of the heart, as you are the queen of beauty! And can you consent to leave your father's house, with all its elegance, its comfort, its quiet pleasure and soft repose, to become the inmate of this cabin, the wife of the rude soldier who stands before you? Can you bid adieu to every brilliant scene, to all your past life, spent in the midst of so much ease, even splendor, to light up my poor hut with your smiles—my life with your fair and beautiful eyes?

Can you consent to take a poor soldier, a rough adventurer, a common fellow, with nothing but a loyal heart?"

She murmured, "Yes."

"You cannot leave that position without a struggle, however," he continued. "Does it not rend your heart to descend so low—to leave Riverhead for this cottage—to become the mistress of a hovel? Can you look with equanimity upon a future where no sun shines, where you must contend with common, coarse, material obstacles—with vulgar want, and struggle on without casting a single longing look back on your past?"

"Yes," she said, putting her hand in his, "I have you."

"Shall I put the roan up, sir?" said Lanky, appearing at the door.

"No," sighed the Captain, relapsing into gloom; "we will return."

And offering his arm to Henrietta, he passed through the door, and slowly assisted her into the vehicle again, sighing.

"Suppose we take a short drive before returning," he said.

She nodded good-humoredly.

The Captain only groaned in reply, and lashed his horse, who set off like lightning upon the smooth road leading up the river.

"Your gloom distresses me," said Henrietta, in a low voice; "for heaven's sake forget these mere worldly circumstances; they do not affect me for a moment. I would not have given my hand to the richest gentleman in the land for his riches only. Why should I estimate what I do not value so highly? Look at the sunlight, and hear the birds singing. We enjoy them as much as though we were a king and queen; and I think the river singing down upon the shore is happiness enough!"

And she looked as perfectly happy and contented as it is possible to conceive.

The Captain only sighed, and shook his head, murmuring:

"You are a noble heart."

"Indeed I'm not," she replied, cheerfully, "but I am far

more than contented. And, besides, father will not let us want any thing—you forget that."

"Oh!" groaned the Captain, "that is too humiliating! A strong-armed soldier like me marrying for money! Do not speak of it, Henrietta—it is dreadful. I did not seek your money—if you have any of that disagreeable commodity—the Shakespearian word, I believe. I hate and despise what is vulgarly called cash!"

And in the excess of his wrath at finding that his future wife would probably have a large fortune on her marriage, the Captain lashed the roan until that unfortunate animal fairly flew.

"Let us not speak further on this subject," he added; "let us enjoy the landscape. See the river—see those noble mansions crowning the fine hills. *Parbleu!* the goods of this wicked world—particularly of that wickedest portion, Virginia—are not equally divided. Now it seems to me that I ought to have one of those fine houses. Society owes me a house and plantation. I will establish a school of politics with that cardinal principle. I will become agrarian. I want land."

Henrietta smiled.

"We can do very well without it," she said.

"Contemplate the fine old houses," continued the Captain, sighing; "look at the smiling fields—I covet those fields, I break the tenth commandment horribly, morbleu!'

"The whole?" asked Henrietta, smiling.

"Yes, yes."

"Do you covet your neighbor's wife?" she laughed.

The Captain smiled sadly.

"No, no; I believe you have me there," he said; "I don't want any wife but the one who will soon be mine legally, and I may add, equitably—in fee-simple."

And having made this great display of legal knowledge, the Captain stopped sighing.

"See what a fine house across the river," he added.

"Yes; but I think Mr. Wilt's, here, is far prettier."

"No, no."

"Indeed, I think it is."

"Well, I have a moment's business with that gentleman Will you go in?"

"Oh yes."

A quarter of a mile was passed over, and the vehicle stopped at the door of one of those fine old mansions we have heard the Captain covet. It fairly smiled in the bright May sunlight, with its gables, dormer windows, and old trees.

An aged negro came to the door, and held the horse respectfully for the soldier. He assisted Henrietta out, and they entered.

"Why, they have new furniture," she said: "I know all about 'Flodden,' and it looks very much changed."

"Ah!"

"Yes indeed! how strange! but how handsome it is."

They went into the parlor, and the well-fed butler stood bowing.

"James," said Henrietta; but stopping, she added, "why, it is not James?"

"My name is Thomas, madam," said the courteous black gentleman, not seeing the Captain's signals of wrath.

"Thomas! why where is old James?"

"He went away, they tell me, ma'am, with Squire Wilts."

"Went away!"

"The squire done moved to his t'other house up the river, ma'am, and master there done bought the place—'Flodding' I b'lieve they calls it."

Suddenly Thomas started and shook: he saw the wrathful eyes of the soldier on him.

Henrietta could say nothing; the whole flashed on her; she only looked in silence at the Captain.

"Yes, my dearest Henrietta," said that gentleman, "I understand what you would say. You mean that I have deceived you—and, morbleu! you are perfectly right. But ah! I could not deny myself that scene at the cottage—I could not omit such pleasure. It was not to try you. Oh no! parole d'honneur! I felt that useless. But in this world we cannot get too much happiness, and in your devotion to your rude soldier, there was such happiness as he has seldom experienced in this wicked world.

"Yes," continued the Captain, "'Flodden' is my home now, the squire having disposed of it privately to me, taking in exchange for it some twelve thousand pounds I had lying

idle. Let me embrace the opportunity further to assure you *ma chère*, that Van der Dank, the pasha, and the New-York firm, are all honestly paid—the animals are mine, the bracelet yours. We have enough, thank Heaven, to live quietly upon, and you will not be compelled, my dearest Henriette, to descend as low as onions."

With which words the Captain, laughing, full of pride and delight, smoothed softly the head that lay upon his shoulder.

"Now we shall return in a different manner," he said; and he gave an order to the butler.

That gentleman bowed low and vanished.

A quarter of an hour afterwards, a magnificent chariot drove up to the door, drawn by four horses, whose bright coats and rosetted heads shone in the merry sunlight.

The Captain led the young girl forth, and assisted her into the coach: then followed. The courteous black butler bowed—the old superannuated hostler smiled; for he liked the frank face of the soldier;—and the vehicle set off at a gallop. Captain Ralph was partial to rapid motion.

They did not speak for some moments; then the soldier said:

"But how are you pleased with your house, ma chère?"

"Very much," she said, smiling; "but I like the cottage and Lanky best, I think!"

Which caused the Captain to burst into laughter. In two hours they reached 'Riverhead.'

CHAPTER XLIII.

IN WHICH MR. EFFINGHAM STARTS WITH ASTONISHMENT.

'My goodness!" said Kate.

Will looked dignified.

"Did you really now?" continued the mistress of his heart.

"Yes, madam," replied Will.

"Who would have thought of such a thing but you! Gracious! it almost takes my breath away to think of it!"

And Kate placed her hand upon her breast and gasped,

and panted in a manner which was delightful to behold; her eyes dancing all the while, her utterance struggling with pent-up laughter.

Miss Kate Effingham, and Mr., otherwise Captain William Effingham, patriotic leader of the Cornstalk regiment of Virginia Volunteers, exchanged these observations on the day after the scene at the Cross Roads. Kate was sitting at the harpsichord whereon she had been playing; Master Willie was perched upon the table, from which he dangled his dignified legs, clad in their silk stockings and pumps which latter were ornamented with huge rosettes and silver buckles.

Kate's hair flowed on her shoulders, which were bare, and from time to time she removed it from her rosy cheeks, and placed it behind her ears; her white arms were bare to the shoulder nearly: she was clad in intense pink, and wore golden clocks. She had been singing a song of which the following is a specimen, as nearly accurate as possible:

> "'Tis in the field the farmer goes,
> And there his seed the farmer sows,
> But you nor I nor nobody knows
> How oats, peas, beans, or barley grows:"

and during this pleasant ditty, Master Will had been kicking his heels to keep the time.

He had then startled Kate, by relating his abortive attempt to murder his rival, and thus the exclamation, "My goodness!" and the further observation, "gracious!" had been produced. After this accurate and detailed description of the circumstances of the interview, we may proceed to hear what the devoted lovers are saying.

"I'm sorry it takes your breath away to think of it," said Will, with dignity; "but that's the way you always treat me. I never can please you:—here I am running my life into danger for you, and you only laugh at me."

"Goodness gracious!" cried Kate, "I didn't."

"You did."

"Very well, sir, Tommy Alston never contradicts me."

"There, you are going to drive me distracted with that gawky Alston."

"Gawky! hum!"

And Kate pouted.

"You know he is!"

"He is'nt a bit."

"Now you are contradicting me," observed Will, with great good sense

"Well, you deserve it: you know you do. Tommy was a great deal more attentive to me at the picnic than you and you would have let Jim Crow take my candy—but he wouldn't."

Will felt that this charge was unjust, and, not being able to contradict Kate, determined to go and challenge Mr. Alston immediately. He rose for that purpose.

"Where are you going?" said Kate.

"I am going to make your Mr. Alston give me satisfaction."

"Satisfaction! Oh me!"

"Yes, madam."

"To fight?"

"Immediately."

And Will made a motion to go.

"Oh Willie!" cried Kate, holding him back.

"Before night one of us shall sleep in death!" cried Willie, looking concentrated daggers.

Kate uttered a scream.

"Willie, you frighten me to death!" she cried, "I was only joking. You were very good to me at the picnic; and I didn't mind that foolish little fellow, Jim. Didn't he turn funny summersets? My gracious! just to think of him makes me die o' laughing."

And Kate burst into such a ringing peal of laughter that Willie's hostile ideas disappeared like mist before the sun.

"What a fine time we had!" said Kate, struggling not to laugh all her words into stammerings; "only think of the drummer, too! and Johnny Booker, from the Bowling Green, and the way Jim Crow ate that pie!"

"It was splendid!" said Will, whose spirits were restored completely.

"And it wasn't far from where you were going to fight that ridiculous duel," observed Kate

Will's face clouded.

"Ridiculous?"

"Yes: did any body ever hear the like? Of course, I'm flattered, and all for your doing it for me; but to think Captain Waters was courting me. It was too funny."

"Funny!" said Will, with dignity; "Mr. Waters did not think so, madam. He formally renounced all claims to your hand."

"He was laughing at you."

"Laughing! laughing! laughing!" cried Will, with increased indignation, "he shall explain!"

And he would have rushed forth.

"Oh, Willie! Willie!" cried Kate in despair, and holding him tight; "you will kill me: I am very nervous and sensitive."

"Laughing!"

And Willie struggled.

"Oh no! he couldn't have laughed at you," said Kate, "for he is a very good-humored gentleman, and he must have felt that you were doing a brave action, Willie. Come now, let us make friends."

Will shook his head.

"Oh Willie!" pleaded Kate, "to refuse me who—who—love you so much!"

And Kate slew him with her eyes.

Will still hesitated.

"You say you love me?"

"Yes, indeed! so much!"

"How will you prove it?"

"By any thing you ask."

Will looked triumphant, and drew from his breast the true-love indenture, which he unrolled. At sight of it, Kate drew back, laughing.

"You said you'd do any thing," said Will.

"Oh! not that!"

"There is a pen on the table; now, Kate, keep your promise."

"Oh! I cannot!" Kate cried, laughing, and wringing her hands, and assuming an air as of one about to cry.

Will moved toward the door.

"Oh! you are going to fight a duel," said Kate; "it is my duty to prevent bloodshed!"

And, seizing the pen, she affixed the words "Kate Ef

fingham" to the flower-and-heart-ornamented love indenture.

"There!" she said, throwing down the pen, "will that satisfy you?"

"That is sufficient!" said Will; "now for one kiss!"

"One kiss, sir?"

"It is habitual," said Will, with dignity; "engaged people always kiss."

And he opened his arms to clasp his mistress to his heart. The fair Chloe fled, however, from the outstretched arms, and they closed on air.

In running out, Kate struck against Mr. Hamilton, who was coming in; whereupon Willie assumed an expression of dignity, and rolling up his indenture, was content.

Kate, however, distrusted this dignified deportment, and, bidding Mr. Hamilton a laughing good-morning, continued her flight some way upon the lawn, her hair streaming, her feet tripping merrily.

She paused finally under an oak, and looked back; Will was not pursuing; and, satisfied upon this point, she began singing, and so wandered on until she reached a sort of summer-house in the dell, a favorite resort of Mr. Effingham.

She found him there now, reading, his brow resting on his hand, the flowering vines falling around him as he half reclined upon the trellis work.

Kate stole behind him, and before he knew it leaned her head upon his shoulder, and uttered a little, quiet laugh.

The pale face was raised from the volume, and, leaning his head upon that of the child, his old pensive smile came to his lips.

"What are you reading, cousin?" asked Kate

"The writings of Steele," he said; "and now I suppose you are quite as much in the dark as ever."

"Oh no! I read once a very pretty piece he wrote."

"What was it?"

"I don't know, but it is in the other volume: where he tells how he cried when his father, I believe it was, died, and had a battledore; and his mother was crying, too, I think. Poor fellow!"

Mr. Effingham smiled.

"I believe these children criticise better than we men

do," he murmured; "but, Kate," he continued, "don't you like his merry pieces better?"

"I think I do; but you know I don't know any thing about London, or any cities."

"I am glad you do not; you shall grow up a pretty little flower of the woods."

"Thankee; I'm not a weed, I'd have you to know cousin Champ."

"The lily of the valley and the violet are not weeds," he said, musing, as he looked at the bright face.

"Oh please, come, gather some violets with me?" said Kate.

"Oh certainly," he said, smiling, and the man and the child were soon bending down over the grassy banks of the stream for all sorts of flowers. They spent half an hour in this occupation, and then slowly returned to the Hall, which was hidden from the summer-house by a clump of trees.

Kate ran in, crying out, and admiring her nosegay. Mr. Effingham followed.

He did not see a horse tied near the gate: he did not observe a hat in the hall of the mansion.

He opened the door of the library, and witnessed a spectacle which made him start. It is necessary that even the chronicle should pause before proceeding to describe the enormity. Let us commence a new chapter.

CHAPTER XLIV.

DIAGNOSIS AND TREATMENT OF DR. MORT-REYNARD.

Mr Effingham beheld the Seigneur Mort-Reynard, otherwise Mr. John Hamilton, that incorrigible bachelor, fox-hunter, and rival, in the act of impressing a chaste salute upon the lips of Miss Alethea!

So far from betraying any astonishment or indignation at this outrageous proceeding, the stately Miss Alethea, serene and shining in black silk, appeared to regard it as a matter of course, and submitted to it with an equanimity which was refreshing to behold. She betrayed some embarrassment

upon Mr. Effingham's sudden entrance, and a slight color came to her cheeks; but that was all.

Not so Mr. Jack Hamilton. That gentleman presented the painful spectacle of a man caught in the act of filching a sheep from its rightful owner: he avoided Mr. Effingham's eye: he drew back from Miss Alethea: he considered the feasibility of disappearing up the chimney, or through the window at a bound.

At last he seemed suddenly to recover his powers of locomotion: he stammered some hasty words, and bursting into a roar of laughter, thrust a letter into Miss Alethea's hands, and took to flight. In ten minutes he was seen galloping away like a deserter.

Mr. Effingham, with flushed face, and haughty looks, stood silently gazing at Miss Alethea.

"You needn't show such great astonishment, Champ," said Miss Alethea, calmly smoothing her hair, which, we regret to say, was somewhat disordered, "Mr. Hamilton and myself have been engaged for half a year. I suppose there is something for you in this letter: it is directed to you. How foolish in Mr. Hamilton to be running away so: he is incorrigible. Well, there is the letter: I must go now and attend to my housekeeping."

With which words Miss Alethea sailed slowly out, her black silk rustling: Mr. Effingham standing perfectly motionless in the middle of the floor—the letter lying on the table.

"Engaged for half a year!" he said, as in a dream, "engaged! Alethea! Hamilton!"

His eye fell on the letter, and he tore it open and read it like lightning—his brow flushing, now with anger, then pleasure, then this latter expression chased away the former, and his face was radiant. He dropped the letter and uttered a sigh, which seemed to remove instantly a mountain from his breast.

The letter was in these words:

"My Dear Champ:

"I know what I have done is disgraceful, and horrible, and awful, and all that—but it was meant well, and I don't care what you may say; it has succeeded. The time

to acknowledge the trick is come, and here goes. It went this way:

"I saw you come back from Europe completely knocked up—worried out, as you said, and you will remember that I announced my intention to become physician in ordinary to you, the very first time I saw you. You thought the fox-hunt was all—I know you did, and you are one more added to the list of those people, by George! who give Jack Hamilton credit for only about as much sense as a man could put into the left eye of a sparrow. No, sir! I'm deep, and I set to work at once, as I am going to tell you in this letter. I would rather not hav. a scene and a *vivâ voce* explanation after your blood and thunder address to me the other day, which made me as mad as blazes—an improper and vulgar expression, but it conveys the idea strongly.

"This was it. I say I saw you come home knocked up, and I hadn't been living so long in the world without understanding that you wanted to have some pursuit—some object. I'm thirty large odd, sir, nearly forty, in fact—don't mention it among the ladies—and in that time I had gathered some ideas. I know what I am going to say will make you mad, by Jove! but what do I care? I am a triumphant M. D., and if the patient runs the physician through the gizzard for cauterizing and curing him, society will frown upon the act: if any thing, the doctor's reputation will increase!

"I determined from that very interview that you should go back to your passion for Clare: it was only sleeping—I resolved to wake it. Being engaged to Miss Alethea, who promises to make a respectable and moral man of me—and I only hope she may not be disappointed—I had a natural disinclination to having a brother-in-law who would go about all the time looking like a thunder cloud, and as pale as those spirits called ghouls, who feed on human flesh, as I have read somewhere in Shakespeare, or the Dictionary—which fact makes them disagreeable associates, as a man never can feel sure that they are not anxious to eat him. I resolved, therefore to twist you round my thumb, and I've done it—triumphantly! I dare you to deny it! You are at this moment desperately in love with Clare Lee—your boyish adoration was not a shadow to it: you very nearly

cut me to pieces the other day for asking what kept you from visiting her! Deny it if you dare—and ah! my dear boy, here is the agreeable part, what will make your vanity unbearable, here is the triumph of my tactics: she loves you! she does, upon my soul!

"But let me proceed, step by step, by George! I know human nature, and especially woman nature, sir—I am master of that: they can't trap me—not they; but my knowledge of the masculine temperament is equally profound. I have always observed that men and women, like hounds, run after what flies from them. I doubt whether even my dog Tinkle would grab a fox, if the fox came and sat down quietly by him and said, 'I would rather be grabbed than not—grab me, old fellow.' I know Tinkle, sir, and Tinkle would reply, 'Off with you, you are a disreputable hen-roost thief: I won't have you near me!' But let the fox run, and look! Tinkle will run him until his tongue hangs out of his mouth like a red ribbon. It's just so with men—and you are no exception. I tell you, sir, that you began to fall back in love with Clare the moment you found, or rather thought, she was running from you into my arms. That roused you; you cursed me from Dan to Beersheba and back again for a false friend; but you fell a victim to my artifice! If I had not played that nice little trick, what would have been the consequence? Why you would have found that Clare loved you as much as ever, in spite of your goings on, because she has forgiven you: and you would have dawdled over there once a week or so, and come back as dull as ever, and drawled 'yes, yes, a nice girl, very agreeable, fond of me—but I'm done with women!' Nothing, sir, would have come of it. But, now! what did I do? Why, I sacrificed myself on the altar of friendship, like a hero: I bore your murderous looks—I declined to see your fireball eyes, I took no notice of your tones of voice. I practised on you, sir, and I twisted you over my thumb—I made you jealous—I told, on a moderate calculation, one thousand lies about myself and Clare, which lies, as an honorable man, you are bound to take upon yourself—they having been told in your service. I then took up a large portion of my valuable time in praising you at Riverhead. The lies I told you were nothing to what I told Clare: I

revelled in the imaginary, sir—I made you out the greatest hero of modern times—I said you were a saint, for which heaven forgive me: I did what every man is conscientiously bound to do for his friend—in vulgar and deplorably coarse phrase, I *plastered* you, sir.

"I made Clare believe that you were dying of love for Henrietta—this was to put her on her guard; after that, as she was a woman, I defied her to do more than speak to you. Her pride kept her from showing that she cared for you; I tricked her admirably.

"Having worked my diabolical and disgraceful scheme up thus, I carried it on—I revelled in it—you had a spice of that the other day when you boiled over; and that really made me angry; by Jove! I could have cut your throat then, and afterwards overwhelmed you, and mortified you, with telling you all I had done for you. I persist in saying that my triumph is complete. By George! I admire myself.

"And now, presume to quarrel if you dare, with all this; it was well meant, and you know it has turned out as I say. Pardon your old friend Jack, my boy, and acknowledge the elevation of his moral character. Go and tell Clare you love her, and don't fear that, when you have explained all, she will discard you. She loves you, by Jove! in a way that makes me desirous of standing in your shoes: that is to say, that the sentiment I have inspired Alethea with is much more moderate and dignified.

"The game's afoot, my boy; go it!

"JACK HAMILTON."

Mr. Effingham uttered a second long-drawn sigh, and rose like Columbus when the New World dawned upon him.

And in an hour they stood together by those two trees planted in their childhood, now so far away, but shrined as a jewel in their heart of hearts. And again he pointed to the trees, and spoke of that bright childhood, and his sufferings since then, and all the misconception which had cleared away as a cloud passes from the sun, and leaves all bright again, and full of warmth, and hope, and joy.

And, overhead, the oriole's song sprang upon the air, but could not match the music of her voice; as none of those bright beautiful red buds of spring beneath their feet could

hold comparison with the bright rosy cheek which lay upon his bosom. The soft blue eyes were turned up to his own; thenceforth, his heaven was clear.

CHAPTER XLV.

ON A MAY EVENING.

The voice was like a fairy's; all the old Hall rang with it, and the bright-winged birds without laughed gayly for pure, honest, artist-joy at hearing it. Kate almost excelled herself; but yet it was plainly without thought she sang, coming along from the staircase, tripping toward the portico in the mild, tender evening.

Upon that portico—the portico of Effingham Hall—sat several of the personages who have illustrated this history—contributing their gay utterances and honest countenances to the narrative.

The Captain sat there, merrily laughing with Miss Henrietta, who, ever and anon, tossed her bright laughing head, scattering the snowy powder through the sun-flushed atmosphere, as her admirer—nay, her lord to be—uttered some of his jovial and heretical sentiments on the subject of the fair sex. As for the Captain, he was plainly in a very joyous mood, and vented more *morbleus* than ever graced that ditty of the youthful poet, chronicling the journey to Mos cow.

Near them sat—*mirabile dictu*—Lanky and his mistress. This was a freak of the Captain, who, passing by the Oldfield school in his fine chariot, had discovered Lanky holding a confidential interview with Donsy after school under an elm; and so, addressing the astonished Corydon by the name of "villain," brought him—nothing loth—and Donsy with him, to the Hall, it being understood that the chariot would have to return by nightfall round by Williamsburg. Lanky looked amazed when he was spoken to, and shook his pine knot head unconsciously, and regarded his huge feet and striped stockings with the air of a bewildered scar

amouch, as the Captain afterwards confidentially informed him. As for Donsy, she was a very quiet, well-bred little lady, and answered everybody with soft courtesy and simplicity. She was clad simply but very neatly, and seemed to wish to be away with Lanky laughing and talking.

Behind all sat Mr. Effingham and Clare—silent; gazing upon the fair spring sunset. It was not plain at first where the soft little hand of Clare had betaken itself; but this mystery upon a nearer scrutiny was soon explained. It rested in his own.

Lastly, the squire read his brown, heavy-typed "Gazette," and grumbled at his Excellency; and from time to time rolled back his wristbands and looked out upon the fields, and spoke to Miss Alethea near.

So they sat, when Kate, singing like a bird, came to them; and behind her, Will—Will, with devoted love; Will, with perfect abnegation of his personal identity; Will, devoured by his tender and everlasting devotion, which caused him to blush, and cast beseeching glances, and extend his arms, and only grasp the air. The rustle of a document shrined in his bosom—so to speak—however, consoled him. And drawing forth the true love indenture, he threw his eyes upon that fascinating document, and seeing the signature, was comforted.

Kate put her arms round Mr. Effingham's neck, covered his eyes with her fingers, and his face was wrinkled into a smile. He guesses very soon who it is; and she entreats him and cousin Clare to come and see her fine new book, given her by Willie.

They go into the library and admire the book: and Kate, admiring it more, and clasping it to her breast, runs to show it to Captain Waters and cousin Henrietta; still singing, ever singing.

The light of the dying sun streams through the tall, old windows on them, and the hand still nestles in his own.

They stand before the fireplace and gaze into each other's faces, and unspeakable happiness lights up the tender lips of Clare, the pale brow of her lover.

Again she speaks, in her low, tender voice, of all that past which now is but a dream to them—almost a marvel. Again, she tells him how she had thought of him through

all; and even when her rebellious woman's nature filled her heart with bitterness toward him, and with resolutions never to look upon him more, how still the old childhood had risen up again, and how her feelings had all changed, and bitterness gave way to pity for the wan face she had heard of, pity finally to a love more deep than ever—what she speaks of now.

And so the sunset dies away in rosy splendor, laughing through the woods: flaming on windows, gilding every brook; and streaming on the gothic bookcases, and old carven chairs, and on them as they stand before the fireplace, and the portrait.

And gazing upon that portrait, the man's heart is melted in his breast, and tears come to his eyes; and his heart is full of holy love, and on his lips trembles a word which is addressed to one far from him, past the sunset—"mother."

He draws her head down on his bosom, and then pointing to the picture, tells how he had thought to die when she died; his dear mother, now an angel up in heaven; but that God had let him live to cry for her like a little child, and pray to be united to her once again; and now to have a bosom on which even such tears as these might be wept trustingly, without fear, ever.

And so the sunset streams upon them, going far away, and as the red light dies, he draws her closer to him; and his hand smooths her hair; and pressing on the pure white forehead a long, tranquil kiss, he murmurs "Clare!"

CHAPTER XLVI

THE HURRICANE COMMENCES.

Our comedy is almost finished. Having conducted Captain Ralph and Lanky, Mr. Effingham and his friend Hamilton, to say nothing of Henrietta, Clare, Miss Alethea and Donsy, even Wili and Kate, very nearly to the hymeneal altar, the history pauses, like a wind which, rising in a whisper, swells and ever grows, and then dies away in silent murmurs in the distance.

But there are necessary to the narrative one or two more scenes, which we must briefly speak of.

All Williamsburg is in terrific commotion; a moral storm is raging there, and men look about them, measuring each other with doubtful eyes. At the office of the "Virginia Gazette," an enormous crowd is collected, and within, are heard the presses rolling rapidly, and vainly striving to strike off sufficient copies of the journal, to supply the eager hands held out to take them.

The street is full of people passing to and fro; the crowd undulates; a murmur rises which at times swells into a great shout.

Suddenly the multitude raises its startled head. A bell begins to toll—slowly, solemnly, with a melancholy expression, which seems to echo the feeling of the crowd.

The explanation of the gathering, of the demand for copies of the journal, of the tolling bell, is simple. The vessel lying yonder at the port of York, and just from London, has brought the intelligence of the passage of the Stamp Act.

For this reason the crowd murmurs, and stretches out its Briarean hands towards the printing office, where an additional number has been hastily composed, containing the provisions of the act.

As they receive the papers unfolded, they hastily glue their eyes to them, and with dozens of persons looking over their shoulders, scan the ominous words. Upon a barrel, at some distance, is mounted a man who reads to that portion of the crowd next him, the contents of his paper.

The population of the town flow backward and forward, as the blood flows in the veins and arteries. But the office of the journal is the heart, to which all the streams return, from which the flood pours, ever making way for others.

The crowd is for the most part composed of men who seem to be of humble rank, such as are not accustomed to criticise very strongly any acts of government; but among these rude forms are seen great numbers of the richly clad members of the House of Burgesses, whose powdered heads and embroidered doublets present a strong contrast to the coarse fustian of the commoners.

The faces of the burghers are troubled—doubtful; they

are to act, not merely murmur, as the popular voice mur murs; and the crisis is enough to try the soul. On one side, England with her tremendous strength, her overwhelming power by land and sea, and her immemorial prestige of sovereignty; upon the other, a few weak colonies, scattered over a wild continent, and scarcely knowing each other—or whether if one rises in opposition, the rest will not march to put her down. On one side an act of Parliament armed with all the weight of a solemn resolution of that great government; upon the other, a mere popular sentiment, which only stammers "Liberty—the liberty of free born Englishmen!"

And this very day the trial comes:—for Governor Fauquier will open the House of Burgesses, and officially communicate to that body the intelligence of the passage of the act:—and they must at once make submission or throw down the gauntlet of defiance.

The crowd, as they respectfully make way for them, follow them with their eyes:—they seek to read in the faces of the burghers what reply they deign to make to his serene Excellency.

Those men whom we have seen at the Governor's ball formerly, pass through the crowd—with animated faces, eagle eyes. That stately Roman head stooping forward upon the shoulders to which a hand in a black bandage is raised from time to time, towers above the press, and with clear strong eyes, surveys the excited throng with philosophic interest.

The bland lover of Anacreon reads hastily his journal.

The benevolent looking gentleman whose silvery voice we have alluded to, whom we have seen lately at the mansion of the soldier Captain Waters, raises his serene face above the crowd, and one hand placed upon his heart seems to be saying to that heart, "Be calm—rashness is worst, not best—wait for the hour—be still—be moderate—exhaust the means of protest—until all is trampled on do not strike!"

And there beside him is the man who has uttered many words in this history: who eternally brooding with fiery soul over one grand idea, now revels in the rising storm, and feels his heart bound at the muttering tempest. He wraps his old red cloak around him; elbows his way with scant courtesy from group to group · listens to every word; gauges

the height of the flood as it rises and begins to foam, and estimates the strength which it will finally possess, when, striking the great dyke which opposes it, the water shall break loose. He smiles grimly from time to time, and utters detached sentences in his vigorous, somewhat affected patois, which very plainly is meant only to open his way to the rude natures gathering around him.

His words—even his chance words—burn: for they have fire in them. He condenses volumes into a sentence, and utters bitter taunts.

"Strip your shoulders, strip!" he says, "the lash is ready—you are slaves!"

And to others:

"Go crawl and grovel in the dirt! who knows but your masters may take pity!"

And each of these words, cold, yet fiery—calm, yet stormy, lashes the great popular commotion into huger waves, from which gleam bloodshot eyes, and over which rise threatening arms, clenched hands. The man in the red cloak moulds the common mind as he goes, with a master hand—he works it in his grasp like moistened clay: he laughs at it, and taunts it, and overwhelms it with contemptuous sarcasms, and pushes scornfully aside the menacing breasts, and stands the very impersonation of their thoughts and feelings, with a grim smile on his lips, a lurid fire in his eyes which makes him lord of them—lord of their hearts and arms.

The commotion ever rises higher, and the great wave, extending from the governor's palace to the capital, the whole length of Gloucester-street, surges to and fro, and breaks into a foam of cries and furious gestures everywhere. And still the bell tolls mournfully, and ever and anon rise those shouts which mount to the gathering clouds above.

But now another sound startles the multitude. A cannon roars from the palace, sending its hoarse sombre voice upon the wind which now begins to rise. And then a drum is heard.

The governor has set out from the palace for the capital, there to open the House of Burgesses. Before him ride his body-guard with drawn sabres, and the face of the old man is seen through the window of his splendid chariot, which is

drawn slowly onward by six glossy horses, who toss their rosetted heads and push aside the muttering crowd with their chests.

The crowd mutters inarticulately: gazes sidewise at the cortège slowly passing.

The governor raises his head, and pointing with his white, jewelled finger through the window of the chariot, says to one of the gentlemen who ride with him:

"What is that bell?"

"They began tolling it upon the intelligence this morning, your Excellency."

The governor shakes his head and sinks back in his chariot, muttering, "Well, well, the die is thrown!"

The crowd mutter too, and with ever-increasing rage: the cavalcade is followed by groans and murmurs which are menacing murmurs.

So it continues all day: the chariot goes slowly back again under the now lurid sky, and disappears within the palace gates.

The crowd is increasing even yet: the windows of the houses are filled with the excited faces of women, who exchange whispers and wave their handkerchiefs to those they recognize in the tumultuous throng below.

That throng, like a forest trembling at the approaching whirlwind, moans and sighs and utters a crackling noise like grating boughs: a rumbling like breakers on the coast.

The Raleigh tavern is full of heads. Men pass to and fro, and a meeting is held in the Apollo room, where many words are uttered. History has spoken of the place, the words, the men.

Without, the tumult increases always as the night draws on.

The man in the red cloak is still passing from group to group, and when he leaves each group, it utters murmurs, menaces and curses; he is master of the storm, and revels in it.

On the great square especially the crowd is densest, and sweeps more irresistibly than elsewhere from side to side, swaying about and uttering hoarse cries. A dozen speakers, mounting one after another upon the temporary platform near the centre, strive vainly to be heard.

The material storm rising in the lurid sky above, from which thunder begins to mutter, might permit them to be heard; the moral tornado is too furious.

Suddenly, a half silence falls upon the multitude, and they listen to a man wrapped in an old red cloak, whose face awes them: the time has come.

As he speaks, with awkward and slovenly gestures, in his rude, harsh voice, the multitude are silent; they only look at his eyes. Those eyes are fine. He rises in height; he thunders; he lightens: the crowd shudder, and rise up and shout.

"They are there at York!" he thunders, with a curling lip; "are you afraid?"

And, descending from the platform, he hears a roar which drowns the thunder overhead.

Yes, the blank stamps are in the vessel at the port of York, and fifty horsemen whirl out of the town. Hundreds of men follow on foot, shouting; they will have them; they will burn them here before the palace of the royal governor.

The man in the red cloak wraps himself up grimly and pushes through the crowd; he can wait.

He approaches the Raleigh; he raises his eyes: he sees standing before him a man of the people, holding a staff in his hand, and covered with dust. This man's eyes have the expression of a madman's; his face is pale, his lips are white. He gazes at the stranger; he scarcely hears him speak.

"Well met!" the stranger says; "see the storm which I spoke of!"

The wayfarer says nothing.

"You miss a great feast," the stranger goes on, grimly; "you are too happy in your mountain."

"I am there no longer."

"Your wife—"

"I have none."

And the face flushes passionately, and two bitter tears roll down the pale, wan cheeks.

"No wife!" the stranger says, looking at him.

"God took her to himself."

And bending down, he uttered a moan, and remained silent—pale, gloomy, and despairing.

"Rouse! rouse!" the stranger says, "it is not the time to grieve!"

The wayfarer looks at him, and his eyes make the stranger tremble.

"I am calm," he says.

"Come in here with me," says the stranger, "we must wait."

And they enter the Raleigh.

Night draws on, lurid and tempestuous; the sky is dark with clouds, from which issue thunder and lightning. The wind moans.

The crowd has not moved, and is almost silent, until a light appears approaching from the side of York.

They shout then, and surge backward and forward, tumultuously going to meet the light.

Through the press comes slowly onward a wagon, whose six horses foam at the mouth and pant, covered with sweat. They have galloped all the way from Yorktown.

The wagon pauses in the middle of the square, and is buried almost beneath the surge of men who throw themselves upon it.

The horses, unhitched hastily, are lashed, and disappear like shadows, but shadows which overthrew men as they ploughed their furious way into the darkness.

The wagon is rifled with the rapidity of lightning. The boxes containing the blank stamps are hurled out and piled into a mass. The crowd utters a hoarse shout, and the torch is applied to them.

The flame licks and clasps them, winding round and through the pile of half broken boxes. Then it soars aloft, and throws its glare upon the crowd, whose faces but now were concealed by the darkness—faces full of rage,—rude faces of the common people, who hear still that thunder of the stranger, louder than the storm about to burst.

Then it is that they see two figures on the platform; and they shout.

One is a man in a red cloak; the other younger, with a pale, fiery face, which makes them shudder. The latter speaks; the man in the red cloak listens.

The thunder roars, but it does not drown that stranger's wild voice, which sounds like a wail from the other world. The fire throws a crimson glare upon all faces; his is pale.

He strikes them with his burning words as with hot firebrands; he ploughs his way through the bosoms of the

surging multitude with a tremendous, gigantic passion; he hurls upon them an eloquence which makes them shudder. He arraigns England at the bar of eternal justice and brands her; he lashes her with a whip of fire; he plunges the weapon into her breast, and the blood spouts hot and gurgling. The great multitude hold their breath—then roar.

The speaker sways to and fro, with his hair streaming from his brow, his neck bare, his eyes full of blood, his lips stained with a red foam.

He pours upon them a flood of passion which overwhelms them—he rides upon the wave of popular commotion like a whirlwind; he trembles, and they tremble with him; he shouts, and they utter a roar which drowns the storm.

He raises his clenched hands to heaven, and with an overpowering, terrible vehemence, which burns, and strikes, and obliterates, speaks of the grinding oppression of all ages;—facts glow and take vitality under his quivering hands; they blaze like the roaring flame before him.

He staggers with the gigantic grandeur of his passion; raves almost with his writhing lips, but with a madness which bends all down with its terrible, inexorable method. He totters from side to side, and again rises.

The multitude look at him with pale faces, then faces flushed with wrath, terror, and indignation; and every word he utters burns into them like a hot iron, leaving an ineffaceable impression upon every heart. He speaks the thoughts, the feelings, and the passions of them all.

And as he raises his pale brow to the storm, his fiery eyes, his bleeding lips, a sudden flash of lightning blinds all eyes with its terrible radiancy, lighting up tree and house, and all the great surging crowd; and then comes a crash of thunder like a thousand cannon, which seems to trample out the very fire, for the flame crumbles into gloom, and disappears.

Pale, overwhelmed, and staggering, his mouth filled with bloody foam, the speaker falls back fainting into the outstretched arms of the man in the red cloak, who holds him on his breast.

"Good!" murmured Patrick Henry, smiling grimly "the Revolution is begun!"

CHAPTER XLVII.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR OF THE MS. OMITS DESCRIBING FOUR WEDDINGS.

"I NEED not add to this history a description of the merry wedding parties which ere long filled three houses with merriment and rejoicing.

"Those particular scenes are much more agreeable to attend than to describe; and perhaps all description would only blur the picture of those jubilees, full of wild revelry, as were all such in one ancient colony and Old Dominion—indeed, are at the day we live in.

"Perhaps the saddest bridegroom was our friend the Captain, whose honest face could not look very cheerful when his brother's pale cheeks came to his memory, and when the *bon père* was away. But he comforted himself with the thought that he would have both of them at 'Flodden'—the old man at least, certainly,—where the best chamber in the mansion was set apart for the old fisherman.

"Mr. Effingham, as we may imagine, was radiant with joy; and it is scarcely too much to say, that Clare was quite as happy. The sisters were married on the same day; and, at the Hall, Miss Alethea gave her hand to Mr. Jack Hamilton, almost at the same moment. That unconquerable bachelor was fairly conquered and enslaved.

"Our friend Lanky married Donsy soon afterwards, and the Captain kept his promise; and the happy young couple took up their abode at the cottage. Lanky often told his wife that he owed his success in gaining her affections to the advice of the Captain, which had led him to don those military accoutrements which had made such an impression upon her heart. But Donsy to the last denied that such was the fact; and was not even convinced when Lanky's pine-knot head was sawed argumentatively from a point due north east to the opposite portion of the compass.

"Our comedy is now quite ended. Having listened for many hours to those ante-revolutionary voices speaking of themselves, and telling us what thoughts, and schemes, and hopes, and fears occupied them then, we may go out into the

broad sunny world to-day, no worse for having heard those sincere utterances. The past has tried to speak, and the poor chronicler has written down what the low voice dictated. If there is any good in what he has placed on the page—a scene of conquered passion, or pure love, denying self, his hours have not been thrown away. And now, the history being ended, he will rest."

EPILOGUE.

IT was one of those pure days which, born of spring, seem almost to rejoice like living things in the bright flowers and tender buds:—and she was failing.

All the mountain winds were faintly blowing on the smiling trees, and on the white calm brow of one who breathed the pure delightful airs of opening spring, before she went away to breathe the airs of that other land, so far away, where no snows come, or frost, or hail, or rain; but spring reigns ever, sublimated by the light which shines on figures in white garments round the central throne.

She heard those figures calling, calling, calling, with their low soft voices full of love and hope; calling ever to her in the purple twilight dying o'er the world; rejoicing every one that she was coming.

She looked upon the faces seen through mist around her, and besought them smiling, not to weep for her, but look to the bright land where she was going—for her faith was strong. She begged them to take tender care of the flower which lay but now upon her bosom, and not think of her. A voice had told her in the night that she was waited for: and now the sun was fading in the west, and she must go.

Alcestis-like she kissed them on their brows and pointed to the skies: the time had almost come.

She looked with dim faint eyes, as in a dream, upon that past which now had flowed from her and left her pure:—she saw the sunset wane away and die above the rosy headlands, glooming fast:—she murmured that her hope was steadfast ever; that she heard the angels; that they called

to her, and bade her say farewell to all that was around her on this earth, for now the expected time had come.

The tender sunset faded far away, and over the great mountains drooped the spangled veil, with myriads of worlds all singing as her heart was singing now. She saw the rosy flush go far away, and die away, and leave the earth: and then the voice said Come!

She saw a cross rise from the far bright distance and a bleeding form: she saw the heavenly vision slowly move, and ever nearer, nearer, brighter with the light of heaven. She saw it now before her, and her arms were opened. The grand eternal stars came out above—the sunset died upon her brow—she clasped the cross close to her bosom—and so fell asleep.

THE END.

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